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RELIGION IN EUROPE AND THE WORLD CRISIS

BY

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RECONCILIATION

*Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in
time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly
softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world ;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead.*

WALT WHITMAN.

FOREWORD

THE following attempted studies on subjects bearing on the religion and morals akin to or, resulting from the problems of the war, are, in effect, the substance of lectures given in the Church of S. John, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the spring of the year 1915, and, now revised and considerably enlarged, as the size of this volume shows, before publication. The side issues of the war have become so much wider and more significant since the lectures were delivered, that certain changes in the latter seemed advisable. At a time like this, when such a flood of books and pamphlets, touching on every matter bearing even remotely on the present conflict, proceeds almost daily from the press, it may appear unnecessary to add still more to what has been already done over and over again, and in many cases by writers of first-hand authority on the branch of the subject dealt with, with thorough knowledge and extreme ability. The present volume can make no claim to rank with these. It may, however, prove useful as suggesting thoughts on certain bearings of the war, as the latter affects ethical and religious subjects, which may not be at first obvious. It is possible that this may be the case even in regard to those readers who, as may be expected, will not agree with all, or perhaps even with many, of the opinions directly or indirectly expressed. The publication is immediately due to the

request of several who heard the lectures when delivered, and were kind enough to say that they would like to see them in permanent form.

Anything of value in the remarks in these lectures about Russia, its mind and spirit, is largely due to a visit which the writer paid to that country in 1913, when owing to the kindness of his friend Professor Pares, with whom he stayed in Moscow for part of that time, and to many conversations with him, he got a better insight into some important phases of Russian life than would have fallen to the chance of the ordinary tourist. The writer had the honour of interviews with some leading Russian Churchmen, amongst them the then Procurator of the Holy Synod, M. Sabler, and Bishop Triphon of Moscow. He received from the Bishop a letter securing admission to places of ecclesiastical interest in connection with monasteries, etc., during his stay in Russia. In common with other English Churchmen who have visited Moscow of recent years, he owes thanks to the Rev. Father Preobrajensky, of the Church of S. Basil in that city, for his kindness in acting as guide and interpreter. It was in his company that he spent some never-to-be-forgotten days at that famous historic locality, the Troitza Monastery, forty miles from Moscow, during a time of the arrival of pilgrims, and also met some of the professors at the great theological seminary there. Of course, in common with all who are especially interested in Russia, particularly on its religious side, he has been stimulated by those literary studies by Mr. Stephen Graham, "human documents" in the truest sense of the word, which are doing such good service in bringing about

a better understanding on our part of a great race, which until lately we have so largely misunderstood.

In regard to Russia, the writer is of opinion that, in many respects, her people and her spirit are more in psychological touch with the Celt than with the Teuton, even than with the Anglo-Saxon, and therefore the fact that he is an Irishman helps him, he thinks, to feel himself to some real degree in sympathy, as far as he understands it, with the Russian temper. In spite of the fact that pro-Russian sympathy is in some quarters only an affectation and a fashion, it has real roots, and it is bound to influence the future of European civilisation, making both Russian Byzantines and Russian Radicals understand the Liberal Occident in a way that neither have hitherto done. For the former class has misunderstood it through fear and repulsion, and the latter has done so through hasty idolatry of its least characteristic tendencies. It may also help to make English civilisation and English educated religion less insular, or even less merely British Imperialist, by bringing them both into friendly touch with a life and Christianity so different to their own. But the writer is aware that the reaction against prejudice, in this as in other questions, may lead us as far from the truth of the facts of the case in one direction as we were before in another and the opposite one. Certainly he feels thoroughly that the way to atone for past unjust and ignorant judgments about the Russian mind and the Russian people is not by semi-patronising and gushing sentimentality, but by intelligent sympathy accompanied by a recognition of inevitable differences—differences which need no more hinder sincere friendship between

the two nations than do similar ones in the case of individuals, but which may, on the contrary, render that friendship more interesting and more fruitful on both sides.

The title of the following lectures has, the writer admits, far too ambitious a sound, and may be criticised as not being justified to any full degree by the contents. It was hard, however, to hit upon any better one, though it must, of course, be understood to allude to certain aspects of the question rather than to promise any attempt, too ambitious even for hands far more capable than those of the author, to deal with anything approaching comprehension with so vast a subject. These studies are not, however, absolutely disconnected. There is running through them the conviction that the international character of Christianity will need, in the immediate future, to be realised to an extent unusual or unknown in this country since the Sixteenth Century. At the same time, along with this, the writer desires to express directly or indirectly the feeling that no mere return to the past is either possible or desirable as a solution of religious problems. It is his conviction that for the very reason that we have a great heritage we must be men of our time, that we must realise that while everything points to a renewed interest in the Catholic presentation of Christianity as compared with the individualist and subjective type of religion which in German Protestantism has worked itself out into a practical denial of the Faith of the Incarnation, at the same time the Catholicism towards which things seem to tend will be, though visible and organised, yet wider in heart and more spiritual than Roman Ultra-

montanism, regimented and reactionary. Let the admirers of either apologise for their respective attitudes as they will, it will remain as a conclusion in the judgment of the general educated mind that neither the German Liberal Protestants on the one hand, nor the Pope on the other, have added to their chances of guiding the thought and life of Europe, as far as it is Christian, in the time after the war. But no existing type of Christianity, and indeed no existing secular democratic group, has anything to boast of in regard to this world tragedy. Of all the existing Churches it is true that whatever is best in them is so rather by way of potentiality than of achievement. Christianity, after all, is a very young religion. The question for the Churches is this, Can they bring out of their storehouse not only the old but also the new, not only the historic facts inextricably built into our religion as the essential foundation of its visible and corporate existence, but also potentialities and consequences as yet undeveloped? Can the Churches bring Religion into that vital and fruitful touch with life *as a whole* which it seems to have lost?

Although "European religion" is the general title of the following *ad populum* studies, the writer has attempted to deal at some length with questions bearing on modern democracy, for it is his firm conviction, based not merely on reading of a nature connected with social studies, but on personal knowledge for years past, as an intimate friend of several whose lives are given to the Labour Movement, that perhaps the most essential goal to aim at in regard to the moral and social uplifting of Europe in the age after the war must be

the reconciliation of Christianity and democracy. The truth is that during the period drawing to an end the Christian Church has appeared often to lack heart and democracy a soul, but the chasm between the two can be and ought to be bridged over, and that without any compromise of the truths upheld respectively and of the inwardness of the message on either side. Christianity needs to release itself by a true evolution from its past identification with a merely semi-Christian or nominally Christian State, and to save the State by becoming itself free from a too close embrace by the latter. It needs to set before itself as its goal the becoming not only in idea and potentiality, but in increasingly realised fact, the Church of Humanity, and of no mere favoured class or favoured nation—of Germany, nor, we may add, of England—as, either of them, the supposed pet of the Almighty. We must have done with the “tribal god.” We must learn that whatever may have been the case in Judaism, that in Christianity there are, or ought to be, no “lesser breeds without the Law”; that all are within, since “Christ is all.” A renewed Christianity brought to its senses, cured both of the *libido dominandi* of clericalism and of the provinciality and love of dissidence of sectarianism, ought to realise itself as the unique international instrument for fitting men to do God’s Will “on earth as it is in Heaven,” as well as the arresting witness to an infinite life, the sphere and range, to a degree impossible in present existence, of the love, obedience, and spiritual liberty which have had their beginnings here.

The writer holds, however, that democracy as well as Religion needs an eye-opening process, which this world

crisis is capable of supplying ; that its present humbling, for such undoubtedly is the impotent failure to check Kaiserism of the vast and highly organised forces of German Socialism, ought to lead to questionings of heart, to a recognition of the mistake involved in the root-and-branch alliance, in the case of its foreign sections, with unbelieving secularism, and in the failure to realise that character is not merely the outcome of environment, but that it needs, for regeneration and development, other forces than merely those which a changed environment can supply.

The more the modern Church walks in the spirit of Frederick Denison Maurice, and modern Democracy in that of Mazzini—true prophets both of them to Europe since 1789—the sooner will be the necessary admission of partial and prejudiced misconceptions on both sides, the nearer will approach on the one hand the bringing true Religion from the Transfiguration Mount down into the crowd, while still retaining its glow and its purity ; and on the other the revelation to democracy of the vision and the gleam, never lacking indeed to its noblest leaders, but too often, as if inevitably, overclouded amid the fierce fight for bread.

In regard to the last lecture, bearing directly on Church of England questions, although the writer has the experience of many years' ministerial life among the working classes, and of collaboration for part of that time with the late Father Dolling, he is well aware that there must be many aspects of the problem of the relations of the Church to the people in this country as to which he is not qualified to give an opinion. His

experience can only count for what it is worth. He has tried, however, to give its results honestly and fairly. At the same time he has found these results to agree, more or less, with those of many other clergy whose work has been carried on under similar circumstances in all parts of England. He believes that in all efforts for permanent improvement in Church, nation, or individual the unsparring searchlight of truth as to the facts and the abandonment of "tall talk" are the first requisites. The opposite to this is the very essence of that type of false and misleading patriotism which regards admission of faults as disloyalty—the type which we censure in our enemy in the war, but which we ought also to beware of in ourselves. The first requisite to getting out of a rut is to realise that we have got into one in the past, and are to a great extent, in spite of some convulsive struggles, still in it.

The writer desires to express his thanks to his friend, Mr. John McKenzie, of Wallsend, for much kind help given in preparing these lectures for the press.

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RELIGION IN EUROPE AND THE WORLD CRISIS

CHAPTER I

CHRIST AND THE SWORD

DISCONTENT with the unpractical idealism which leaves Christian principles unapplied and inoperative while the world of public affairs is resigned to the control of purely non-moral or even anti-moral forces, is a feeling which is likely to grow as the desire for sincerity in thought and unity in life becomes stronger among candid and truth-loving minds.

It is easy to say that the German mistake consists in the substitution of Corsica for Galilee as an ideal. But a deeper question calls for answer and knocks at the inmost chambers of the spirit. It is that of the practicability of all that Galilee represents. It is the haunting doubt which this war must have raised or revived in many minds whether in the end a dualism due to some necessity in the nature of things, bewildering to the intellect and chilling to the heart, must not for ever prevent the principles embodied in the life of Christ and taught by His lips from passing from the clear air of spiritual ideals into the lower world of actual happenings.

Yet the solution of the difficulty cannot be found in relegating Christianity to Sundays, to the church and

the pew. Such a severance of creed from life is rightly challenged by an ever increasing number of sincere minds.

A living message must, it is felt, claim to influence the whole of life. The vital note of sincerity which we find alike in John Henry Newman and in John Stuart Mill demanded, whether in the name of revealed Truth, or of rationalist truth-seeking, that the comfortable Hanoverian optimism, the John Bull version of Christianity, "Making the best of both worlds," should give an account of itself. These thinkers and their disciples challenged the idea, so long taken for granted, that the religion of the Cross can be represented by sober worldliness. They refused to believe that the sharp edges of Christ's ethical demands can be smoothed down by the broad, soft touch of a religious compromise, that is neither one thing nor the other, and that above all things dares not draw, from beliefs assumed to be held with sincerity, their logical results and imperative conclusions. Newman and Mill alike rejected a type of Christianity that had lost its sting, blandly offenceless, unable to give an account of itself, avoiding interrogation. But the critical spirit cannot be evaded, and it persists in testing ideals by their power of application to life. The supreme question is as follows:—

Is the unworkableness of New Testament Christianity to be the supremely disappointing instance in the world's history of the fissure not to be bridged over, between the ideals of the heart and the imagination on the one side and the conclusions of intellect and experience on the other ; e.g. between the heart with its challenge to the limitations of circumstance and the brain with its acquiescence in the logic of facts?

Is Christianity the Don Quixote of the centuries, sallying forth in a quest which makes the heart leap but which reason knows to be a rebellion against the despotism of fact, of things not only as they are, but as they must be?

The question of War and Peace in the light of Christ's work and teaching is perhaps about the biggest instance of the general difficulty we allude to.

Yet we must beware of identifying the ordinary view of the man of the world as to the inevitableness of many things which the spirit of Christ appears to condemn with the actual biological necessity of such things. Spiritual distinction always aims at what the world considers impossible, and even if it has not reached its mark so far within the limits of human history, yet at least it has succeeded in disturbing the complacency of the world, in stirring its bulk and piercing it with the restless sense of impending change.

The fat slumbers of the world are broken in upon by haunting irritations and discontents. Hence arises the world's resentment, the hatred of the vulgar and the usual for the uplifting challenge of the unaccustomed, the dislike of those who have settled to sleep for the lights and the voices that bid them strike their tent and march onward into the night. The tragedy of Calvary is the supreme instance of the hatred on the part of mediocrity and vulgarity of mind for spiritual distinction, for all that brings to bear on self-complacency and low attainment the touch of the spur, the sting of the goad. If Socrates was the "gadfly" to Athens, Christ is the Incendiary to the World: "I am come to send fire on the earth." He presents the paradoxes of idealism as the most self-evident of facts, and it is only after we have given ourselves to His allegiance that we begin to perceive all that we are in for.

In the last generation, in what we now style the early Victorian era, the age of Tennyson, it seemed as if what may be called the Liberal Protestant solution of the problem involved in the difficulties of the relationship of Christianity to life was the one which had come to stay. It seemed to provide a quiet ethical answer, the reasonableness of which would be likely to secure for

those who adopted it a safe course between the Scylla of Catholic Supernaturalism and the Charybdis of Atheism and Materialism.

The ethics of Jesus—the simple Sermon on the Mount religion—involving instead of dogma and mystery the genial faith of the Master in God as His Father and as the Father of all men—this, the long-neglected kernel of Christianity, would, it was confidently hoped, be realised at last at its true value. The husk of institutional religion and of the Greek metaphysics of the Nicene Creed would be seen in its comparative insignificance, at best merely the protective envelope, no longer necessary, of an ethic simple, universal, and essentially spiritual. From the extreme left, however, of the radical critical camp has come of recent years a storm of scornful questioning as to the practicability of the ethics of Nazareth in a world of which Darwinian science is felt to be a truer representation than the provident care for the sparrow—a blood-drenched world, where life is but another name for struggle, and where untamable racial instincts, taking shape as interests, put forth their thrust and counter-thrust, and translate inevitably the will to live into—the will that the weaker must die. The confidence of Jesus in His Father's love for Himself and for all men is represented by these critics as the consummation of the great Hebrew Illusion.

The truth is that the Sermon on the Mount, so far from being simple and easy of acceptance, is through and through penetrated by a sort of paradoxical idealism which bids defiance to the sordid facts of everyday experience. Its message summons as from the heights, but it is a summons to struggle and adventure, to "live dangerously," to use Nietzsche's splendid phrase. It is the direct opposite to the decent, comfortable mediocrity to which spiritual risk, and experiments that triumph by treading the very edge of disaster, are things

undreamed of, unaspired to. A shrewd thinker said the other day, speaking of the truth which underlies Nietzsche's perversions, "This call to conflict, this glory in danger, is very splendid, rightly understood, yet it is not a truth that appeals much to a man over fifty years of age." No doubt, as a rule, that is true, and yet surely the Gospel is something more than the mild and kindly touch of a hand that smooths the pillow of those whose climax and struggle is past or passing. The peace which Christ came to bring, the peace of souls reconciled with God, their neighbours, and themselves, is not a mere glorification of comfort—"The ghastly smooth life dead at heart"—"No cross, no war to wage."

The air of the Mount of the Beatitudes is sharp and tonic. The dew which descends into the heart of the disciples is a spirit which makes those hearts "first pure then peaceable."

It is righteousness for which God thirsts, and man's self-complacency, love of ease, acquiescence in the second best, hatred of spiritual ideas, and envy of spiritual distinction, are the foes of the righteousness of God. Goodness, not comfort, is what God desires to create in His creatures. The goal of His way is the severity of truth, rather than the precarious happiness of being well deceived. Therefore, terrible as war is, there are things worse. These are the preference for ease and life at any price, the slipping into a warm nook where the soul, like some backboneless mollusc, can root itself in ease while all around, but not for it, the salt spray is tingling with life's clash and conflict.

Whatever, then, the Sermon on the Mount and the whole ethic of Jesus Christ's work and personality mean, it is no dull, smooth thing, "dead at heart." It is sharp and keen-edged and cuts right down into the world's sophistries and lies. It is the Warrior Religion, in a sense truer than that in which Islam is.

In the complex simplicity of the Gospel, the greatest opposites meet. The message of Christ is the *Magni-*

ficat of Revolution, the spiritual *'Marseillaise'*, the oriflamme unfurled in the hands of the Mother of God. Yet it is also the *Nunc dimittis*, the Compline hymn that ends life's strenuous day.

In the Gospel, anger and love meet and are knit together as in a war-embrace, the twin expression of the attitude of the mind of God towards the sin and the sinner.

In an age when the sentimentalism of almost all schools of Christianity has eviscerated the Gospel and robbed it of its salt and keenness, when the sharp edge of religion has become blunt, and the Face of Christ is represented by flaccid benevolence, without nerve or courage or the tonic iron of the will, it is worth reading over again that splendid classic, Bishop Butler's Sermon on Resentment. It is well to lay its lesson to heart, the severe bracing lesson that only in proportion to our capacity for anger, disinterested, impersonal, and ethical, is our capacity for love, that to abhor what is evil is the other side of loving what is good.

"He looked round about Him with anger, being grieved," is said of Him whose kindly eye found congenial companionship and surroundings in the birds of the air and in the lilies of the field, and whose approving love rested upon the little children at their play.

The truth is that if the ethical teaching of Christ and that of General Bernhardt are totally irreconcilable, as they are, yet that the spirit of Jesus is as much removed from the kind of Liberalism which glorifies comfort and regards philanthropic sentiment as the highest virtue as it is from the hard Prussian temper with its cult of the sword.

Vulgarity of soul, the inability to submit to discipline, the hatred of ideas, the slave temper and the crowd-mind, all this is as removed from the uncompromising challenge of the Gospels, from the severity and ardour embodied in the sublime Figure that moves across their

pages, as is, at the other extreme, the Prussian *Überic*, the spirit of regimentation for its own sake, the one-sided masculinity with brain of steel and heart of stone, which makes the State a Moloch idol, and the smoke and gore of war the fitting ritual of its service.

The ethics of Jesus can neither be pressed into the promotion of material comfort on the one hand, nor can they stand in anything but sharpest antagonism to the view of the slaughter of men by their fellows as a "biological necessity" on the other.

The peace of which Christ is the giver, the sword which He came to send upon the earth, transcends in either case respectively material comfort and the glory of slaughter.

No doubt "the Kingdom of God" and the peace which is its centre are "within" us, yet when the depth and inwardness of Christ's peace has been recognised, and also the fact that its root and spring is in the conscience and the heart—that in the great words of Dante, "In His Will is our Peace"—there remains the impression of a shock to the soul's nerves when we turn from the atmosphere of Christ's teaching and personality in the Gospels to the blood-drenched page of the history of Christendom. The record we find there is, after all that can be said in exculpation or alleviation of the effect produced by it, a terrific contrast to what the public life of Christian nations might be expected to be.

The ideals of love and forgiveness seem as insubstantial when faced with life's stern phenomena as a tender and gracious dream compared with the harsh realities which meet our awakening eyes. "Gone is it now—the vision and the gleam."

Here, to return to our starting-point, is the crux of our Christianity—the cruel difficulty of fitting life to the ideal, the intolerable contradiction between the state of human society which could meet with Christ's

approval, which would be, in short, congenial to Him, to His temper and His mind, and the state of human society that is practical and possible under the apparently inexorable environments and limitations which physical science and the history of the race alike reveal as the conditions of growth or even of existence for such beings as we are and amid the circumstances in which we are placed.

Are we to explain the problem by the eschatological view which Schweitzer has recently flashed upon the critics of the Gospels—the view, that is, that the entire morality of Jesus in its high uncompromising idealism and spirituality is what this drastic yet not anti-Christian critic calls “*Interimsethik*”? Dr. Schweitzer is certainly not anti-Christian, nor even indifferent to Christianity, for he was, when he wrote the book which is the storm-centre, i.e. *Von Reimarus zu Wrede*, a *privat-docent* of the faculty of Evangelical Theology at the University of Strassburg, and he has since become a devoted foreign missionary.

He means that the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount was not intended by its promulgator for many generations of disciples on earth, including the most various nations and stretching over century after century, but that it is rather the description by Him of the kind of conduct suited for those who are on the verge of a stupendous apocalypse, who stand at the very edge of a new earth and heaven, on the fringe of the Dies Iræ, or Day of the Lord, and for whom therefore buying and selling, and marrying and giving in marriage, and making war and making peace, have lost distinction and significance.

In the light of this way of regarding the Master's message, the wonder of the change, the dawn of the great surprise, already begun, reduce to their true insignificance the objects that seemed so large amid the darkness. If this, then, be the explanation of the

Sermon on the Mount, that it can only be understood in the eschatological background which was its original framework, its magnificent paradoxes find their true environment and atmosphere not amid questions of nationality and citizenship, the sober ethics of day by day, but amid the heights and depths of the soul at those flashes of crisis when the spirit realises itself as a pilgrim upon a great adventure rather than as a citizen of a state or a member of a nation.

Here in its inwardness and reality, in the central core of its being, the spirit perceives and in its measure girds itself to obey that Master Vision from which flows at once its peace and its power. It is no longer only *in Via*, to use the language of the mystics, it is already partially at least *in Patria*—in the Fatherland rather than only on the Way. The ethics of the Sermon on the Mount are conditions of a pilgrim adventure rather than legislation for men considered each as a member of a nation or a citizen of a state.

The *Civitas Dei* of the first Christians was, like all great and practical ideals, largely in the clouds. It was no model township placed in some neat garden plot of life, but, on the contrary, like all things worth living for and worth dying for, it was in greater part unrealised, an invitation and a challenge rather than an attainment.

Whether with Johannes Weiss and Schweitzer we explain the ethics of Christ mainly in the light of eschatological expectation or not, it is plain enough to those who do not look at the New Testament solely through the spectacles of modern British middle-class domesticity that this idea of *Interimsethik*, with a side that might be called, in a wise and humane sense, ascetic, has far more to be said for itself, in so far as it deals with man as a pilgrim rather than a householder, than we English Christians are disposed to acknowledge.

The New Testament knows little or nothing about patriotism, as we understand the word—Christ's followers are viewed as members of an organism, but it is the organism not of one nation or another, but of the universal Ecclesia, the Congregation of the Lord, the New Israel. Catholicism, whether Protestants admit it or not, is the original New Testament conception, in the sense that the divine organism of which Christians are members, when once it chips its Jewish shell, is international, or, rather, is considered apart from patriotism altogether.

The tent of Shem has lengthened its cords until it is wide enough to serve as a shelter for humanity. The most narrowly national of creeds—the Judaic—has blossomed out into the idea of a universal fellowship. To be schismatic is to be unpatriotic. National Churches, however justifiable, are unknown to the New Testament. They are yet in the womb of time. The New Testament Religion is Catholicity, not national patriotisms. "The Body of Christ" is the master conception which after the death of the Apostles becomes inevitably and naturally the "Holy Catholic Church." Nowhere in the New Testament is religion to any extent at all national and patriotic. These elements had their potential existence, no doubt, in Christianity, but they were latent. In regard to what we may call Christian patriotism the New Testament is practically silent. Christ's "Render unto Cæsar," and S. Paul's "He beareth not the sword in vain," are, after all, the exceptions to the general tone. That tone is not political. It is the antithesis to the temper of the Zealots and of the crowd for which Barabbas was a hero. Of direct active patriotism it knows little or nothing. In this we see the greatest contrast to the Old Testament. The consideration of the reasons for this may be left for a subsequent chapter. At present, however, we may note that one evident reason, of course, is that there were no nations to be patriotic about in New

Testament times. The Græco-Roman world was one in which nationality, in any sense involving sharp racial distinctions and clear-cut racial antagonisms, was pooled. It was merged into the *Pax Romana* or the "Chaos," whichever we choose to call the state of things into which all round the Mediterranean Sea, as a Roman lake, the older races, once distinct, were melting down into one indeterminate mass. If we regard this as the Græco-Roman world, it is easy to see how it transcended all local tribal feelings and became a suitable environment for an international religion and a universal church. But if, with the pro-Teuton Englishman Houston Stewart Chamberlain in that book which has helped to develop to a head the present German temper, we style this period the "Chaos," and regard it as a state of things in which all virile patriotism became impossible, we can see how the corruption and decadence of the time encouraged that detached pilgrim-like side of primitive Christianity which was also from the first an essential element of the religion of Him who "had nowhere to lay His head." This element of our Religion underwent in the Fourth Century a great and one-sided development, until in the form of monasticism it absorbed into itself well-nigh all the more uncompromising and heroic elements of the distinctive ethics of Christianity. The impress given at the start to the Christian movement by the eschatological atmosphere of what we may call the original Galilean Mission, the Church in embryo, has never been lost to our Faith through all its varied history. The temper of monasticism at its best, and the outlook on the world of the spirit of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, are, after all, not so far apart. Both have their germ in that view of Christ's followers as "pilgrims and strangers," which is a view which lies at the very roots of our religion, and yet which is, it must be confessed, rather hard to reconcile with the exaltation of earthly citizenship and national patriotism to the highest place among the

virtues which is characteristic of the nobler and more heroic types of the pre-Christian pagan temper.

The type of character of the first Christians, even if we do not consider their morality as entirely *Interims-ethik*, was yet certainly nourished among what an ordinary member of the modern Church would consider as very other-worldly surroundings, and in an atmosphere in which the consciousness of belonging to a state of things different to average human society pulled one up, as it were, at every turn. The life of one who breathed already by anticipation the mountain air of the New Kingdom was one which sat loose to racial distinctions. Partly this arose from a sense of the non-permanent, non-essential character of such things as being, as it were, skin deep as compared with the underlying fundamental features which all human souls have in common. Partly also it arose, not from inhuman indifference, but from intense humanity—from that love of the brotherhood in which patriotism was lost in the sense of the universal Patria, the commonwealth of Heaven on earth, the Catholic Church, the great International in which the Kingdom of God took form and tabernacled among men, drawing all men from Cæsar's household to the slave into its universal fellowship.

Hence, if patriotism in the narrow sense hardly enters into the mind of the first Christians, still less could they have considered the question of the inevitableness of war as, in the last resort, the determining factor between contending States and races, over which stands no visible arbitrator except the sword.

Nations, in the modern sense, were as yet unborn. The Church and the Empire were alike international. When afterwards Christian nations came into being, the Church failed to do more than modify the sufferings of war by such regulations as that of "The Truce of God," but no attempt was made on her part to face the phenomenon, incredible as its existence would have been to believers of the Apostolic age, of Christians slaying Christians.

It is in the present day that the Christian conscience is beginning to be more alert in regard to this and similar questions than in any previous period.

During one age of the Church patriotism in the modern sense was impossible and unknown. At a later time ethics were sacrificed, partially at least, to patriotism. Now the best men and women are trying to reconcile Christian ethics in the sense of the fullest loyalty to Christ and to His Spirit with a patriotism which is sane as well as ardent, and which disclaims the temptation to selfish domination.

The task that faces us is no easy one. To ignore patriotism in the interest of ethics, as the Tolstoyan does ; to sacrifice international morals to national pride and self-interest ("My country, right or wrong"), as Germany is doing ; both of these solutions are comparatively easy. If we reject them both, as alike inhuman, what is our own course to be, as loving our country and serving humanity and following Christ? We are not meant to go out of the world, but to be kept from evil. But is war so wholly evil that under no circumstances we can engage in it? Is it so absolutely and under all circumstances the outcome of satanic passions and satanic pride that the solution adopted by the Society of Friends must be for us the true one? Are the Quakers in their cutting of the Gordian knot the only logical and consistent Christians? Or are we to divide life in two ; the Kingdom of God existing only "within" us, in the soul redeemed from hatred, envy, and ill will, while our life as citizens and as members of the nation pursues its course at best on Stoic rather than on Christian lines, exhibiting solid "virtue" in the old Roman sense of courage, virility, and public spirit, while the Beatitudes and the Sermon on the Mount are inapplicable to this part of our activities?

Mr. Garrod, the author of a clever book entitled *The Religion of all Good Men*, maintains that the real

practical creed of the healthy-minded, conscientious, and duty-loving Englishman is neither that of Christianity with its ideal of the purity of the saint, nor that of the Greek philosophers with its ideal of sane intellectualism, but rather that it is what he calls the Gothic ideal—the ideal of honour, of going straight, of playing the game. There is much truth in this statement, however little we as Christians may like to admit it. England as a whole and at its best has more in common with Esau, the good-hearted, open-air man, than with Jacob, so much less naturally generous and attractive, and yet beset, as his brother was not, by the vision and the gleam. Yet under the New Dispensation Esau has a place as well as Jacob; Esau as the soldier, cheerful in the trenches, or the sailor watching on the northern seas; for him as well as for home-keeping Jacob, the student, the teacher, the organiser of religion or of education, there is a place in the economy of grace. A seat is kept at the table of the Master for His soldier friends, "plain, faithful, true, and my loving comrades." Besides, often in the history of the Church has the fighter added a new type to the rich variety of the saints—a Saint Louis of France and General Gordon; among women, too, a Joan of Arc. The actualities of the battlefield are too full of sordidness and horror to be able of themselves, like the tragedy of the ancients, "to purify the soul by pity and terror"; yet self-sacrifice can make well-nigh all things holy. It can cast a gleam of glory across this devil's game of slaughter. It can make the Act of Dying into an altar service, a holy and awful liturgy by which man mounts nearer and nearer to the Cross, the central pinnacle of sacrifice. Death's inexorable touch can be an asperges of purity, that the soul of the boy at the supreme moment may leap into the manhood of the great Beyond. How can heroic virtue have sprung to such heights amid the clash of arms, have struck its roots so deeply into such blood-stained soil?

In this connection, Christ's commendation of the centurion—an incident which is found in the very earliest strata of the Gospel story—is not without its significance. The faith of a Gentile soldier, his innate recognition of Christ's right to command, his simple loyalty, are praised above all the atmosphere of ordered punctilio of the temple and the synagogue, the courts of the Most High.

• Had the soldier's profession been regarded by the Lord as simply equivalent to the trade of murder, is it likely that the recognition of His mission by a military officer would have received from Him such grateful congratulation, and that, too, without one word of warning as to the need of abandoning a calling so presumably repugnant to Christ's character and to the nature of His call to men? Can we imagine Our Lord treating with the same affectionate consideration a kidnapper of men for slavery, a purveyor of gladiators for the butchery of the arena or of mimes for the licentious performances of the circus or the theatre?

In such cases would not praise for the new life struggling to the birth be mingled with stern warning as to the need of instant abandonment of the calling which degraded, of the breaking at all hazards of the coil of the devil? But of a command of Christ in this instance, or of His Apostles in other similar cases of the conversion of soldiers, as of Cornelius the centurion, for the man to abandon as anti-Christian his military calling, there is not a trace in the records of the New Testament. Nor did even the rigorist school among the Christians of the age before Constantine, when the Faith had as yet made no compromise with the world, succeed, as the greatest of rigorists, Tertullian, would have wished, apparently, in getting the Church to stamp as legalised murder the profession of arms, and to forbid her soldier members to fight against the enemies of the Roman State.

How, then, are we to explain the teaching of Christ as to non-resistance? His teaching on this point both Tolstoy and Nietzsche insist on regarding as about the most characteristic feature of His attitude to political and social life—Tolstoy in admiration, indeed, and Nietzsche with half-pitying patronage for the gentle founder of the slave morality which the apostle of the "Will to Power" identifies with the Christianity which he scorns.

To us to whom the Gospel ought to be nothing unless it is the revelation of the Master's principles of all moral and spiritual life, that explanation to which we have already alluded of the non-resistance doctrine as solely a part of *Interimsethik*, an aspect of that entire *Weltanschauung*, or view of the world, which sees all social life in the light of one impending event, at once catastrophe and apocalypse, beneath the shadow of which, cast before, all political and social existence shrinks into comparative insignificance, can never be a satisfactory explanation.

It is an attempt to interpret the fulness of Christ's mission and teaching by one aspect of it, however important. In its hasty simplification this eschatological interpretation leaves out all that conflicts with its one-sided solution. But the teaching of Christ is as remarkable for its sanity and patience as for its stress and pressure and fire. It enlightens as well as burns. It embraces life in all its fulness, and bears with imperfect conditions with hopeful patience, as well as gives an uncompromising challenge to iniquity and wrong. "Let both grow unto the harvest" represents the spirit of Christ as truly as "Cast him into outer darkness."

In part of His teaching Christ appears to view human society, and His Church as its firstfruits, as on the verge and threshold of a tremendous change, swift as the lightning and unexpected as the midnight robber. In another part of it the Kingdom of God is visaged as something subtle, interior, all-pervasive, as stretch-

ing through long eras of civilisation, and mingling with all sorts and kinds of human interests and occupations. If it is the lightning, it is also the leaven. If it is the thief breaking in at midnight, it is also the casting of the net into the sea, that in its long reaches and elastic meshes gathers of every kind.

One thing is certain, that any sort of dualism which robs Christ of His supremacy over all life, over every department of humanity, will be found to be ultimately inconsistent with that belief in the Deity of His Person and the unique nature of His mission with which Christianity in any vital and permanent sense stands or falls. This supremacy over all life will no longer find its representation, as in the Middle Ages, in an external ecclesiastical monarchy, or in the wielding of the sword for the destruction of Christ's enemies, as by the crusader or the inquisitor.

The embodiment of Christ's sovereignty under the form of the Holy Roman Empire or of the Papacy using temporal weapons, directly or indirectly, is a thing of the past, even in Roman Catholic countries. But the conception, on the other hand, of the "Enclosed State," the State with no moral or spiritual check over its "Will to Power," a conception which is largely a pagan revival from Renaissance times, is one in which no Christian who gives to his Master a whole-hearted allegiance ought ever to acquiesce. This conception is the root one of Prussianism, and it is at heart, as far as it has a heart, atheistic and anti-Christian.

The scornful rage against Christianity of a Nietzsche is bad enough, but really far more dangerous is the attitude to life of the Prussian school, as, for instance, the Protestant historians, Von Sybel, Droysen, Giesebrecht, and, above all, Treitschke, who, like Bismarck, kept their type of individualist Christianity for private consumption and indirectly implied, or even directly taught, that the ethics of Christ were never meant to

be applied to public life. Around the State, in their view, lies no network of moral principles and prohibitions. The State is a law unto itself. It is not Calvary or Corsica, the Christ idea or the Napoleon one, which is with them, as with Nietzsche, the antithesis ; but respect for what Calvary implies for the soul and for the family, at church and on the Sunday, on the one hand, and on the other Corsica, the " Will to Power " for the council chamber and the war lords. Luther with his individualist Christianity for the home, Machiavelli with his exclusion of morals from politics for the great game of State. Hence all efforts for international law, and ultimately for international peace, must be dismissed as unpractical sentimentalism. Within the region of *Weltpolitik* humanitarian considerations constitute not merely a weakness but almost a crime—a crime against the thoroughness and efficiency of the method by which the State, the world of soldiers and administrators, increases that power which is its life. General Bernhardt's book is but a putting into blunt language of these theories, and General Bernhardt claims also to be a Christian, though his view of public life stands absolutely at an opposite pole to the ideals of the Sermon on the Mount.

It is natural to blame the severance of politics from morals, and stated as it is in the pages of such writers as Bernhardt, it is simply an attempt to divorce the relations of nations to one another from all appeal to collective conscience or any reference to international ethical principle, but it is by no means easy to apply to a world in which the big battalions appear to determine the issue, the laws and sentiments taught even by the plainest instincts of natural justice, not to speak of the ideal of magnanimity and self-sacrifice at which Christ bids us aim. But, to come to the root of the matter, we cannot, for all that, acquiesce as Christians in the permanently non-moral character of the relations

of nations to one another, "Humanity" that "must perforce prey on itself like monsters of the deep." This conception stands to Christ's "By love serve one another" in irreconcilable antagonism. No ambiguous formula, no platitudes can blend them together.

States are made up of individuals, and the human nature of individuals, and therefore of the collective entities we call "States," can be changed. It may be quite true that wars will continue as long as human nature is what it is, but the Gospel claims to possess a supernatural power to raise human nature to greater heights of justice and of love. Although the leaven of Christ works but slowly in the dough of humanity, yet it can and does work, though oftener indeed through unofficial personal influence than by any organised propaganda of an ecclesiastical character.

It is possible to make men as a whole feel that they have outgrown habits and actions which once they thought the inevitable and necessary concomitants of their life or of that of the State.

The great instance is, of course, the abolition of slavery in all Christian lands, whereby an institution which ranked under Paganism with the most fundamental principles of the life of the State and of the Family is now regarded as an outrage on the dignity of human personality, and as injuring even more the moral well-being of the slave-owner than of the slave.

To Aristotle slavery was as much a "biological necessity" as war is to Treitschke and Bernhardi.

Before Christian feeling had leavened society, a crusade against slavery would have seemed as criminal a piece of folly as to the mind of Bismarck appeared any crusade against war. In either case a law of nature would appear to be opposed; the rock of scientific fact, a "biological necessity," assailed in vain by flimsy sentimentalism. Yet the real roots of the assumed biological necessity of slavery lay in the selfishness of

mankind, which is, after all, no absolutely permanent and immovable quantity.

Is, then, the argument from a half-understood Darwinism, an argument which champions war as a "drastic tonic," necessary for the well-being of mankind, one which is insuperable? Are the ethics of Christ a sort of reaching out of a sublime idealism towards a goal unattainable, and even if attained the mark of stagnation rather than of life?

In such a conclusion as the latter no follower of Our Lord can acquiesce without the practical surrender of the Christian message and claim. Physical science, however, is not pledged to interpret life's facts by "Darwinism" alone.

It was Huxley himself who reminded the crude exaggerators of the theory of evolution that the "cosmic struggle" is not the last word of nature, that with man, if not before him, begins the "ethical process" of which love is the inner force, and that in the correction and mastery of the former, the brute up-thrust of existence, by the latter, the harmonising, sharing, and protective instincts, lies all hope for any development worthy of the name. It is as the mightiest factor in this ethical process, this leavening grip of otherness, that the Gospel of Christ has effected the social transformations which have given love a home within the world's heart and soul. The very greatness of the transformation demands as a condition of its thoroughness that it is gradual because all-penetrating. In helping on this process we are hastening the day when through no shunning of hardship or shrinking from conflict, but through the carrying of the principle of struggle onward into the region of will and spirit, man may have left behind him the agony of the past, the birth-throes through which he mounts through a clearer air into a wider world beneath serener skies.

Will this be for the race, or for the individual alone?

Will it be for man amid social conditions more worthy of the mind of Christ? Or will it only be realised, in this world at least, in the souls' depths of such "men of goodwill" (*homines bonæ voluntatis*) as those on whom first descended the message of peace?

Will the "peace that lies at the heart of endless agitation" at last, even in this world, dominate all that hinders its influence, and "shine through all the sphere"? or will it to the end, in this stage of existence, be a recurring struggle of light with darkness, of love with hatred, of God with evil?

At any rate it is our duty and our call to be found, whether in apparent defeat or in visible victory, on the side of love. Here and now it may lie bleeding. Yet in the Beyond, for it "All the trumpets blow, on the other side." Even were this not so—

O Christ, if there were no hereafter,
It still were best to follow Thee.
Tears are a nobler gift than laughter;
Who bears Thy yoke alone is free.

CHAPTER II

THE WILL TO POWER

THE ethical contents of Christianity as contained in the Gospels and developed in the New Testament were regarded by the religious Liberalism of early Victorian days, the Liberalism the thought of which kindled Newman's scorn and winged the shafts of his criticism, as a body of clearly rational moral principles, characterised by cheerfulness, tolerance, and kindly feeling, and standing in contrast to the needless austerity and mystery with which a later superstition had obscured the simple creed of Galilee. It is, of course, quite true that the strongest elements of liberality and kindliness are present in Christianity at its origin, just as a flowery slope lit up by the sunrise may lie within the embrace of the spurs of a giant mountain. Liberalism, however, is not the most characteristic feature of the moral teaching of Our Lord. There is no doubt, especially in the Lucan Gospel, that evangel of the heart, an emotional and moral humanism, an altruistic element which finds incomparable expression in the Parables of the Good Samaritan and of the Prodigal Son. Indeed, the unique divinity of the Gospels manifests itself in this, that if the keen spirituality of Newman can find in them its inspiration, so also can Dickens' breadth of sympathy, his taking the failures into his heart, his oneness with the rank and file.

There is a side of Christianity and even of Catholicity by which they can touch modern democracy in a way

that no mere philosophy, intellectually aristocratic, as philosophies as such always are, can ever hope to do. But there is another side to Christianity than the domestic and philanthropic. There is the haunting sense in it of something that calls to the desert, that bids men strike their tents and leave the camp-fire and press into the darkness. There is in Christianity side by side with the tender, the natural, the homely, a kind of austere Beyond, a sense as of one speaking from the centre of things and insisting on exploration, on adventure, on the quest, an unspoken assurance that only through forcing one's way into a region beyond the world of the merely genial and cheerful can the spirit break out into the fulness of life.

After all, the ethics of Christianity and the Christian belief in all that is involved in Christ's Person and Work are all of a piece. "Ye cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace," says Newman truly to the Liberals in the *Lyra Apostolica*. Nothing in the Gospel can be squared with the feeble optimism which refuses to make big demands both on the imagination and on the will.

The spirit of the Gospel treads always on the brink of high adventures. It is dangerous to accepted conventions. It is not only the spirit of revolt which, in Nietzsche's phrase, "dances on the edge of precipices," but the Christian temper, at its most distinctive moments, does so too. "As they followed Him they were afraid." It refuses to walk only along trim paths. It breaks out in unexpected ways. It plunges in Dionysiac dance, with a strange medley of fellow-initiates from angels to vagabonds, into the inner forest depths of reality and power. The unexpected is its natural and congenial element. As a fount of life it is inevitably and continually a new departure, a paradox which fits into the soul's intricacies so that "deep calls unto deep." The ethics of the New Testament are congenial elements in their appeal to romance and wonder

and heroism, of a religion which lives in two worlds, the seen and the unseen, the natural and the supernatural. The risk involved in acceptance of their challenge is a risk well worth taking, if Christ be what His disciples have ever believed Him to be. But to take up the cross daily, and to lose all present advantages for the precarious chance of an entrancing discovery, to be for ever on the move, a pilgrim amid life's solid comforts, to be for ever launching forth into the deep, and living dangerously on the edge of surprises and developments—all this, which is of the essence of the ethics of Jesus as the Gospels contain it, is something which is only natural and congenial to a religion like that of the Incarnation, which is full of wonder and surprise, of "zeal and keen-eyed sanctity, and the dread depths of grace," but which when transplanted into a rationalist atmosphere even of the moderately believing and genially moral type, becomes, as it were, top-heavy. The heights and depths of it, as a system of spiritual ethics, will seem, in such an environment, more and more exaggerated and impossible of attainment. For so they must inevitably appear when regarded apart from the belief in a supernatural revelation embodied in the central heart-piercing wonder, the humbleness of God's self-revelation, His thirst for His creatures' love, a thirst of which Christ is the expression. In other words, Galilee was never meant to stand by itself, apart from Calvary. If the saints are pre-eminently sane, they are also, above all, the God-intoxicated, the "fools for Christ's sake."

It is Calvary, not Galilee, which is the real antithesis to Corsica. To the usual type of religious Liberal, especially of the British variety, it is of the nature of a disconcerting surprise to discover that some of the most formidable attacks on Christianity are now made on its ethics, as distinct from its creed.

Just when it might have been hoped that after the removal of the scaffolding of the non-essential miracu-

lous and of the non-ethical elements the moral residuum would appear solid, coherent, and satisfactory, the latter exhibits rather the aspect of something fragmentary, something rent away from its true complement, disproportionate, questionable, and from the point of view of sanity and experience, making demands on human nature out of all possibility of response. The Sermon on the Mount, in Tennysonian days the oasis amid intellectual and critical storms, is now itself the storm-centre.

Regarded as a system of ethics, apart from the Personality of which it is the utterance, the Sermon on the Mount is but a thing in the air, the "huge cloudy symbol of a high romance," rather than a compact, rational, and practical set of principles capable of guiding men and women of limited powers yet good intentions.

Among those who have most rudely questioned the Liberal Protestant tendency to reduce Christianity mainly to its ethical elements, with the Fatherhood of God as the one theological survival from the older Religion of Christendom, none has made his challenge to ring with more sharp insistence than the extraordinary genius Frederic Nietzsche. His favourite phrase, "The Will to Power," expresses a sort of reinterpretation of the riddle of the world which scornfully pitches overboard as sentimental dreaming not only the morbid exaggeration of Christian sentiment, but also the mental and spiritual temper which the followers of Christ of all types and in all ages have agreed in regarding as the highest exhibition of virtue and truth.

Peals of scornful laughter were poured forth by Nietzsche on the attempt of such writers as John Stuart Mill and "George Eliot" in England to retain the supremacy of altruistic ideals, of the cultivation of sympathy, of the value of tenderness and pity, while relegating to the region of myths which have done their work and can now be sent to the lumber-room of history

the beliefs in the facts formerly supposed to be involved in Christianity, or even in Theism itself. Nietzsche was, however, no mere half-witted genius, mad with spiritual and intellectual arrogance, eager to beat the record as the Atheist *par excellence* of all time. He was as little mainly this as he was, on the other hand, merely, like the Prussian school of historians and political philosophers, a conscious minister to the mission of the Hohenzollern. He is worth our special consideration, because he is a bigger portent than a Bernhardi or even a Treitschke, although the latter's writings are trenchant and thought-provoking to the highest degree, while the former's are characterised by a sort of hard superficiality. Nietzsche is worth concentrating attention on, as distinct from the entire Prussian school, from a genius like Treitschke to the lesser fry of writers who deal with "Kultur" and world-power without a tittle of that brilliant historian's verve, driving force, and ardour of conviction.

The influence of Nietzsche was certainly not, as some hasty English estimates of it would represent it, the intellectual origin of this war. It is absurd to call him "the man who made the war." Neither is his influence, however, a thoroughly misunderstood force, the direction of which, similar to that of Goethe's genius, is mainly towards European and cosmopolitan idealism of a kind ultimately favourable to peace. The representation of the hermit of Sils-Marie as the Mephistopheles of this world-tragedy, the tempting devil, the seducer of the German Faust, of the Teutonic soul, is to give him an importance beyond his due place in the history of thought and of the poetic interpretation of political and social forces. The author of *Also sprach Zarathustra* was, in reality, the outcome, the sinister and powerful side issue, rather than the root and cause, of a temper too widespread, too much in the air, not only in Germany but in Europe, to be ascribed to one personal origin. But also the attempts to claim Nietzsche as simply and

solèly a pioneer of a truer type of human culture and of a better developed human race is a gloss on the text of his life and philosophy unjustified by the central and obvious meaning of his message, and by the whole orientation of his instinct, spirit, and will. The vitriol of his teaching cannot so easily be detached from its other ingredients.

Nietzsche has become essentially a European portent, and so altogether a bigger phenomenon than Treitschke, whose sphere of interest was more limited and political. The former's throb of fierce delight in war's red carnival is rather part of an exaltation of conflict over ease, of the call to "live dangerously," or, as he writes in that all too daring phrase quoted above, "to dance on the edge of precipices," than any drum-beating for the House of Hohenzollern.

He is less of the Pro-Prussian line of writers in sympathy than was Goethe, and indeed as little as was Heine ; although the warrior caste have used his inspiration to give heat to their atmosphere (*vide* Bernhardi's quotations from him), while Heine remains impossible for their purposes ; "a fellow," as the Kaiser describes the latter poet, "without a Fatherland," and therefore to be without a statue as well among the makers of modern Germany.

The Berlin of to-day is pagan enough in all conscience, and Nietzsche is pagan too, but the latter's onslaught on Christianity is a sort of fierce adventure, titanic or satanic, but at any rate a bigger affair than the Kaiser's cult of the tribal god, the "ancient ally" of his House.

Treitschke is akin to our own Carlyle ; his strong, stark nature is essentially Protestant in temper. If his ethics as to the State or those inculcated by his disciple, General Bernhardi, appear to be in practice almost or quite Machiavellian (he praises Fichte for discerning in the great Florentine "the prophet of his Fatherland"), his personal religious beliefs were such

as those of a Kantian Liberal Protestant, subjective and individual in their character and temper, with the dogmatic elements relegated to the background. Treitschke's teaching as one of Germany's greatest modern historians forms the climax of a school reaching back to Mommsen and Von Sybel and in its origins to Niebuhr; a school of writers few if any of them Prussians by race, for literature does not spring naturally from that breed of soldiers and administrators, yet all of whom have contributed to the building up of the temper of which, in its later and most inflated developments, the speeches of the present Kaiser are the characteristic if degenerate resultant. Every stage since the greater writers—and the stages are rapid ones—has marked an advance in perverted patriotism and contempt for all Idealism except that which magnifies the Prussian destiny. The patriotism of Treitschke is more perverse and Machiavellian in its impatience of international restraints than the easier, wider mode of treatment of politics by Von Ranke. While Houston Stewart Chamberlain's dreams of a world all-Teuton come from a mind deeply stored with learning and yet lacking in the elements the possession of which constrains us, in spite of his gross one-sidedness, to give Treitschke a real place among writers on European history. Herr Chamberlain's work, *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, which has been distributed broadcast by the Kaiser, is, after all, little better than an inflated, even if learned, partisan pro-Teuton pamphlet; while Treitschke's *History of Modern Germany*, although, like the historical works of Macaulay and of Froude, a *Tendenz-schrift*, is, in spite of its flagrant bias, and allowing for it, history, and history brilliantly even if one-sidedly written. Treitschke's pro-Teutonism, even if striking the stars with its head, moves within limits, clear and logical. Chamberlain's work, however, is romance trumpeted by trenchant rhetorical writing, and illustrated by facts so out of proportion as to amount to fancies.

The limits within which Treitschke's genius moves add to his power. On the contrary, the historic mission of Prussia and of the Hohenzollern has little really to gain from Chamberlain's effort to claim, among others, Dante, Pope Hildebrand, and a Greater than either as practically of German stock. But Nietzsche has little in common with either of these writers ; he does not row in the Prussian galley. If he rejoices that War, as a sort of grim Apollo, strikes terribly his lyre of steel, awaking the manhood of the nations, and calling them as athletes to the arena, yet his praise of War as the stern nurse of virility is inspired by ancient Rome and by the Renaissance, with its hard, diamond-like splendour, rather than by any idealising of the Great Elector or of Frederick the Great. Of German culture Nietzsche has spoken as depreciatingly as has Heine. Indeed, whatever the errors of his perverted genius, he was never the laureate of the House of Brandenburg. The Kaiser, amid all his aberrations, is profoundly respectable ; and aristocratic as Nietzsche is in his sympathies and theories, the latter is sufficiently revolutionary in his ideas as to many social arrangements to be classed among the disrespectable, and sometimes pretty low down among them. His aristocratic gospel is not exactly of the Potsdam "Throne and Altar" variety, while as a "Good European" he comes dangerously near the category of those persons who, like Heine and the Social-Democrats, are, in one of Wilhelm II's favourite phrases, already quoted, "fellows without a Fatherland." But as to his general *Weltanschauung*, Nietzsche indirectly, yet no less powerfully, has supplied an intellectual atmosphere, and that in a country where intellect counts for more than in England, the tonic or the poisonous elements in which (according to the way in which we regard his view of life) have helped the prevailing German temper, especially among the cultured and the young, to reach its present climax.

On the drastic necessity of war he is as sound as

Treitschke or Bernhardi or the Kaiser himself. By no ingenuity can Nietzsche be represented as only an enemy of the baser pacifism, of the fatty degeneracy which comes from "the ghastly smooth life, dead at heart," which Browning loathed. He is an enemy as well, and a most scornful one, of the pacifism which is the natural outcome of New Testament ideals. He smites Galilee with the weapon of a misunderstood Darwinism.

Treitschke's and Bernhardi's "biological necessity of war" is a phrase which betrays its origin as one derived from misapplied physical science.

"They say," says Nietzsche, "that a good cause justifies war, but I say that a good war justifies any cause."

He undoubtedly regards war as an inevitable element in the evolution of the wiser, stronger race which is to be the bridge to Superman. He loves, he tells us, not peaceful footfalls, soft and easy, but feet that ring with the clank of the spur. No possible tortuous efforts of non-natural interpretation can ever reconcile the spirit of Nietzsche with the spirit of Tolstoy. The idealisation of war on the part of Nietzsche, the lonely invalid of Sils-Marie, cannot be squared with the abhorrence of it which was the later message of the other hermit, once the most daring of cavalry officers, Tolstoy.

The solitary scholar, the lonely, delicate thinker, German but with Polish strain, lived in imagination amid the clash of arms. The Russian aristocrat and ex-warrior sought the realisation of his life message in an almost Buddhist quietism. So true is it that we often admire those ideals which have least in common with our own destiny and environment.

Yet Nietzsche, while scornful of pacifism and of Christianity as the great pacifist Religion, was no mere Tyrtæus attending on a Prussian car of triumph. At the root of the mistakes of present-day Germany lies a sort of perverted patriotism in which the Father-

land takes the place of broader human ideals—"My country, right or wrong," to quote the profoundly anti-ethical sentiment of Bismarck.

Nietzsche's Will to Power has a wider scope and sphere than the Prussianising of Germany or even the Germanising of the world. As to culture, which the pedantry of his country was turning into a fetish, a sort of annexe of the Prussian idea, a goddess tamed by the drill-sergeant, Nietzsche declares that its truest home, at least in the past, has been in France, and not in Germany at all.

Napoleon rather than Frederick the Great was his hero—in this view he was like Heine, both of them Germans by birth but European by temper. If, as the late Professor Cramb, himself evidently a Nietzschean, tells us, Corsica rather than Calvary was Nietzsche's spiritual goal, yet at any rate it was not Potsdam.

Nietzsche has said so many splendid things, his scorn for phlegm masquerading as patience, his trumpet challenge to struggle with self, with circumstances, with the downward drag of mediocrity, his beating up against the wind, "the soul's wings never furled"—all this is so tonic and exhilarating, he may so truly be called, as one has styled him, "Nietzsche the Anti-Decadent," that it is a matter of real disappointment that his misunderstanding of the Christ and his venom towards Christianity should be so unmistakable and so impossible to explain away.

This brain on fire, this tortured heart, touched on the Christ (for saying after saying of Nietzsche's has the stern flash of the Gospel paradoxes about it); but this proud nature, erect amid the bludgeon blows of fate, saw in Jesus of Nazareth but a gentle dreamer, and in the Church of Christ but a decadent cult kindred to Buddhism. The teaching of Christ was to Nietzsche but an opium drug, robbing mankind of valour, of the heroic virtues, of the tonic strength of life.

In a ghastly passage, every word of which is a stab, he represents the rise of early Christianity, its triumphs over the ancient Paganism as the coming in the night of the larvæ, the human vampires, the vast conspiracy of the botched, the weak, and the unfortunate. He sees them swarming up from the catacombs, and the ghetto, fixing on the old Roman life and institutions, the latter great even in their decline, and draining from the veins of this masculine Pagan civilisation the red life-blood of virility and power.

Compared with the perverted malignity of this picture, we feel that Gibbon's treatment of the same theme is fair and restrained, even though the latter has been rightly described by Byron as—

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;
The lord of irony, that master-spell.

Gibbon's condemnation of the Church is partly based on her disloyalty to her own ethical message, even though he was himself at heart a pagan of the solid Roman type. But Nietzsche's sharpest shafts are aimed at the entire *moral standards* of Christianity. To him the Religion of Christ is logically quietist, the foe of action and adventure. Christ, as viewed by him, or rather S. Paul, the real founder of Christianity, is the inventor of a sort of dreamy and quietist "back world," the supernatural, the world where the stagnation of heaven rewards the pious for their dull subservience. Worst of all, Christianity is the "Slave-religion." Its morality is slave morality, its natural product is that democracy which Nietzsche in his sensitive solitariness loathed as a mud-deluge threatening to submerge the conquests of civilisation, fatal to all art, distinction, upwardness in life ; dull mediocrity guarded from change by envy. The vital spring of Christianity, he tells us, is revenge, the desire of the weak and unfortunate, of the insects of the ghetto, to pay off upon their oppressors the long score of centuries.

The Cross, the slave's gibbet, becomes, therefore, the sign of the slave's revenge. Before it go down "the splendour that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome." The later Judæa, the object of Nietzsche's detestation, the nation of priestcraft, of gloom, of fanaticism, takes unconsciously to herself a terrible recompense for Rome's destruction of Jerusalem. The Catholic Church, which is only Judaism transfigured and extended, the tent of Shem expanded till it embraces the Europe of the Middle Ages, overthrows all that remains of the splendid pagan virtues. The *ewig Weibliche*, the ever feminine, triumphs over intellect, philosophy, and citizenship. The Jew has conquered, not, however, the warrior Jew of the Book of Judges, but the sly creature of the ghetto of imperial Rome. The Jewish spirit, which, under the form of Christianity, at first crept into Western Europe with rat-like motion, timid, yet sinister, now full-grown under the form of the Mediæval Theocracy, partly crushes, partly exploits the splendid virility of the pagan and Gothic instincts. Canossa is the triumph of the Jew over the Teuton. Catholicism puts back for centuries the upward emerging of the valiant and of the fit. Slave values, feminine values, priestly values, set the standard. The "Blond Beast" of Teutonism, whose real god, at heart, is Odin or Thor rather than the Galilean, enters into the prison house of Christianity and grinds there, like Samson, as a bondman with eyes put out.

At length the Renaissance appears, the resurrection of the pagan values, the recovery of "Virtu," of "Virtue" in the pagan sense—i.e. valour, intellect, self-resource—rather than the humility and purity of the Christian ideal.

The body and the brain begin to shake off the fumes of Christianity. Men's eyes open to the splendour of physique, "the value and significance of flesh," "the zig-zag lightnings of the brain." Pagan Rome rises again even in the very palace of the successors of the

Jewish fisherman. The spirit of Cæsar almost defeats that of the Galilean Peter, becomes visible in art in the bold humanism of Michael Angelo, and in politics and strategy in the brain and sword of Cæsar Borgia, Machiavelli's "Prince," one of the anticipations of Superman. This rebirth of the forces of the world's energy and forward movement, this Renaissance in which classic Rome reasserts itself, might in Nietzsche's view have given a new start to Europe and to the world. But the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation between them regalanised Christianity into hectic and intolerant life, and strangled the bold hopes of Neo-Paganism. But even if the new birth of pagan values had come to maturity it could not have been a new birth for the slave multitudes. The slave mind is incorrigibly mean and mediocre. For it there is no "rose of dawn." It was to the few who really matter and who are born to rule that the Renaissance in Nietzsche's view made its splendid appeal, re-valuing values, turning pity and humility out of doors to shrink among the crowd, and exalting with a sort of proud resourcefulness and valiant disciplined strength an ideal essentially aristocratic, filled with the instinct of life, and repugnant to all parasitism and decay.

In regard to what may be called the literary revolt against the Christian ethical system, the attitude to the latter of that greatest artist and humanist of the Renaissance, Shakespeare, whom Germany as well as his native England delight in, is worth glancing at. Whatever we may think of Shakespeare's religion, in regard to belief or unbelief, whether he was at heart an old-fashioned Catholic, or whether his intelligence and mental orientation was of the semi-sceptical type of Montaigne, whose essays were familiar to him—and perhaps, after all, he was somewhat chameleon-like in regard to his attitude to these interests—it is at any rate quite certain that his ethical standpoint is entirely con-

sistent with that of Christianity at its best. The Nietzschean type of human being (unless Nietzsche be much misunderstood) as well as that of Count Gobineau, or of D'Annunzio—the type of the splendid Renaissance animal, with the beauty and the spring of the tiger—is not Shakespeare's ideal. It is true that the latter is no ascetic; he loves the free play of physical and intellectual perfections in manhood and womanhood. The charm of wit and vivid human intercourse, the beauty of face and grace of body, the "value and significance of flesh" as well as the brilliant sword-play of intellect, all this represented by the Renaissance type, at its best, fascinated and delighted him, nor had he, any more than the Nietzsches, any prominent place for the "hard hands and sweaty nightcaps" of those whom he sees merely *en masse* as "men of occupation."

Even the splendid peasant lads, the brothers in *Cymbeline*, turn out after all to be princes in disguise, and Perdita, the shepherdess of *Winter's Tale*, sweet "queen of curds and cream," is no real shepherdess by race, but comes from the blood of kings. Yet how entirely removed is all this from what Christian ethics rightly stigmatise as the sin of pride, the *ὕβρις* which for the Middle Ages has a malignant primacy as the queen of all the deadly sins, the insolent self-will for which inevitable Nemesis waits.

The spirit of Shakespeare has nothing in common with the literally Satanic temper, the megalomania, of the Italian despots of the Renaissance time. Bassanio and Portia are the typical Renaissance figures that he delights in, not such as those which the school opposed to the ethics of humility, pity, and forgiveness fall down before in a sort of hypnotic perversion of the faculty of admiration. No inverted hero-worship could have so obsessed Shakespeare's sane intelligence as to have, for instance, made for him Edmund and Goneril in *King Lear* (characters as they are, instinct with full-blooded power and will, the courage and energy of

which shrink at no fear and stumble at no scruple) admirable and congenial, nor can the baffling of Lear's unregulated nature, his hot, angry tears of weakness becoming conscious of itself, his contrition like that of a child come to its senses, asking pardon of the daughter he had wronged and undervalued, have made the suffering old man, taught by adversity, less dear to Shakespeare, his creator, than to Cordelia's heart. "Pity, like a naked new-born babe," the "quality of mercy that drops like gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath," most of all the spirit of forgiveness, of reconciliation, that like a tender haze fills the closing plays and ends embodied in Prospero in the *Tempest*, with his summing-up of life's experience: "The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance," all this—and it comes evidently from the core of Shakespeare's inner nature, from his heart as well as from his imaginative reason—is rather the old-fashioned morality of the Gospels than the ethics of Superman.

After all, Shakespeare's admiration of the Renaissance description of character and personality is confined to those types in which the chivalry created by the blend of the Gothic and Christian ideals is mingled with the grace, curiosity, versatility, and resource of the new Humanism. It has nothing in common with the Cæsar Borgia cult of Gobineau and Nietzsche. Shakespeare's splendid youths of the Renaissance have their wild times as they career through his plays, but each of them, even when "the hot blood is stirring," is essentially a gentleman, in a sense that Superman, as portrayed by his expectant prophets, is as essentially not.

Nietzsche regards the two great movements, the one the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, and the other the French Revolution of the end of the Eighteenth, as alike modern triumphs of the spirit of Judæa, the spirit of the slave morality, over the aristocratic conception which to his mind is the legitimate outcome of the Will to Power, and which the Renaissance, left to itself, would have made dominant.

The Will to Power tends to kill out the feeble specimens. It knows no New Testament mysticism such as "Blessed are the poor," "Blessed are ye that mourn." It also knows no democratic idealism of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the watchwords of 1789.

The *Magnificat* and the *Marseillaise* are to Nietzsche alike 'reactionary. Both, in different ways, are the expression of a tendency which saves the weak from the exploiters and which therefore fights against the life force which, as it wells up in the consciousness of the healthy, the strong, the eugenic, both in brain and body, inevitably tends to starve and impoverish the weaker specimens. The end of the latter is to perish. Their death secures the freedom of these higher growths compared to which the others are but as brushwood impeding the upward thrust of the forest tree.

This conception of the "Will to Power" Nietzsche adapted from the "Will to Live" of his master in philosophy, Schopenhauer. But the latter saw pessimism (in theory, indeed, rather than in his own life) as the logical outcome of the view which makes the World-Will, as a blind and hungry instinct, the successor of the deposed Will of God. Nietzsche, on the contrary, interprets this force as the "Will to Power" rather than merely "to Live." He thus, by a sort of desperate valour, maintains an attitude of unflinching hope and courage, even of what he calls, as the title of one of his works, the *Joyous Wisdom*, while at the same time he pitches out of doors every vestige of Theism and that regard for the morality of the New Testament which has been felt by many who at the same time have called themselves agnostic in theory. The last shred of Hebrew illusion is sent flying to the winds, leaving his *Weltanschauung* "naked and unashamed."

Nietzsche's hope, however, is not one for mankind at large. His "Superman," the distant goal to which the Will to Power is working, is no redeemer of the race, or

even of individuals on any large scale. Like many other systems of intellectual non-Christianity or anti-Christianity, and indeed like all of them, when logical, Nietzsche's belief in the Will to Power is necessarily opposed to democratic ideals, and that not merely to those of the more superficial and materialist, but also those of the more ethical and Christ-like type. The herd is hopeless as far as the noblest life is concerned, and ever will be. Indeed, in several places he hints at the revival of slavery as a condition of leisure necessary for the highest culture. In his more outspoken and developed utterances, he argues for it as a necessity of all civilisation of real richness and depth.

Christianity's only permissible future lies in its existence as a system of gentle, soothing lies—their fang extracted, their former malice rendered powerless—lies useful to keep the crowd contented. For the few alone the star of destiny shines. For them it is a "dancing star." The fit in mind and body, the eugenic hierarchy made possible by evolution, are what Nietzsche calls "the Bridge to Superman." From them in the travail of the ages develops a race as much beyond the present men and women as the latter are beyond the apes. As the influences of Schopenhauer and Gobineau presided over Nietzsche's earlier development, so that of Darwin, crudely understood and with the fantastic dream of Superman topping all, did over his later thought. In his last works his attitude to Christianity became furious in its want of balance, especially in his book the *Anti-Christ*. Finally the line of sanity was overpassed. His last years before his death, in 1900, were spent under medical care as a lunatic. His sister, almost the one being whom he seems to have loved to the end—for in regard to Peter Gast (Köselitz) he was rather as idol to adorer than as friend to friend—has just produced the second volume of his Life, under the title of *The Lonely Nietzsche*. It has appeared in Germany and been translated into English amid the thunder of that world-war

of which many accuse his influence as not least among the causes.

As we wrote above, Nietzsche was in reality no direct cause of the war, even in the sense in which a man's ideals cause a nation's action, for he disliked the present Kaiser, he wrote rudely of Treitschke, the real protagonist of the Hohenzollerns, he hated Bismarck, he loathed Prussia and was by race (in this, indeed, like Treitschke) partly a Slav. His family stock, almost all pastors and their connections—for this most uncompromising of Atheists was a son of the manse—were descended, it is thought, from the Polish Counts Nietzsche, whose name, curiously enough, means "the humble."

Again, he was strongly individualist in his conception of society. The State, the object of Treitschke's adoration, as above all moral considerations which can limit its power, is for Nietzsche non-existent in any vital sense, it is an abstraction and an uninspiring one, nor is he keen about patriotism, perverted or legitimate. We must, he tells us, be "good Europeans." A federation of the United States of Europe would have been his ideal. If there were to be an hegemony or leadership, he would appear to regard France as the most entitled to it. As to England, however, he agreed with Treitschke. For England he expressed the most unmingled contempt. He regarded her as the land *par excellence* of cant and sickly sentimentalism, "the flood"—to use the words of one of finer nature than his—of "Anglo-Saxon commonness," the average English unintelligence and distrust of the ideal. He felt, like most educated foreigners, the weight of what Heine, that other "good European" and only half German, calls *die echte Britische Beschränktheit* (the genuine British contraction of mind)—in other words, that hatred of ideas, or at least that inaccessibility to their influence, that thickness of mental skin, which Bishop Creighton regarded as so indisputable a feature of English life as a whole, and so unfortunate a one.

In relation to its all-important political outcome the philosophy which worships strenuous power, whether in its earlier and saner or in its later form, has sought its concrete embodiment in Prussia, and has as a false prophet blessed the latter's policy. This is not, however, as we have pointed out, true of him, the Coryphæus of the cult of power, in whose hands the exaltation of the realist type of character ended in denial of God and hatred of Christianity. For in regard to Prussia Nietzsche would have played the Balaam to the Balak of the Hohenzollern. To do him justice, he was no Court chaplain of philosophy. Thomas Carlyle was to the English the sponsor of modern Prussia, yet whenever the inquest on the corpse of Prussianism takes place, it will evidence a long growth of certain supremely mischievous and repulsive features of that system which even Carlyle's sincerity and genius could never have deodorised. The saying, originated most probably by Hegel, and dear to the pro-Prussian philosophers, a saying which sums up much of the Carlylean view of life, *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht* (World's history is world's judgment), meant, as misinterpreted by them, that success justifies everything. But, we may add, in so far as this is true at all, it means not immediate success, not even success for a great period. In the long run alone, and that, as a rule, a very long run indeed, do Might and Right work out as identical. The good cause does not always rise so soon as on the third day. A.D. 1871 was not the final conclusion of the sum set by Providence or by Destiny to the rulers of Prussia. There is 1914, and after it, —? Carlyle's identification of righteousness with practical efficiency, and of practical efficiency with Prussia, like Newman's of Christianity as a whole and the Christian spirit with modern Roman Catholicism, leaves certain important links slipped in the argument, and certain dropped premisses not taken into account. The logic of facts does not, in either case, drive us to the conclusion

arrived at. Time since has bid us pause. In this country the war will have driven some strong nails into the coffin of the political philosophy of the Carlyle school, in spite of the rugged strength of the prophet. Though the latter was not a charlatan, but in many respects a true seer, yet on the other hand, in regard to this side of his teaching, he was the victim of a perverted ideal. It is significant that Treitschke regarded him as the only Briton of any intelligence who understood by sympathy the genius and spirit of modern Imperial Germany. That Carlyle unconsciously helped to mislead this country for too long in regard to the European question is unfortunately true. He threw a good deal of Prussian blue into British eyes. But the Carlylean temper was exaggerated in the case of a writer in whom the spirit of religious reaction added power to his genius and fire to his pen. Hatred sharpened the splendid style of James Anthony Froude to an exquisite point, so that in his case writing of the Newman order easily became the cover of an inveterate bias, careless of either justice or accuracy. Of the three English men of letters who helped on most that pro-Teuton sympathy and temper in this country, of which this war marks the collapse—Carlyle, Froude, and Kingsley—Froude had added to admiration for Teuton efficiency an extra virus of contempt for the Celt and hatred for the Catholic. To anti-Catholicism he devoted every fibre of his brain, every turn of that incomparable style of which he was the master. Practically Theist, though with hesitation, as he was, his working religion was that of the tribal god of Protestant England, and in general the Will to Power as colouring the entire *Weltanschauung*. It was of the Prussian tinge. Now, the Prussian spirit and the Irish spirit are essentially antagonistic, both in their faults and in their virtues. Theodor Mommsen with a cutting sneer had, in his great history, compared the vices of the ancient Celts with those of the modern Irish, showing to his own

satisfaction the entire identity in both, of deep racial flaws. As against the slipshod sentiment of the Celt he contrasted the hard efficiency of the race of soldiers and administrators, the Roman, the tough shepherd breed of Latium—indirectly leading the reader of his history to see in these the prototypes of the Prussians, the race hardened by the Baltic winds, the anti-decadents. Precisely the same spirit, invigorated by anti-Catholic virus, fills Froude's *History of the English in Ireland*, as of Tudor England as well. Here, in his view of Ireland in the past, exploited and misgoverned, as having deserved her misfortunes by her political incapacity, her inherent weakness of character, above all by her subservience to priests, we have an exact parallel to Treitschke's justification of Prussia's conduct to Poland. If the eagle rends and tears, it is; after all, vermin in which he strikes his talons. The English in Ireland are, in Froude's view, as the Prussians, the race of action and capacity, the Irish as the Poles, sentimentalists and slaves of *Aberglaube*, "eternal rebels," as they have been called, "against the tyranny of facts." What wonder that the sea-loving, priest-hating Froude idealised the Elizabethan Protestant seamen whom Kingsley immortalised in *Westward Ho*, and loathed the Irish natives, clinging to that creed of slaves to which his own brother, Robert Hurrell, had, as he believed, misled by Newman's genius, approached so near. To Froude, in regard to Ireland, the English were as the Prussians, and Cromwell in his drastic measures as the equally drastic Hohenzollerns. The Teuton, whether Anglo-Saxon or Prussian-German, with his *anima naturaliter non-Catholica*, is, in Froude's interpretation of history, the world's strident hero, its Protagonist; the Celt, predestinated as Ham to be to all time the hewer of wood and drawer of water for his brethren.

It is plain that the "Will to Power," translated into terms of historical writing, is a much more subtle and

widespread influence than the bizarre flashes of the lightning of Nietzsche's brain. It has, as a rule, no tendency, like the latter's gospel, to leap the plank of Atheism, but is rather in a stark, political, intellectually Theistic rather than Christian manner, strongly, almost fanatically Protestant. Niebuhr, Mommsen, Von Sybel, Treitschke, have this in common with Carlyle and Froude.

•Of the awakened youth of Prussia's revival after Napoleon's treatment of her Treitschke writes, in his *History of Modern Germany*, "The old German God to whom they prayed was the God of the Protestants." Again he writes in the same first volume of that history : "Young Schleiermacher remained firmly planted upon the soil of Protestantism. With patriotic pride he referred to the invincible might of the home of Protestantism, for Germany is always here, and its invisible energy is unweakened."

We sometimes see as title of a controversial pamphlet *Romanism and Morals*, the contents being an attempt to prove that Roman Catholicism is invariably accompanied by such habits as laziness and unchastity. The writers forget that Belgium and Ireland are two of the most fervently Roman Catholic countries in the world, and that the former is supreme in industry and the latter in sexual purity ; also that "Morals" have to do with such sins as pride, unscrupulousness, unmercifulness to the weak, the sins of hardness, and that Protestant Prussia has been supreme in these, the more cold-blooded sins.

Philip II of Spain, in regard to his treatment of the Low Countries, has now a parallel in William II of Germany's "Frightfulness" to the same region. Cruelty is detestable wherever it is exercised, whether by Catholic Hapsburgs or by Protestant Hohenzollerns. No hands are clean in regard to this connection.

The extent to which what may be called the Prussian spirit, Teutonism *in excelsis*, possessed such writers as

J. A. Froude and Kingsley can best be realised by their attitude to the Irish problem.

Kingsley writes (1866, letter to Professor Lorimer) : "I have seen also that the differences of race are so great that certain races, e.g. the Irish Celts, seem quite unfit for self-government, and almost for the self-administration of justice involved in trial by jury, because they regard freedom and law, not as means for preserving what is just and right, but merely as weapons to be used for their own private interests and passions.

"No Roman Catholic country will ever be fit for free constitutional government."

He goes on to apply the same dictum to France in his allusion to the "failure of all attempts at self-government in France" and the "failure of free institutions in the Romance countries." This is viewed as almost congenital, or at least as absolutely inevitable, except in so far as some sort of Teutonising and de-Catholicising emancipation may be adopted by these races.

Here we have Teutonism of the true Treitschke type.

The attitude about Ireland may be paralleled by the grunt of Carlyle, the "Master Tummas" of Kingsley's schoolboy-like veneration, "Is Parnell hanged yet?"

Had Carlyle, Froude, and Kingsley voiced England's final attitude to Ireland, the Irish Catholics would have been a thorn in England's side, of harassing torment during this war.

Kingsley, misled by those who, on such questions, were his evil geniuses, Carlyle and Froude, made political judgments that are now seen to be absolutely banal, and stamp his intelligence as, in many respects, both bigoted and superficial, in spite of his many splendid qualities and lovable character.

The following is from his letter to Professor Max Müller after the victories of Prussia in the Franco-German war : "Accept my loving congratulations, my dear Max, to you and your people. The day (we

italicise the expression, in the light of the subsequent use of the word) "which dear Bunsen used to pray, with tears in his eyes, might not come till the German people were ready, has come, and the German people are ready. Verily God is just and rules too, whatever the press may think to the contrary. My only fear is, lest the Germans should think of Paris, which cannot concern them, and turn their eyes away from that which does concern them, the retaking Elsass (which is their own). I am yours, full of delight and hope for Germany."

Again he writes, to Sir Charles Bunbury: "I confess to you that were I a German I should feel it my duty to my country to send my last son, my last shilling, and after all, my own self to the war, to get that done which must be done—done so it will never need doing again." The following, in the same letter, is his allusion to the French: "All that Germany has suffered from that vain, greedy, restless nation."

He goes on: "Bunsen used to say to me—I have seen the tears in his eyes as he said it—that war must come; that he only prayed God it might not come till Germany was prepared.

"It has come, and Germany is prepared; and would that the old man were alive to see the 'battle of Armageddon,' as he called it, fought, not as he feared, on German, but on French soil."

He goes on with the following sentence, which, in view of what we now know about the Ems telegram, is wellnigh fatuous in its blindness: "As for Prussia's being prepared for war being a sort of sin on her part—a proof that she intended to attack France—such an argument only proves the gross ignorance of history, especially of German history, which I remark in average Englishmen."

We are irresistibly reminded of Bishop Stubbs' memorable epigram that—

Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

Even while we admit, in regard to the Franco-German war, the decadence of the entourage of Napoleon III and his disastrous blunders, as well as the mistaken attitude of France, nothing can now be more certain than that Bismarck forced on the war, and was responsible for it. Tennyson's line about the "mad fool-fury of the Seine" may have been partially justified in regard to the tangle of hate and vanity in which many French minds were caught, but it does not "touch the spot," nor give the true inwardness of the situation.

Kingsley's words, which once glowed on the page, have a pathetic air in the light of this later, greater Armageddon. The *vis* has faded out of them. We think as we read them what a schoolboy, generous-minded but unjudicial, Kingsley was. What a pity it was that he sat so much at the feet of a dyspeptic prophet and of a bigot with genius, and how far we ourselves have travelled in our views about European matters from the early Victorian age, even since August 1914.

The truth is that Kingsley took the kindly, half-English Bunsen, with his Broad Church Teutonism, as representative of the real Prussian *ethos*, and saw in the Bismarckian policy only a line of what might be called offensive self-defence, while to the misfortunes of France he would have applied the words of the Psalmist, "He scattereth the people that delight in war."

Kingsley knew little or nothing of the earlier stages (in his time) of that deep trend towards an unmoral militarism, where the Fatherland is concerned, which characterised one after another of the German school of historians, from Mommsen to Treitschke, though it is in the former as an underlying element, and in the latter as an overmastering passion. This trend rather than Nietzsche's anarchic genius is to blame.

In regard to the world of thought which lies behind this war and has helped, indirectly, to cause it, Nietzsche is more like a solitary pirate ship scouring the main in

lonely audacity than one member, however powerful, of a hostile fleet. Yet his ideas are not without a line of intellectual heredity. His main debt was of course to Schopenhauer, from whom he derived his root conception of Will as the central force of life and history. He changed, however, *toto cælo* the joylessness and disillusion, the Buddhism of his master's theory, and made Will an exulting, exploiting *Raubtier*, a beast rejoicing in its spring on whatever satiates its sense of Power. The exaltation of the Renaissance type of unscrupulous efficient Will, of the Cæsar Borgia temperament, and the acute anti-democratic criticism, both of which are the dominant characteristics of the writings of Count Gobineau, especially of the latter's *Essay on Inequality*, the literary fount of the superman philosophy, gave a thrust to Nietzsche's mind in a direction very congenial to it, that of the warrior aristocrat. This Lutheran pastor's delicate son, discharged from the army in consequence of permanent injuries received through an accident, prized his military certificate describing him as a fearless rider, and loved to think, on not the very strongest evidence, that he himself had in his veins the blood of the sword-bearing ruler type. He was also increasingly influenced by German materialistic science, which made the theory of biological evolution the key to the mystery of human life, and scorned all spiritual interpretations of the latter. A kind of perverted Darwinism was the main influence in the naturalistic philosophy which forms the background and basis of Nietzsche's ethical theories. But the tendencies which came to full life, naked and unashamed, in his writings and message, are seen in their germ and beginnings in writers of a much more orthodox and respectable description than himself. The original and sinister genius of Nietzsche is no mere *monstrum*, unaccountable, unprepared for. It fed upon pabulum ready to hand, even if it worked it up into new and startling forms. From the time

of Prussia's renaissance after the battle of Jena, a succession of great writers came to her aid, who, though not born Prussians, lent to the cause of her reviving greatness the invaluable assistance of their genius, their industry, and their patriotic zeal for the accomplishment of the Unity of Germany. The University of Berlin, from its foundation in 1810, was, under the leadership of Alexander von Humboldt, the centre of this intellectual impetus. One of the greatest of this school was the historian Mommsen, already alluded to, himself from Schleswig-Holstein, a Teuton of the Teutons of the Northern type, delighting to regard himself as a child of the Baltic shore—its salt, clean life still within his veins, still purifying his brain. Nietzsche, on the contrary, in spite of his debt to Mommsen as to the gospel of *hardness* upheld by both (for the philosopher of the Will to Power regarded the "naturalising of asceticism" as a necessity for the future), says that German music should be "Mediterraneanised" and implied very plainly that other German things should be too. He loved the skies and seas of Southern Italy, and, like Heine, was as much or more of a modern Latin in his sympathies—though without looseness or ἀσέλγεια—as of a German. By pitiless attacks on dreamers, by constant repetition of the warning "our age is one of iron," the genius of Mommsen had helped to secure the triumph of Potsdam over Munich. In a larger sense also, Mommsen's exaltation in his great history (1854) of the Roman *virtus*, of the strength, courage, and discipline of the older Rome, that growth from a race of hardy shepherds, and his insusceptibility, good man as he was, to the attraction of the more distinctively Christian view of life, the Ideal of the Beatitudes, prepared the way for Nietzsche's cry "Be hard." The delight of the latter in what he believed to have been the virility, the tonic strength, the power of spring, and the power of mastery of that *Respublica Romana* which became the *Imperium*

Romanum, which seized the world and shaped it to its will, is the same spirit full blown, which appears in Mommsen in its beginnings, but unlike the temper of the latter, is in Nietzsche actively anti-Christian, blazing out luridly whenever the "Slave Religion" appears on the horizon. A succession of other writers of a spirit and enthusiasm similar to that of Mommsen—the school of the philosophers and historians who advanced by their influence the hegemony of Prussia as the best means of giving strength and unity to divided Germany—were characterised by the exaltation of Power, of Realism, as against sentimental Idealism, of a hard, rational kind of religion, intellectual and subjective, as against the Catholic collectivist type of Southern Germany, of efficiency and discipline as against decadence and *Gemüthlichkeit*, of Prussia's militarist philosophy and the biological necessity of war as against the lingering influence of the Romantic School and of the mediævalist revival. In all these respects they were indirectly, and no doubt unconsciously, the progenitors of the exaltation of the Will to Power as the key to life. In this connection we may note Nietzsche's disgust at the mediæval Christian sentiment which seemed to him to infect his former friend Wagner's *Parsival* like some sickly poison drug, his horror when Wagner admitted to him the attraction for the latter of the poetry and mysticism latent in the idea of the Sacrament as Christendom has conceived it. Nietzsche's obsession of resentment against what he regarded as the enervating effects of Christianity is so exaggerated and unfair that it defeats its object. It is childish. But it need not lead us to ignore the stimulating, bracing side of his view of life. As against the shipshod temper, the mental atmosphere of the slacker, he is anti-decadent in a right sense. In the admirable but perhaps too pro-Nietzschean Introduction to Daniel Halevy's *Life of Nietzsche* by Mr. T. M. Kettle, M.P., we find the following just estimate

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as to the good side of this thinker's message: "Zarathustra is a counter-poison to sentimentalism, that worst ailment of our day. He brings a sort of ethical strychnine which, taken in large doses, is fatal, but in small doses is an incomparable tonic. He disturbed many who were woefully at ease in Zion, and was a poet of the heroic life."

To return, however, to Mommsen's *Rome*. It was in the first place, besides its historical merit, an epoch-making book for Germany, as, indirectly, an invaluable asset for the extension of the Prussian spirit over the youthful Teutonic mind. This was what Mommsen, as also Niebuhr, his predecessor as historian of ancient Rome, had undoubtedly intended to do. He was an earlier member of that brilliant pro-Prussian school of historians of which Treitschke was the latest, the most prejudiced, but not the least enthusiastic and effective. But Mommsen's influence was much wider than pro-Prussianism. He was also, in spite of his Protestantism and respectability, a sort of spiritual grandfather of Nietzsche, though the latter was a very illegitimate sort of grandson. Nietzsche's immediate progenitor was Comte Arthur de Gobineau. Yet one side of Mommsen's genius helped to make Nietzsche possible. The ideas and assumptions of a great historian, whose work is marked by massive strength, went towards creating the spiritual impetus of a writer, Dionysiac, a "dancing star," more akin to the god Pan than to a Roman senator, the thyrsus-bearer of Neo-Paganism.

The exaltation of the masculine type by the Prussian school suggests the future of the feminist movement, should German ideals fall into the background after the war. What bearing this world conflict will have on the women's movement in Europe who can exactly foretell? Certainly and obviously it will affect it in this way, that the fact of an immense number of

women following, to a greater extent than ever before, male avocations in all civilised countries in the absence of men, marks an era in the history of feminine labour which will be considered by an increasing number to give fresh justification to a claim for a share in legislative representation. The close and increasing connection of legislation with social questions will seem to make such demands reasonable in proportion to the extension of the trades and callings in which women are employed. But the war affects this matter in a wider sense. Germany stands to-day as representing an exclusively masculine ideal. The *ewig Weibliche* she scorns as the element of decadence, of excitable France; of England with her thousand tongues, her avalanche of talk; of Italy, "the woman country" among the nations, with artistic sensitiveness without political capacity; of Russia, womanlike, land of extremes, of anger, of tears, of the sentiment of religious devotion putrefying into *Aberglaube*. Against all this stands Germany, with Prussia as its core and inner citadel, land of warriors and organisers, of applied science, of thought-out methods, of keen brain and hand, rather than of soft heart and eye, *raptor orbis*, virile as tiger or as hawk among the noisy, fluttering crew over whom it exhibits the law of its being, the instinct to exploit those whom Nature has made to be exploited, to spread itself, to get a "place in the sun." This is the masculine "Blond Beast"; and curiously enough entirely different as were the two literary scapegoats of the war, Nietzsche and Treitschke, they were alike in this, that neither of them, without being misogynists, had any very high opinion of the capacity of women. In regard to the first of the two, this was in spite of the fact that his affection for his sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche, was an unalterable and redeeming, though often very exacting, attachment, and returned by her with an all too absolute adoration. In the above respect both these writers are characteristically German of the

modern type. They have little place in their view of life for woman's activities and influence, outside certain clearly limited boundaries. In Nietzsche's teaching, through the seer Zarathustra, woman is mainly valuable as childbearer; the desire for children is the deepest spring of her activities. She is unconsciously a means towards Superman, and of course of essential importance from that point of view. Readers of G. B. Shaw's *Man and Superman* will note in this as in other of the latter's plays and prefaces the Nietzschean strain. Also in Nietzsche's view as voiced by Zarathustra, the manly soldier type needs woman as its stimulus. For man of this type loves two things, danger and sport, and woman is always *das gefährlichste Spielzeug*—the most dangerous plaything. "Her nature," he writes, "is more natural than man's." He ascribes to her "carnivora-like cunning flexibility" and "tiger claws beneath the glove." The Kaiser's view is more respectable than that of Nietzsche; and, after all, in spite of Berlin's awkwardly vicious efforts to become the gayest centre in Europe, the average German life which he upholds, like the average life everywhere, is both in its merits and its faults respectable rather than dangerous, and, even still, simple and homely in the main. Any attempt of the female sex to range beyond the *Hausfrau* limit, "the three K's," *Kinder, Küche, Kirche*, is feared by Potsdam as a foretaste of that decadence of which Suffragism in England was believed to be an infallible sign, as far as the latter country was concerned—the beginning of the end. In this connection, whether we view woman from Nietzsche's standpoint or that of the Kaiser, it is natural and fitting that, if the Germans have not yet in regard to the woman question, in George Meredith's phrase, "rounded Cape Turk," Turkey should be Germany's ally and comrade. For the Ottomans, both as a race and as Moslems in religion, represent an exclusively male system, developing masculine force into

cruelty and masculine appetite into lust. The Turk in this one-sided masculinity is a fitting mate for the post-Bismarckian Teuton, in the combination of Teutonism with the more warlike type of Orientalism, though the latter as represented by Turkey be a type long gone to seed, with military courage alone remaining from the ruin of the virtues of the desert. How rapid the deterioration in Germany's ideals, under her Prussian schoolmasters, from Niebuhr's and Mommsen's devotion to the tough, disciplined spirit of ancient Rome, through Nietzsche's one-sided *virtu* and Treitschke's militarism, to end in the polluted embrace of him whom even Carlyle, no sentimentalist, has stigmatised as the "unspeakable Turk!" All this has caused, among other reasons, the want of due appreciation of the feminine element in life, of all that through the thought of Christ as Mary's Son has poured, as it were, a warm Gulf Stream of emotion, and yet also an ice-pure stream of chastity, through life's turgid sea. The tendency of certain powerful types of religious thought in Protestant Germany to a sort of academic Theism of the preacher and professor, or militarist Deism of the State official—the under-current moving away from the Faith of the Incarnation—may find in the Mohammedanism of its latest ally more than one element of contact. As to the German temper, though this is more true of Prussia than it is of Germany generally, the severe keeping in the background, in regard to public life, of the heart and intelligence of women is not the least source of evil. If the avoiding of sentimentalism is the explanation, it is forgotten that a metallic hardness of heart may be the cause of even worse mistakes than the breaking loose of feeling and emotion from the control of intelligence.

The consideration of this trend of the Prussian exclusively masculine temper brings us to the fact that no phrases are more used in condemnation of those who oppose Prussia or whom she dislikes than those which

imply *decadence*. The Latins, Slavs, Anglo-Saxons, and (before German unity was accomplished) the anti-Prussian Southern and Western Germans, have all been accused, at one time or another, of decadence by Prussian writers and professors. To this type of perversion such teachers have opposed *Die Pflicht* (Duty) and the devotion to it as the mark of the Hohenzollern and their people, as Prussia's watchword. Yet this war, and all that has led up to it, is teaching us that there are more kinds of decadence than one. There is a *soft* decadence producing sloth and in its worst forms the grosser sins of the flesh, but there is also a *hard* decadence, a petrifying of the soul by pride and selfwill, which is akin to the essential ideal of Satan. The former kind of decadence reduces man to the animal level, the latter fills him with an evil spirit. The former makes him near to the beasts, the latter to the devil.

We may illustrate by the aid of Shakespeare's genius this distinction in the nature of moral decadence. Shakespeare, one of the greatest of ethical teachers as well as supreme among artists, is in his Roman trilogy profoundly true to human as distinct from merely virile ethics (though in this, indeed, imitating Plutarch) in his recognition of the danger of what we have called the hard decadence due to pride and unbridled egoism (which may be the egoism of a class or of a nation) as well as of the soft decadence which is the nemesis of sensual indulgence. If we place side by side the two plays forming, with *Julius Cæsar*, the great Roman ethical triptych—that is, *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*—we perceive that if in the latter there is the picture of the ruin of a man's soul by sensual passion, the enervating of every fibre of Antony's being by the Egyptian magic, the atmosphere of the Nile, so in the former there is the hardening of a splendid but unchastened nature, that of Coriolanus, swelling with ὕβρις, by unrestrained self-confident arrogance, not only of self, but of class and of race. Coriolanus is a sort

of magnificent Junker. The old Roman temper is his, but gone wrong, perverted by unbalanced surrender to the temptation of pride from within, just as the nature of Antony, the Roman orientalised, falls to pieces through the solicitation of sensual stimulants which pour, in the person of Cleopatra, their delicious poison into his spirit from without. What the Pro-Prussian historians and philosophers, and indeed a certain type of British Imperialists as well, have needed to learn, is that what we may call the Baltic or Teutonic temper is liable to the degeneration that arises from pride, as the Mediterranean one is to that which sensuality breeds—that ὑβρις is as ruinous as ἀσέλγεια—that the nemesis of relentless law works out the ruin of egoism in either case, and none the less even though the ego be that of a nation, or of an empire, the masculine egoism on the one hand of an unbridled *libido dominandi*, as it does on the other of carnality draped in art and beauty, the effeminacy of the soul.

There are also two kinds of materialism: the materialism of luxury and excess, but also the materialism of disbelief in the reality of the spiritual forces by which human life is ultimately controlled. The first has been at various times the besetting sin of such cities as Vienna. In the past (though this cannot be said now), Berlin has not shared in this riot of the senses, this "fulness of bread," but she has, and so has all Prussian Germany, with a sort of hard pride, given herself up to the second kind of materialism, that of a hard realism, in public and social life. Prussia's patriotism and discipline, in the years just after Jena, a splendid tonic, infusing into the body corporate keenness and virility, have now become a draught of gradually working poison, nerving the heart indeed but also hardening it, and making in the last resort for death rather than for life, an obsession rather than an inspiration.

M. Loisy, in his recent publication on *Religion and the War*, compares the god who is in the old sense of the word the Genius of present-day Germany to the Bel or Marduk of the Assyrio-Babylonian civilisation—the god of the sword and of the *ponderabilia*. The wooden statue of Von Hindenburg—the monster mascot of Berlin—a soulless Colossus with the type of face of that of an Assyrian bull, is the latest symbol of this spirit, to the domination of which Germany has been more and more surrendering her soul.

M. Loisy, who, like his progenitor Renan, respects in the main the Christian mind and temper while renouncing the Christian doctrine, sees rightly in the god of this imperialist materialism the greatest practical challenge made for centuries to humane ideals. Its spirit antagonises, in all that is vital, the spirit of the Cross still more.

This hardness of instinct and temper to which we have alluded leads to a peculiar use of the word *liberty*. This word was often used, and even with passion and aspiration, by the able school of historians and professors who built up what may be called the Prussian tradition ever since the recovery of life and energy in North Germany. Yet on their lips the word did not convey its usual meaning. The liberty was not for individuals or organisations in the State, but for the State itself. It was liberty for the State—that is, Prussia—to do entirely as it liked, as far, that is, as its power allowed. It is only fair to note here that Nietzsche will have nothing to do with the Absolute State. It was liberty to recognise, as Treitschke tells us, no limit to the actions of the State save the limits of its own power. It was liberty in the sense of the Stuart kings' *Jure Divino*, "Free Monarchy"—a monarchy unrestrained and responsible to God alone. It is true that the State—i.e. Prussia and Germany under her hegemony—may, and even ought, in Treitschke's view, to have what he calls a "moral content," a *Kultur* which has moral elements. In this

he differs—and in that point alone—from Machiavelli. But the State—i.e. Prussia—can allow no moral principles, embodied in any so-called international law, to hinder its advance, whenever the instinct of power drives it on and a favourable opportunity offers itself and invites extension. The Prussian eagle allows no one the right to clip its talons and prune its wings when it is prepared for a foray. He who would try to do this, under sanction of imagined political morality, is introducing morals into a region—i.e. politics—where moral considerations have no place. He is a sentimentalist, a decadent, a doctrinaire with eyes sealed to facts, and facts alone can cure such of their dreams.

At the close of the war, though no doubt at first among the educated and thoughtful, international ideals are likely to grow stronger and develop everywhere, and John Bull may possibly awake to the consciousness that he is a citizen of the world. For international ideals are the natural form of reaction from Germany's fanatic patriotism, especially if we learn to realise that certain patriotic types among ourselves, such as the Kipling-esque, for instance, in spite of or even because of Mr. Kipling's genius, are near to the edge of the gulf of national egoism into which Germany has fallen, and also that our own conceptions of the Almighty have not been free from the tribal god taint. We have too often regarded the Deity as an English god, as the Kaiser regards Him as a German one.

Germany's intolerance of all conception of a Family of Nations, her scorn for international law, the Prussian hatred for what Treitschke regards as Prussia's natural antipathy, what he calls "the theocratic and the democratic" elements in life, i.e. (1) a visible and spiritually independent Church, and (2) any effective and collective expression of the power of the people—against these elements, and, above all, against any regard for Humanity as superior to the national State, Prussia has ever bristled with suspicion and hostility.

The Prussian system and the Frederician tradition are the born foes, as Treitschke rightly calls them, of the older idea of an international European family of nations. This idea arose under mediæval Catholic civilisation. The Holy Roman Empire, a mingled Italian and Teutonic creation, was its imperfectly realised and partial embodiment. A certain degree of it has survived even after the Renascence brought to the front the counter conception of the Absolute State. England continued outside the Renascence conception as she had been also in the Middle Ages practically outside the Holy Roman Empire, an *Imperium merum* as she is styled by Henry VIII. Still, though never, in a sense, thoroughly mediævalist in temper, in regard to the "Holy Empire," she has in many respects retained, even through Tudor and Puritan periods, a great deal of mediæval political thought and practice, especially as to municipal and local life. She did not spring into being *ex abrupto*, a child of the sword, as Prussia did after the secularisation at the Reformation of the possessions of the Teutonic Knights.

Prussia is in its very origin antagonistic to the mediæval international ideal. It was born in revolt against the Papacy, for the secularised Teutonic Knights had been a warlike religious Order, and the Junkers are, as landed proprietors, their direct successors. They have taken their place as the "New Monastics," i.e. the men round Henry VIII in Tudor England assumed the possessions rather than the responsibilities of the great landholding conventual communities.

But Prussia has also been the foe of the newer cosmopolitanism which the French Revolution brought to the birth, and sent over Europe, including Germany, as a propaganda of flame, an ideal of which Napoleon the Great was a sort of perverted apostle.

The international conceptions of the Catholic Middle Ages, and the cosmopolitanism which the men of 1789 derived from Rousseau and his disciples, are alike

foreign to the genius of Prussia and the Hohenzollern tradition. Frederick the Great was a disciple of the scepticism of Voltaire, never of the sentimental idealism of Rousseau.

To return to him who was the prophet of the Will to Power and in whose lyrical oracles it finds its most audacious expression.

It is wise to learn from enemies, nor can a force so extended in the world of modern ideas as that of Nietzsche have gained its vogue, not only in young Germany but also among the more daring spirits everywhere, without containing amid the most malignant perversions some element which attracts the adventurous and the vital and which we are bound to take into our consideration.

Apart from Nietzsche's magnificent literary style, the perfect vitality of his language, every word living along the line, every phrase cutting as a rapier thrust, his ideas challenge us, and are bound to have an answer.

His perception of the underlying connection between Democracy and Christianity, in spite of the misunderstanding and hostility between them, is full of suggestiveness in view of the drift of the Church from class interests to wider sympathies.

Our enemy in perceiving this connection is wiser, even in his malice, than many who call themselves good Churchmen and who dare not claim for Christ the better side of the social movement of the age.

The central point in the teaching which we have been considering lies in its *indictment of pity*, in its branding sympathy as injurious in its results and as having its origin in feebleness of character, and in the audacious candour with which the masterful exploiting type of character, the hawk rather than the dove—is presented for our admiration—the “Blond Beast,” the *Raubtier*.

It is indeed a “transvaluation of values,” but it may after all be the daring expression of what many feel

and a considerable number act on. It is a bigger, wider thing than Prussianism. What is daring is its open exaltation by the pen of genius.

"Christianity," this writer plainly tells us, in reasoned fervour in his prose essays and aphorisms, in his central message, the *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, the Pilgrim's Progress of the hermit prophet of the Will to Power, is, as a religion, antagonistic to life. It has no tonic force ; rather it has been the anæsthetic which, dulling men's vitality, has had only the negative merit of removing the consciousness of pain.

So much for the past ; for the present and the future, it is without even this merit. At best, it may remain as an anodine for the necessary hardships of the class which corresponds to the slaves of former days, the animated tools necessary in a highly developed state of society.

Such is the caricature which he presents to us of that religion which Christians know from inside in a manner impossible to its hostile critics or even to its external patrons.

The root mistake of the whole school of Naturalism of which Nietzsche is so phenomenal an instance, at once brilliant and sinister, lies in the failure to realise that the Death and Passion which are the central core of Christianity are valued in so pre-eminent a measure because they are the conditions of life—

'Tis life of which our veins are scant,
More life and fuller that we want.

The Cross of Christ is the *Janua Vitæ*, the door of life—of life keen, vigorous, and abounding, both here and hereafter.

The "Will to Live," the "Will to Power," both these phrases may be wrenched from the banners of atheism and annexed to the very foot of the Cross. "That I

may know Him," says S. Paul, "and the power of His Resurrection."

Christianity is no charnel-house religion. "He is not here but is risen. Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Unlike Buddhism, with which Nietzsche classes it and Tolstoy in practice confuses it, and the evangel of which is at heart, at least to the European mind, a philosophy of calm and patient sadness, Christianity does not call to world-weariness but to world-conflict; not to world flight, but to world mastery. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." Its purity is the whiteness of a garment that is washed in blood. Its peace is only gained by conflict. But is it not our fault as Christians if Christianity appears often lacking in spring, and enterprise, and joy? if instead of hope triumphing in disaster, and the joyous swing of a great advance, there is only on the part of believers a petulant, bored criticism of the efforts of men and women better than themselves?

Does not often the weary retreat, "the melancholy long withdrawing roar" of the ebbing tide, appear the main characteristic of modern Christianity—regarded, that is, as a living force?

But it is the secret of Christ that in Him life emerges out of death, and power out of failure. While we seek Him in the tomb of the past, we turn at the sound of His voice, like Mary, to find Him, not amid the glimmering and decay of the sepulchre but in the freshness of the morning springtide, in the dawn of a great surprise. "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

The Christ stands apart from the superficial cheerfulness of an optimism which sees in life neither a riddle for those who think nor a tragedy for those who feel. With this facile, flimsy geniality, "No cross, no war to wage," the Man of Nazareth has no common interest. What was said of Greek Tragedy might be said of Jesus—the central figure, the Protagonist of the Tragedy

of the World—that His mission is "to purify the soul by pity and terror," to make men feel for mankind and tremble for themselves, to create a sympathy without sentimentalism, and a fear without despair.

The Religion of the Son of Man is true because of, rather than in spite of, its paradoxes.

Colour, movement, and life—abounding vitality—meet in it with shade and pathos and repose. It leaps from one opposite to another. Its very harmony and naturalness form a reconciliation which holds all together in their fulness, life's antagonisms and extremes. In art it can express itself at one time in the crystal glow of the early Italians, at another in the deep shades of Rembrandt. It knows the *gaudia certaminis*, the battle thrill. It recognises that pain is the anvil on which God shapes souls to finer issues.

When Nietzsche called men out of comfort into storm, Christ could truly have said to that wandering spirit, had this indeed been the sum total of the latter's message, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God." When Tolstoy summons from the East the spirit of contemplation, the power that bids men pause and think, a spirit expectant, with finger on lip, waiting as on the fringe of a revelation—

Heavenly silence, thou that art
Offspring of the better part—

with this, also, Christianity can claim affinity. If there is the command, "He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one," there is also the blessing "For one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." Like the star of which Goethe writes, we must be at once "without haste and without rest."

Impatience and passivity, frenzy and lethargy, are alike ineffectual. They both fall short of the secret of Jesus. That secret is neither the Naturalism of

Nietzsche nor the World-flight of Tolstoy. It is the paradox of Jesus, the truth that "we must die to live."

An instinct deeper than reason leaps to meet it.

Experiences as wide and true as life can afford confirm it.

It is a practical principle underlying all things that have to do with man, and reflecting at the same time, if we may dare to say so, the depths of the Divinity: the truth that sacrifice is the condition of fulness, and pain of joy ; that life springs, as fruitfulness, from the edge of the pruning knife, from that cross which meets us everywhere, for blessing if we embrace it rightly ; and that out of self-surrender flows, if we will have it so, a stream of energy victorious over ravage and decay.

It is the Will to Power—the Power of the Resurrection.

CHAPTER III

THE POLITICAL MORALITY OF THE BIBLE

THE world crisis through which we are passing is bringing to the front two subjects of the most vital importance in regard to thought and conduct. The first is, Can Christian morals, the teaching of the New Testament, be applied to the conduct of nations? or are they only intended for the guidance of individuals in their private and personal spheres of responsibility? The second is, Has the great game of politics any relation to morals at all, Christian or otherwise?

Is that conduct moral for a State which subserves the interest of its own power?

Nietzsche is anti-moral in so far as morality may be taken to mean that the weak have any right to be protected from exploitation by the strong. The Prussian school of writers, however, do not assail as he does the moral values alike of Plato and of Christ in favour of a naturalism of force as the law of all life. They do not profess, like the author of Zarathustra, to transvalue the received morality from its foundations, and to create a non-moral mental universe as the congenial sphere for Will and Power to strike out unfettered. The aim of the Prussian historians and political philosophers is a more restricted one.

The individual can still remain, as an individual and as a Christian, believing in as much of Christianity as the current Lutheranism or modern Kantian Protestantism may retain. This is, however, strictly for private consumption except when it serves patriotic purposes. All

attempts at the development of an international morality—attempts which naturally lose strength as the idea of “Christendom,” as distinct from that of the private faith of Christian individuals, declines—are to be smiled at as idealist folly, or, when they seek in time of action to tie the hands of the men of war, to be ignored and thrust aside as hindering the State in its accumulation of power, and as weakening in the name of sentiment the patriotism that, deaf to scruples, cries “My country, right or wrong.”

As far, then, as any principles which may claim the right to restrain a big nation from exploiting a little one is concerned, the Prussian school and Nietzsche are at one.

The poetic philosophy of the latter supplies the sort of atmosphere in which the Prussian patriotism can most easily concentrate into the impulse for world-power. He clears the air of any lingering moral scruple, of any taint of Christian sentiment surviving from the days when Europe was conceived of as, in some loose and theoretic yet still more or less real way, the Christian Respublica, a confederation knit together by common international principles believed to arise from the acknowledgment in public life of the sovereignty of Christ.

The pagan theory, revived at the Renaissance, and carried further by Frederick the Great, that each nation is “*Ein geschlossener Staat*” and should know no limits to its action except its own weakness, finds a natural mental frame in Nietzsche’s justification of the exploiting process, as Nature’s chosen method for the strengthening of her favourites. To the lamb, he says in effect, in a ghastly passage, the conduct of the eagle that strikes its talons into its flesh is evil, but not so from the eagle’s point of view. On the contrary, it is good from that standpoint. “What is better than a tasty lamb?”

It is easy to see how the onslaught of Nietzsche and of his French progenitor Gobineau (though French, a

pro-German in ideals)—in the latter's works on the Renaissance, on the moral principles taken for granted alike by Christianity and democracy, the exaltation by these writers and their followers of the Cæsar-Borgia type of resourceful will, without scruple and without pity, lent itself with no strained interpretation to the promotion of that Prussian political temper to which such *imponderabilia*, as the natural mysticism of the Russian peasants, the reviving anti-materialism of the finer French spirit, the Anglo-Saxon value for liberty and initiative—in a word, the unseen, ethical forces struggling in the womb of Europe—are but as "fools' imaginings," powerless against superior machinery and organisation.

To many of the Prussian writers and thinkers Nietzsche's Atheism is crude and in bad form.

To some, no doubt, who sincerely believe a stark, hard form of religion for private consumption only, as did Bismarck, it may appear blasphemy as well. To none, probably, would it appear quite respectable. It is not by the methods of Anatole France that Christianity in Germany is undermined. The Protestantism which is the official creed of Prussia and of the greater part of Germany has travelled, as far as many of its ablest representatives are concerned, since Luther's day, a long way in the direction of Liberal Theism, or of a practically Unitarian interpretation of Christ's work and Person—regarding Our Lord as Kant's great forerunner, and the Categorical Imperative as the kernel of His message—and away from the older Christianity. Yet, at any rate, such a writer as Eucken is separated by a chasm of spiritual conviction from Nietzsche's dithyrambic crusade against the Cross.

How comes it, then, that religious philosophers as profoundly Christian, in temper and ideas at least, as Eucken, and as penetrated with the ethical spirit of the New Testament as Harnack, can allow their voices to be heard as among the loudest in the chorus of lec-

turers, professors, and *litterati* which justifies the violation of Belgian neutrality as an unavoidable episode, and denounces an imaginary conspiracy of Slav fanaticism, French revenge, and English greed for the destruction of the beneficent results of Teutonic civilisation. That intimate friend of the Kaiser, Privy Councillor Professor Harnack, is reported, on good authority, to have said that the apology of the Chancellor, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, for the violation of Belgian neutrality, was "a quite meticulous and unnecessary piece of morality. The action in question needed no justification." Here we are met with a sort of bewildering dualism. On the one hand, an adherence, deeply genuine, to Christian ethics and ideals, at least on their subjective side. On the other hand, and in the same minds, a justification of a type of militarism without scruple of conscience, for which God becomes a Prussian idol, the hereditary "Ally of the House of Hohenzollern," the Almighty accomplice in Frederick the Great's brigandage and deceit. This is practically to have Christ as the object of private devotion or admiration and a blood-stained Moloch, the tribal deity of the Baltic shore, for the justification of the needs of war.

Such men as Harnack and Eucken know better than that. The Kaiser may live sincerely in a religious atmosphere which is, at best, that of the Book of Judges, but they cannot. If they would allow themselves to think and to feel, as they are capable of doing, with minds undrugged by patriotism of the non-ethical type, they can scarcely plead the "invincible ignorance" which may be charitably allowed to redeem from blasphemy so many of their master's utterances on the subject of religion.

When we try to understand the Kaiser's religion—and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity in regard to it—we must realise that the word "idolatry" has other meanings than that of the worship of something

put in the place of God. It means, in a more subtle sense than the foregoing, the making a false resemblance of God. Once we depart from the picture of the Deity given to us in the life and Person of Jesus Christ, we inevitably create such a false image, and anthropomorphism becomes idolatry.

In European religion since the Reformation two such idolatrous images of God have been made. The one is more characteristic of the Northern races, of the Protestantism of the Baltic shore, the other associated rather with Southern and Catholic religion and the races of the Mediterranean; the one tending to hardness and insolence, the other to weakening of the sense of personal responsibility; in Germany the one characteristic of the Hohenzollern, the other of the Hapsburg influence.

The former of these is what we may call the "tribal god" tendency, which reaches a full-blown maturity of no doubt an unconscious obsession, on the lips of William II, an obsession the utterances of which, judged in cold blood, appear as blasphemy, but which is explained by the fact that it has taken possession of a nature at once sincere and supremely self-willed, entirely devoid of humour, with a sort of strident political religion of, at best, the old Jewish type, and untouched by mysticism, inwardness, and genuine spirituality.

After all, there is no need to be shocked at the Kaiser's utterances about the Supreme, the War Lord even higher in dignity than himself, and yet a sleeping partner in the great Hohenzollern concern. There is certainly no harm in smiling at this ancient idol, for an idol it is, half Moloch, half old Jewish, an arrested development of the earlier Book of Judges stage, the only stage of the Bible's evolution, by the way, which Nietzsche admired, or did not consider as decadent.

The best lesson we English people may learn from the Kaiser's talk about God is to see in his conception a warning as to our own national superstitions, our

"chosen people" heresy, our forgetfulness that the Church of Christ is the Church of Humanity.

The other idolatry is of the opposite type, and one to which we are not prone. If the first kind ministers to a decadence of hard and sterilised pride, this does to a soft decadence in which character does not strengthen, and life gains smoothness at the expense of nerve and virility. It is the making God, not indeed the fetish of a nation, who allows his favoured tribe to do as they like, but the "head of the clerical interest in Europe," the otiose owner of a concern in the working of which mainly priests and devout women have an interest, as far as the immediate present is involved.

Of course both these descriptions are only true of exaggerated types and unguarded tendencies, not of all the influences on one side or the other, many of which are much nobler. The Kaiser himself is of a type exaggerated *in excelsis*.

If the time after the war will mean that the old tribal war-god must leave his blood-stained pedestal in favour of the true God, the Father of all revealed in Christ, so also it will mean that the god of the sacristy, the protector mainly of ecclesiastical interests for their own sake, will be found uninteresting and unreal as compared with Him whom the prophets so grandly call the Living God. In other words, on all sides we must revise our current ideas about Almighty God, and clear our minds of unconscious cant.

In regard to the growth of an increasing desire among sincere Christians to arrive at some practical conclusion as to the ethical principles of Jesus Christ, and to the extent to which they can and ought to be applied to life, we come to a point bearing on a remote, but none the less very important, outcome of the war—i.e. the way in which it will affect the missionary extension of Christianity.

The subject of these present studies is European Christianity and the crisis, and therefore the yast topic of the foreign missionary work of the Church of Christ is outside our present range of consideration. But indirectly we cannot avoid it, for according to the way in which Christendom lives after the war will non-Christendom be drawn nearer to it or repelled farther from it. It is the presentation of Christianity as a concrete thing, but dynamic rather than merely static, Jesus Christ in action, which influences the world. As has been truly said, "It is not talking the talk, but living the life," to which results are promised.

In regard to the conversion of India, for example, most of the Indian races, those among whom Buddhism arose, honour virtues which are distinctly and supremely Christian virtues. They honour in theory and ideal, at least, peacefulness, purity, humility, kindness, self-sacrifice. Most important of all, the conception of self-satisfied comfort and of success in making money as a mark of God's favour is entirely foreign to their idea of religion, though entirely congenial to the presentation of it made in the lives of ninety-nine out of a hundred English Christians, even of the religious type. The virtues of the Hindoos have more in common with those of the ordinary Russian than with our English ideals. The Gospel as presented by Dostoevsky would be nearer to the ideal of truth-seeking and pure-living Hindoos than would the Gospel seen through the medium of what the American psychologist James called "the religion of healthy-mindedness." In other words, we shall have more and more to meet the challenge that the Sermon on the Mount is akin to Buddhist ethics, impracticable, "un-English." For it is Christian ethics, not merely, as in the early Victorian times, Christian dogma, which will be, and already are, on their trial. The attack all along the line is now direct on Christian morality. The problems of New Testament ethics are accentuated. In place of the praise of their sim-

plicity as compared with the mysteries of the Faith, objectors to Christianity are pointing out root difficulties in the Sermon on the Mount, and not merely in the Nicene Creed.

Again, the international as distinct from the purely patriotic type of religion, the former being that emphatically to which Christianity by its genius belongs, should help to disquiet us when we think of our religion mainly in terms of Empire, of missionary work as "carrying of England's Church throughout the world," and the multiplication of the honourable, clean-living English Gentleman as the type of Christianity everywhere, or of him at least as the English Church's ideal of the new man in Christ Jesus. Let not a word be said to disparage that noble type of character ; he is dying in the trenches and guarding the seas at the present moment, but he does not exhaust the potentialities of Christianity, nor can we impose him on Eastern or African nations as the norm. Christ alone is the norm for mankind.

The presentation of Christ which will convert the world, which the mighty Oriental nations wait for, must be something much fuller, deeper, more universal than merely an English Christ. It must be the universal Christ, the Catholic Man, *The Man*, not merely the Anglo-Saxon. "God," cried old Latimer, when the Prince afterwards Edward VI was born, "is now become an English God." He did become one in English people's minds far too much. The war is demanding the highest patriotism indeed, but the *reductio ad absurdum*, terrible as well as absurd, of the "tribal god" idea which we are witnessing, ought to warn us against creating a tribal religion of our own. This is a special danger of our race. It is hard for the Englishman to realise that under the new dispensation there is no chosen nation. England's call at this crisis is to secure the development of God's family of nations, a family of which she herself is an honoured member.

She is chosen, indeed, in one sense, but so are others too. National as individual vocations are manifold and various, and each is unique. Election is for the sake of the world.

In a recent article in *The Quest* Baron von Hügel alludes with characteristic discernment to the fact that Machiavellism and Pantheism have developed together in modern German thought. In other words, the more Christianity has become purely or mainly a thing of ideas rather than of historic facts, the less "institutional" it has become, the more has the Absolute State, the stark Protestant State of Prussia, the land of soldiers and administrators, developed its hard supremacy. In the University of Berlin during the great period of Prussia's recovery from the cruel chastisement inflicted on her by Napoleon, it was not a mere coincidence that Schleiermacher was expounding, with true religious ardour, a revived Protestantism of semi-panteistic type (although later he accentuated a more ecclesiastical view), and Hegel, the intellectual prophet, consciously or unconsciously, of Prussianism, was laying the foundation of the political philosophy of the State as Power.

Thus has the Christianity of North Germany, divested more and more, ever since Luther's time, of visible organic character, tended to retreat into the souls of believing thinkers, while on the other hand Prussia, under the Hohenzollerns, has thrust herself forward again as in the era of the great Frederick, and with the blessing of the Philosophy of the Absolute has come to the front, concretely, iron-willed, and full of fight. Let us not, however, blame exclusively for the spirit of what we have lately learnt to call "Militarism" the Berlin of yesterday and to-day.

It is true that Germany has become possessed by the Prussian spirit that has filled her with a temper that may be called either a tonic or a poison. This hard,

efficient strain grew from the struggling of the Teutonic knights in taming man and beasts and Nature by the Baltic shore, the spirit which afterwards derived from Protestantism and from the House of Hohen-zollern an increase of its starkness and of its Will to Power. Since the Congress of Vienna, when, after Napoleon's downfall, the Prussian authority became seated along the Rhine, it has taken hold of the Southern *Gemüthlichkeit*, the mind of the kindly Catholic Germany, artistic and easy-going, and shaped it to the instrument of its will as material for its purpose.

The political ideals of intellectual Germany which have helped to cause this war are twofold. The first is that of Bismarck as man of action and of Treitschke as his prophet; the ideal of the State as absolute and sovereign, unrestrained by moral considerations, and further of the State as embodied in the autocratic rule of the Prince, the incarnation of its Machiavel-*lian* Will to Power.

This kind of "Divine Right" political philosophy is derived indirectly from the Renaissance, rather than from the Middle Ages. It is that of the Frederician tradition, limited, practical, not heated by dreams, but timing its attack, knowing how to wait and when to spring.

But there is a second type of political theory, derived from the Romantic School, and more congenial to Southern Germany, an ideal which is mediæval rather than Renaissance, of Bavaria rather than of Prussia, and which seems as if it needs Wagner to give it musical expression. Professor Cramb alludes to it in his *England and Germany*, when he represents modern Germany as rekindling the spirit of the Ottonides and of the Hohenstaufen. It is the imperialist ideal, but not of the later Jesuitised Imperialism of the Hapsburgs, but of that earlier Empire in which the spirit of Charle-magne lived, and which in the persons of Frederick Barbarossa, or of Frederick II, the *Stupor Mundi*—

in whom the Teutonic genius reached its climax and the genius of the Renaissance was born—wrestled with the power of the Papacy and wellnigh broke that power even while it withered in the struggle as at the touch of a spectre.

The Romantic Revival made this period live again. In art and song the age of Germany's mediæval civilisation was reborn in the imagination of her poets and painters, the age when the Holy Empire seemed to crown her for a brief time of splendour as the world's queen.

Treitschke glorifies Prussia, the hard, efficient power built up by the tough sinews of Finnish-Slavs, the subjects of the Knights of the Sword. He makes little capital out of the memories of the Holy Empire, the theocratic and democratic elements in the complex structure of which are entirely alien to the Prussian spirit. The Catholic mediæval atmosphere of the prince-bishoprics, the semi-republican character of the great trading cities, which formed part of the mediæval imperial structure, with its complicated and loosely knit organisation, are, both in their merits and their defects, absolutely foreign to the essentially modern, essentially secular, and essentially absolutist Prussian power. The orb surmounted with the cross, the tiara-like crown of the Priest-Emperor, western successor or rival of the Byzantine Cæsarist Theocracy, these may symbolise the Holy Empire. Prussia's insignia were the uhlan's pigtail and the cane with which the drill-sergeant thrashed the peasant lads into obedient soldiers.

Treitschke's innate repugnance to any *international* ideal is manifested in the way in which he points out, in his great History, that Napoleon Bonaparte, the heir and embodiment of the world upheaval of 1789, with its essentially cosmopolitan watchwords, and the efficient symbol of the condensing of the fiery vapour of the internationalism of the Revolution into the rapidly

solidifying form of world-empire, had come to possess a sort of fascination for the more Roman Catholic portions of Germany, a fascination to the influence of which the Protestant Germans, and, above all, the Prussians, remained immune. Further than this, Napoleon certainly succeeded in convincing the Papacy, as it then was, that it was wisest for it to allow itself, and the centralised type of Christianity which it represented, to give sanction to the accomplished fact of his imperial power, even though the latter had its indirect origin in a movement of blasphemy and revolt. The new International, in Treitschke's opinion, felt a sort of tentative drawing to the old International, though the one had been nursed by rationalistic abstractions, and the other was the legatee of the theocratic sovereignty of the mediæval Church. Alluding to Napoleon's advances to the Papacy, Treitschke writes: "From year to year there continually became plainer the hidden kinship which associates every modern World-Empire with the Roman World-Church." (Had Treitschke lived long enough, he could have illustrated the same tendency from the excellent relations into which, of later years, the present Kaiser has entered with the See of Rome.) In this sentence we hear the true ring of Prussian political Protestantism—of a stage earlier than the recent German revival of Napoleon's dreams—of the Prussian spirit, with all its suspicion of anything larger than its own hard, unfettered efficiency, its power to do what it likes, opposing the ideal of its own State Sovereignty, isolated and free, the Renaissance conception in its stiffest rigidity, alike to the mediæval ideal of Unity and to the Revolution one of human Equality and of cosmopolitan Rights. This attitude is identical with the Bismarckian antagonism to "the two Internationals—the Black and the Red." Since the passing of Bismarck's ascendancy, the Kaiser has apparently succeeded, as far as either force

is represented in his dominion, in conciliating the one and in taming the other.

The imaginative imperialism started by the Romantic Movement has of late years attached itself to the Prussian hegemony and blended with the hard, Frederician tradition, giving the latter glitter and trumpet-like resonance. The Kaiser seems to see himself in mental reflection not only as the great Prussian Frederick *redivivus*, but also, in more Wagnerian moments, as the heir to the Ottonides, to the imperial dreams of the earlier Frederick II, "the Wonder of the World."

The romantic element, however, has lost its first charm. At the time of the mediæval revival, it had, though often reactionary in tendency, a nobility of its own, as great in its way as that of Schiller's tonic, freedom-breathing art in another direction.

But the romantic imperialism of the "shining armour" and "mailed fist" description has no subtle charm. It is too often but the tawdry externality of the will to get more markets, by gaining a "place in the sun."

Its tonic or romantic background is no longer a sort of adorable tale whispered in the ingle-nook, and kindling heroic dreams, but a rococo setting for modern commercial tendencies. It is like the poetry on an advertisement.

To look nearer home, has the history of our own country, or indeed of any other, afforded always, or even with any consistency in the past, examples of the recognition of unseen forces, of the *imponderabilia*?

We allude to practical recognition, not merely to drumhead services and blessing of military standards.

Have we, as a nation, consistently obeyed those laws of conscience which cast over the weak, in the great war-game of the world, the protecting shield of a

sanction which owes its power not to the big battalions but to the recognition by the national mind of the unseen majesty of right?

Have we always recognised the claims of that force "which makes for righteousness"? Have we realised that there are things unseen and invincible in which, whether as Providence or as Nemesis, in the immortal words of the Greek prophet-dramatist, "God lives, nor does He ever grow old"?

At one end of Europe, no doubt, Poland calls up memories of outrage upon nationality, an outrage which although partly induced by Poland's own disorders, yet was mainly caused by that instinct of rapine in which Prussia has been in modern times unrivalled. Yet still at our own gates, in spite of the dawn of reconciliation, sits the figure of the Irish Sphynx, persistent, unsatisfied; the riddle of her past, the heritage for which England cannot shake off responsibility, still without complete solution.

The truth is, and we ought candidly to admit it, that no great nation comes out of an impartial study of history with the right to sit absolutely in judgment on other nations. Self-criticism must come first. History in the past has given only too much justification to the Nietzschean conception of the world as the sphere in which the Will to Power works out its way with tooth and claw, with fangs red with slaughter, a world in which pity is a weakness and the appeal to justice either a piece of hypocrisy or a cry into the void, impotent and unavailing.

Is, then, Christianity, as far as national public life is concerned, something to receive conventional homage in times when the State is untroubled, but to be practically thrust aside when the decks have to be cleared for action? Are its warnings and teachings mere talk and theories, confusing practical issues?

Does it stand like a dreamer in the way of the men

of war and of the men of affairs, when the substantial forces and passions of life are taking the field on the one side or on the other ? * .

Is " Prussian militarism " only a logical and drastic expression of a universal world fact, a biological necessity?

To come more closely to the heart of our subject, we are bound to consider whether, in the light of the principles to which the Bible witnesses, we can and ought as believers in the practical reality of Christianity to acquiesce in this most unsatisfactory dualism between the actual and the ideal in regard to international morality.

Can the Catholic type of Christianity ever rise above ecclesiastical institutions—not, indeed, ignoring them, but rising to the position of not only being anxious about Baptism and Holy Communion, but also about the things which Baptism and Holy Communion mean?

Do we not too often transpose the true theology of *Sacramenta propter homines* by the false theology of *Homines propter sacramenta*?

Is the great name of Catholic, that name which brought always, as he tells us, before the mind's eye of such a one as Father Tyrrell the vision of the outstretched arms upon the cross, to mean no more than the designation of a " people of the sacristy," timid, waspish, with the mutual admirations and bristling antagonisms of a sect perpetually on the defensive?

Can Protestant Christianity, on the other hand, shake itself free from the utterly unevangelic identification of a religion of respectability, decency, and domestic comfort with the spirit of Him who had not where to lay His head, the wanderer and adventurer, the pilgrim of eternity?

Have the English people ever faced the fact that Christ's congregations during His earthly ministry were more like the peasant crowds on a Russian pilgrimage,

unkempt, zealous, affectionate, than the sober-minded frequenters of our English pews, even while we allow for national differences of temperament in religion, and for the genuine goodness of so much in the British type of Christianity?

If we seek for churches that are homes of the poor, is it not in Catholicism, Western or Eastern, that we find them?

We are not merely alluding to the externals of religion. In Teutonic countries these will always be more sober. We allude to the spirit of English religion, especially of Church of England religion, taken as a whole? Is it congenial to the labouring poor?

Do such as the men of Galilee, the Church's founders, find themselves in a welcome atmosphere among our average congregations? Do such men regard us as having anything in common with themselves? We mean as a rule, for of course there are splendid centres where the opposite is true, and no doubt already a great change for the better has taken place to some extent.

Is not one cause of the failure on all sides of the Church to represent adequately her Master that she has not dared to claim all life for Him. The Catholic sacristy, the Protestant pew, with all that they respectively stand for (and much of this, of course, is necessary and good), do not represent the fulness of Christ's claim over life as a whole. But how are we to apply this claim in regard to nations and their conflicting interests?

What is the standard which we are to use?

Where is the charter of Christ's rule as our emancipator and our king? Does it speak with uncertain sound as to the way in which we are to find in obedience the most perfect freedom?

Are we to claim the authority of the Bible for this or that political or social school or party? for Marxian

Socialism? or Manchester *laissez-faire*? or Jingo Imperialism?

The complexity, the gradual growth, the depth and inwardness of the revelation of God's Will and Nature in Holy Scripture are all against any effort to exploit the teachings of the latter in favour of some party of a day or even of centuries.

We know how during the struggle between the Stuart Monarchy and the Puritans both sides appealed with absolute confidence to the voice of God in Holy Scripture.

The Tory High Churchman, in his defence of Throne and Altar, thought of Our Lord bidding His questioners "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and claimed as condemnatory of rebellion S. Paul's description of the civil magistrate as "bearing not the sword in vain," and S. Peter's command to the readers of his epistle to "fear God, honour the King."

The real explanation of those exhortations to passiveness and obedience, appealed to by the Divine Right of Kings party in the past, lies in what may be called, and that in no spirit of disrespectfulness, the other-worldliness of the New Testament, its indifference to what the world considers direct practical issues, its mountain-top air of spiritual freedom, independent of secular circumstances, as slavery, for instance; its attitude towards the affairs of the secular State, as of the feeling of a pilgrim on the march in regard to the local politics of the villages through which he passes on his way. It is this temper of detachment which raised Nietzsche's loathing for primitive Christianity. It was this which caused the early Church to be viewed by the best, the most statesmanlike, of the Pagan Emperors as a force injurious to citizenship, to living and dying for the State, as anæmic and anti-social, as causing atrophy of the civic and military side of the *Imperium Romanum*, and as draining away from the organism of the latter its virility, its sense of public duty, and its

soldier spirit. Christianity was in reality, by a sort of unconscious instinct, largely indifferent to the old imperialism, for the latter afforded to it a not very congenial environment—one if not hostile to its life, yet which at least was not healthily responsive to it.

Christianity was, in regard to this world, “buildd greater ‘than it knew.”

Most of its early adherents thought of it, no doubt, as a sort of jumping plank from which to launch out into the new life in the Beyond to which the immediate Advent of Christ should introduce them. They did not realise that in reality they were instruments of a revolution, social as well as spiritual, a revolution which was to move forward gradually and as by instinct, like some natural and organic process, not due to reason or to logic.

It was a revolution which was also an evolution, preserving as long as possible every older social form which its activities could penetrate and utilise, never striving to throw off the worn-out sheath and leaf until the young growth was strong enough to thrust itself forth unaided into the open, or until it had secured for itself a new medium of protection.

In the words of Newman in his *Essay on Development*, the growth of early Christianity was an “assimilative” evolution ; it grew by what it fed upon.

What would have been the history of Christianity had the Empire refused to come to terms with the Catholic Church, or had the Catholic Church declined to accept the imperial patronage, it is not, of course, easy to conjecture.

Christianity might in that case have shrunk up into a fierce, almost anti-human sect, spurning all compromise even with the most innocent interests and occupations that fell short of its own high idealism, instead of being elastic, wide, and in a true sense “Catholic,” like the meshes of the net to which the Kingdom of

Christ on earth is compared, and which gathers of every kind.

On the other hand, it might have been saved from that perversion into an instrument of worldly policy, that taming and silencing of the prophetic voice of righteousness and truth which has always followed where the State has folded the Church to itself in too close, too stifling an embrace.

Probably as the Church by its union with the Empire gained in point of culture and the spirit of civilisation, so she lost in regard to the keenness of her moral sympathy with respect to that naturally democratic side of her life which Nietzsche quite rightly regards as of her true genius, though from his point of view her disgrace, as the "Slave Religion."

At any rate, the union of the Catholic Church with the slowly decaying Empire was, in many ways, the tying up of a living and youthful body with an old and dying one—of a spirit with a corpse.

It was the beginning of that alliance with secular power which certainly put back the natural development of the best kind of Christianity, of a "Free Church in a Free State," which is now after centuries rendered more possible as the ties between imperialism of the autocratic militarist type and the life of the Church of Christ get weaker.

In a true sense we may say that New Testament Christianity has scarcely had a chance of developing in a free field a type of social life absolutely congenial to its own original instincts. By a process at once of assimilation and partly unavoidable evolution, partly corruption of its original idea, it assumed in the Middle Ages, especially in Spain, the form almost of a militarist theocracy, the struggle with Islam forcing on the Church of the Prince of Peace something of the temper of those children of the sword with whom she wrestled in the crusades. This was in spite of the episode of the Franciscan Movement, which, in its first and

freshest days, seemed like a rebirth of Galilee and of the Beatitudes, a breathing again over mediæval Europe of the Master's "*Beati Pacifici*."

When the Western Church broke up, at the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century, each of the parties in the giant struggle were too keen about gaining a controversial advantage over its opponent to consider seriously the social contents of the Gospel which each professed to maintain in its fulness or in its purity, as the case might be. Over a great part of Europe hell was let loose in the name of Christ's Religion, while Rome and Geneva, the Jesuits and the Calvinists, rent the older, wider type of Christianity into pieces between them.

Among the Anabaptists of Holland and elsewhere, indeed, though often with the wildest aberrations, was an attempt made, amid the strife of tongues in Europe, to realise the social teaching of the New Testament. It was, however, an attempt discredited by fanaticism, and quenched in blood by frightened owners of property, as represented by Roman Catholics and Protestants alike.

The Society of Friends is the heir of some of the more Christian and less impracticable of the efforts at social reconstruction made by the Anabaptist mystics.

It is the unique influence at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century of Frederick Denison Maurice, the precursor of what, for lack of a better phrase, we may call "Liberal Catholic" ideals in the Church of England, and of Westcott in the same Church later in the century's course, but still more of a deep general movement among Christians towards the recognition of the social implications and contents of the New Testament, which has made us realise that the unworldliness, the lofty spirituality, the detachment from applied politics, the mountain-top air, in short, of the original Gospel, are not to be confused with the "world-flight" of the Neo-Platonists, the false mysticism, chill and abstract, which dehumanises, instead of the true mysticism, which

is the spring of energy and joy. The latter is the fount of power through renewed life in Christ, of power pouring itself through every vein of that nature of man which in its body, soul, and spirit, in its entirety, and not as a fragment, is the subject of redemption.

Unworldliness is one thing, the world-flight is another ; the first is profoundly Christian, the second is as thoroughly Buddhist and Manichean.

Christian holiness must be also righteousness ; no mere hothouse plant, but a growth that is all the stronger when tossed about by the world's rude winds.

The question is, not what the Church could do when existing as an infant community amid a pagan civilisation, with the sword hanging over her head, and in instant expectation of the rending asunder of the heavens and of the descent of the Judge, but what are the potentialities to-day of that message of hers to the world which is embodied in her life? The present Dean of S. Paul's has called, we believe, the appeal to the Primitive Church a going back to the era " of the rattle and the feeding bottle." What he meant was, no doubt, the attempt to settle present controversies by reference to the conditions of the Church's childhood. In a very real sense, so regarded, his words are true. The message of Christianity for life has as yet been only very partially unfolded, and many retarding circumstances have prevented the full disclosure of its rich resourcefulness for human needs.

The very unworldliness of the Christianity of the New Testament, its other-worldliness, if you will, which saved it from perpetuating crude and hasty attempts at solving the problem, and gave time for the seed of the social Gospel to strike its roots into the core of the heart—all this has been perverted into a sort of petrification of that energy which by necessity seeks continually new outlets of adventure and experiment—" the idea ever young, to which the future belongs."

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Yet it is in the principles of the original society, as contained in the New Testament, that we find the seminal power of the exhaustless growth of the Religion of Love.

No department of life can remain outside the region of its influence, or refuse to become the sphere of its experiments. "Business is business," we hear on Tyne-side, for instance. "War is war," writes General Bernhardt. Religion is for the Church and for the women and children in the home, also for blessing military standards and teaching recruits to learn their duty as cannon-fodder; this is the religion of Prussianism, a smaller, meaner thing, and a less consistent one, than Nietzsche's ravings against Theism and Christianity, but equally (or perhaps more) opposed to the spirit of Christ.

To the Old Testament many modern Christians are shy of appealing. Yet the Old Testament, which, after all, contains the roots of the New, is full of splendid usefulness, supplementing the unworldliness of the latter by that deep sense of the sacredness and responsibility of earthly and national existence, of what may be called the secular and bodily side of our life, which the New Testament, though it recognises, and in the case of the body consecrates, by claiming the latter as "the temple of God," yet passes over, as it were lightly, in comparison with the surpassing greatness of the spiritual revelation on which its gaze is mainly directed.

The very dimness which, in the greater part of the Old Testament, veils so much more than in the New the life of the Beyond, serves to enable the strong insistence of the prophets on the social and civic virtues, and on what we may call political righteousness, to stand out in bolder relief.

The Old Testament was appealed to by the Puritans as a justification for resistance to kings, and (in England) for the republican ideals. As the Cavaliers and

the Anglican Churchmen quoted the Apostle's injunction to "honour the king," so the Scotch and English Puritans appealed to the example of the prophets of Israel, to Elijah confronting Ahab, to Jeremiah sending the roll of God's judgments to Jehoiachim. The Puritans and the Scotch Kirk, the children of Geneva, had a tough, independent spirit. Religion with them did not shrink up, as with German Lutheranism, into a mere shade attending on princely power, a smooth, stingless thing, a *Jaherr*, bidding its master "go up to Ramoth Gilead and prosper." It was both free and intolerant, and in Scotland shaped the State. But the Calvinists were as mistaken, in applying texts to politics too closely, as their opponents. No conclusions as to the validity of particular forms of government can be drawn from the Bible, except that the spirit of the latter is equally opposed to tyranny and to licence.

The Bible is no storehouse of texts or legal precedents. It is the living record of a progressive revelation. Principles are what matter in it. No political formulæ are to be found in its pages. The principles of the morality of the prophets are not for an age, but for all time. They are diametrically opposed either to the Prussianism of Germany or to any similar Prussianism among ourselves as the result of our victory in the World-War.

Let us take a few crucial instances of the political morality of the prophets.

(a) The prophets are *keenly and enthusiastically patriotic*. They have nothing in common with the rather flimsy sort of internationalism to which the deep, God-implanted racial passion, "the call of the blood," is a thing unappreciated or unknown.

The little country of Israel, not so big as Wales, is the object to the prophets and the psalmists of the keenest affection. In exile their spirits are, as it were, torn up by the roots: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

The patriotism which utters such a *Heimweh* is the direct opposite of that perverted type, unmoral or even anti-moral, which Bismarck expressed in the famous phrase, "My country, right or wrong."

(b) That *Israel should be right in God's sight* is the desire and the joy of the prophets. God's driving of her into righteousness, even, if necessary, through defeat and disappointment, is what they know to be His Will. What they long for is that the foundation of her existence should be righteousness and truth. Hence while Assyria means to them Moloch, the murdering, ravishing Power, yet even the Assyrian is "the rod of God's anger" to smite Israel, to bring God's people to their knees. Hence they never sink into the position of court chaplains on the one hand, or of demagogues and flatterers of the mob on the other. God will bring His people to its senses, and, by startling irony, He uses Assyria, with its godless cruelty, as the flail to thresh out the rottenness from Israel.

The prophetic community of Israel might have claimed that title, *Domini Canes* ("the Watchdogs of the Lord"), which was applied in the Thirteenth Century to the great Preaching Orders of the time. But they are watchdogs first against their own people's sins.

(c) *The Prophets' Recognition of Nationalities*.—However intellectualists, either the deep or the shallow, the thinkers or their imitators and echoes, may fancy that ideas and theories (things of the mind, or oftener of the tongue) unite men, such phenomena as this war are proofs that the call of the blood is stronger, and that the ties that knit those of the same race to one another form a connection vital as the arteries of the body and strong as the cords of Adam, the cords of a man. We see German Catholics fighting against Belgian Catholics, English Nonconformists against German Protestants, the Socialists of Germany against the Socialists among the Allies. Everywhere the two great international forces, Christianity and Socialism, are im-

potent to stop the war, and are fiercely divided among their adherents as to the rights and wrongs of the conflict. The "Black International" and the "Red International" are, both of them, households divided against themselves. The Socialists of France and those of Germany accuse each other of being duped by politicians. Cardinal Mercier voices the conscience of Christendom in his splendid pastoral, but the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne invokes the blessing of Heaven on "our God-fearing Kaiser" as against infidel France and schismatical Russia.

The divided attitude of the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church is one of the curious proofs of the breakdown, when national passions are let loose, of an internationalism mainly based on external centralisation. But, indeed, no part of Christendom can deny the impeachment of failure in meeting this unexpected challenge of terrible events. The lesson which is borne in upon the mind is that while, no doubt, this war is, consciously or, still more, unconsciously, a war of ideas, yet that to most, the vast majority, of those engaged in it, it is, *par excellence*, a war of nationality, of race—for the Slav, the Belgian, the French, for Britain and her kin. Ideas, no doubt, underlie nationality to an enormous extent, but to the popular mind, to the mind of the man in the trenches, of the rank and file of the citizens at home, it is nationality that is foremost, that inflames the imagination and nerves the will in this gigantic struggle.

Hence, because nationality is one of the most vital facts of our being, rooted in our instincts, and penetrating our character, the Old Testament takes hold of it, recognises it, develops it. The Old Testament does this because it is *the book of a religion revealed in historic facts rather than in theories and abstractions*.

The Prophets, however, raise and purify enormously the entire national conception, and this in the two following respects:—

1. They insist that Israel has *no vocation to act as God's instrument apart from its obedience to His Will*, and that His Will demands on the part of the nation He has chosen "to do judgment, to love justice, and to walk humbly with thy God."

2. As the progressive revelation in the Old Testament expands and deepens, the tribal idea with which Israel started from Horeb becomes too narrow, the new wine of the universal apprehensions of God and of His Redemption tends to burst the old bottles of such conceptions as those of the Book of Judges, where Yahveh is still pictured in the popular mind as in the main a national war god, though always with real moral elements in His demands on His people. Yet when the new and grander conceptions, as in the seers of Israel from Amos downwards, come surging into the limits of the prophetic soul, the result is not the abolition but rather the enlargement of the national idea.

Assyria and Egypt are claimed by the later Isaiah as equally with Israel the "work of God's hands." The Book of Jonah has as the core of the strange adventure of its hero the lesson that God loves the heathen nations and wills to call them to Himself, for it is to Nineveh, the cruel foe of Israel, that Jonah is sent as a preacher of repentance and forgiveness. Finally in Malachi's outlook the prophet sees the pure offering ascending everywhere from the nations and God as the Father, no longer of the Jew only, but of the whole family of redeemed humanity.

Yet even at the widest outlook, as finally in the last book of the New Testament, this Catholic fulness, *this universality is not attained by the extinction of the idea of nationality but by its expansion and development*. Into the new Jerusalem descending from Heaven the kings of the earth bring their glory. The past grows into the future. The tent of Shem becomes the spiritual rendezvous of the nations, "the Tent of Meeting" for humanity; yet even under its shelter the nations remain nations still.

(d) Above all, there resounds through the prophets, like a mighty organ tone, the grand conviction that *the cause of the poor and of the disinherited, of the victims of the world, is the cause of God*, that in a true sense He is one with them as mystical Co-Sufferer, that His people's pains are His, that He is not Prussia's type of god of the big battalions, and patron of Ktuppism, but "always for the under-dog"; that no sound national prosperity can be based on the exploiting of the helpless or on the unrestrained accumulation of material things, that "man doth not live by bread alone." This is the final lesson of the Hebrew prophets, as the cross rises on the verge of their vision; as the later Isaiah sees God's servant bending beneath blows and outrages—man's slave. This is the meaning of the denunciation of those habits of selfish luxury which Israel learnt from her Syrian neighbours. This is the reason of the war declared against Ashtoreth the goddess of the flesh, against Tyre with her pride of life and fulness of bread. So also the proclamation in the messages of the prophets of Yahveh as the Living God who breaks Baal to pieces, means that the Power who is at work in all life and history and of whose special and central revelation Israel is the channel, is against the idolatry of military domination, non-moral and unscrupulous, as He is against the other idolatry of sensuality and the appetites of the flesh. The blessing of the Eternal is not to the giant despotisms, to the hard militarism of Assyria and the cold statecraft of Egypt, but to little Israel, like a sheep among wolves, crushed and broken in the teeth of the empires, like beasts of prey, in whose warpath it stands, as Belgium or Poland to-day. The message of the prophets means, in other words and in more universal significance, that the apparent supremacy of the non-moral elements in life, of the Will to Power, expressing itself through machine-like masses of men, the subjects of empires held together in the last resort by force, is not a thing

that corresponds to any vital and ultimate reality. Without the *imponderabilia* there is no foundation. It is the unseen things which matter in the last resort. When "all is lost save honour," that is left by which all can be won back that is worth winning. The prophets teach that the justice of God in the world is a reality, though He long delay.

Bismarck once wrote of the Almighty as "casting His iron dice" on the side of Prussia and its War Lord, and a casual view of the Old Testament as compared with the New might lead us to think that the "God of Battles," the tribal god conception, represents the entire view of the older Dispensation. Nothing can be more untrue, or, rather, if the God of the prophets be the God of Battles, He is the God who fights against, not for, the mighty, for little Israel against the big bully Assyria and astute diplomatic Egypt and commercial Tyre.

In spite of Nietzsche's preference of the Old Testament to the New because of the supposed warlike tendencies of the former, careful reading of the Hebrew prophets shows us that their admiration and preferences are not with militarism.

Like the tragic chorus of a Greek drama, the voices of Hebrew Prophecy hail the downfall of the giant empires surrounding Israel, built on brute force and cunning. The temper of Machiavelli, to which the force lodged in Cæsar Borgia's relentless will is the noblest object of admiration, is distant by a whole moral universe from the grand political idealism of the prophets of Israel.

Mazzini is their modern representative. Their side is with the weak who go to the wall, with Israel like a hunted creature on the mountains. Were they living now, they would be for Belgium and Serbia, for the Poles and the Armenians.

In their giant odes they seem, with a sort of stern exultation, to discern Nemesis, the Judgment of God, which has waited in the darkness, striking down at last

the oppressor in the day of his pride, and they rejoice at the sight, their thirst for justice slaked. The white heat of the spirit, the *sæva indignatio*, the inspired anger that fills them with driving power, is roused not so much by hate for tiger-like Nineveh, crouching for its spring, or for those magnificent beasts the Kings of Asshur, powerful and insolent as the giant bulls sculptured on their palaces, but by love for Israel, broken-hearted and ravaged, the spoil of the mighty in whose path she lies helpless. The prophets hate because they love. They hate the loveless forces which block and hamper the onwardness of God's reign of justice.

From beginning to end, the Bible represents God as on the side of what it calls the "Remnant," never of the organised mass, never of mere machinery.

The God of the prophets is the God of a little people, of a country no larger than Belgium, a people at first of slaves freed from an iron taskmaster and led out by an agitator heading a brickmakers' strike, of hunted captives driven like the Armenians as sheep to the slaughter-house.

All through the grander parts of the Old Testament Baal and Moloch are the gods of militarism, brute power, and lust of empire; Yahveh, the Eternal, the "Living God," is the God of "man's unconquerable mind."

Mr. Balfour in his recent work, *Theism and Humanism*, tells us practically that the only Deity the existence of whom he thinks worth consideration is a God "who takes sides." This is the God of the prophets, the very antithesis to the otiose Epicurean Divinity, or to the abstract Absolute. Dr. Samuel Johnson thought little of a man who could not be a "good hater." The God of the prophets fulfils this requirement. The capacity for anger lies close to His heart.

The "burden" of Nahum, for instance, against "Nineveh the bloody city" is more than a political

broadsheet. It is a "Burden of the Lord," heavy with the weight of the divine anger against cruelty and lies. In the loose Pelagian temper of modern popular theology, the inspiring tonic view of God as of one who cares for righteousness is fundamentally wanting. Of the easy-going god of the present it may be said, as of those who have made him in their own image, "Neither doth he abhor anything that is evil." No slipshod sentimentalism forms the atmosphere of the message of the prophets. Like their brooding figures in the mighty art of Michael Angelo—and among them, the ancient Sibyl, type of the unconsciously prophetic soul of Paganism—they are instinct with patient waiting strength, "without haste and without rest" like the stars in their courses. *Te Prophetarum laudabilis numerus laudat.*

The sight on which their spirits feed with a kind of fierce tranquillity is that of the Justice of God. The God of the prophets is a God who so far from being always on the side of the big battalions, slays Goliath in his pride of strength by David's sling and five smooth stones. In the Bible the giant-killer and not the giant has God for his ally.

In the later teaching of the Old Testament, on the side of the weak, the small, and the unfortunate, as by His martyr nation Israel, stands God the Vindicator. An unseen Avenger "forgetteth not the complaint of the poor." If God is on the battlefield, He is so only as He was once on "Golgotha, the place of a skull." He is the Victim God over whom men ride roughshod: "The ploughers ploughed upon my back. They made long furrows." Thus the notion that right is, in the long run, might, that great idea which stands even to-day denied and scorned as a dream, made its entry into history largely through the inspiration of the Old Testament prophets. Through them conscience became articulate and independent and the moral order came to the birth in its first organised beginnings amid

the manifold disorders of the world. It emerges also in the drama and philosophy of Greece, but less progressively, less consistently sustained.

Hence Israel itself is no petted child of God, no pampered favourite of a tribal deity. "You have I chosen above all the nations of the earth, and *therefore* I will chastise you for your iniquity." "My country, right or wrong" is the expression of a patriotism that in parting with conscience and moral issues has practically parted with sanity. It is a perverted patriotism, a possession, not an enthusiasm. The passage just quoted from the prophets is the classic text of Israel's election. Her privilege of being chosen by God to vindicate His moral rule, to assist His eternal order, means chastisement and trial. It means, as all vocation means, being near to the pruning knife and close to the fire.

There is a tremendous responsibility in the case of a nation, as of an individual, in taking a stand upon a definite moral principle. We have to live up to it afterwards. We cannot abandon such a principle at a later date, when not its upholding but its rejection would be expedient for us, without exposing ourselves to the taunt of being a sort of national Pecksniff or Tartuffe. An inconsistent attitude here, even if an unconsciously inconsistent one, would justify the expression heard abroad during the Boer War—"England is the pharisee of the nations."

These considerations ought to give us pause when, in wellnigh surrendering ourselves to the luxury of a saturnalia of moral indignation with Germany, we forget the saying about the mote and the beam, and the truth that censure of others is only free from the taint of unconscious hypocrisy when it comes from the lips of those who are severe to themselves.

Thou warnest and smitest,
Yet Christ must atone
For a soul that thou slightest—
Thine own.

These words of Newman in the *Lyra Apostolica*, in reference to Jehu, ought to be written on the consciences of our country and her Allies. Only along the path of cleansing and discipline, and that for the individuals which compose the nation as for the nation as a whole, can the goal be sighted of a world more in conformity than amid the hopes and fears of the past with that Will of God the fulfilment of which, in the great words of Dante, is the peace of His creatures. "In His Will is our Peace."

If we see in the practical materialism of our present enemies a likeness to the Assyria and Babylon of the Old Testament denunciations, if the *ὑβρις* to which Germany seems to have given herself up with such fatal docility is the certain precursor of sinister results, and that by a law of the moral universe, witnessed to by the experience alike of the insight of the thinkers of Greece and of the prescience of the prophets of Israel, yet this is not the entire parallel to the present.

Assyria is to be judged, the mighty are to be overturned from their seats as certainly as there is an ethical order innate in the world. But before this comes the chastisement of Israel, even though Israel be in the right—and so of England to-day. Before peace must come purity, wrought out through discipline, made possible by pain. "Thee have I loved, therefore thee will I chastise."

CHAPTER IV

RELIGION IN GERMANY AND THE WAR

THE year before the execution of our own King Charles I, the year 1648, may either be regarded as the close of one epoch in the religious history of Germany or as the opening of another. It was the date of the famous Peace of Westphalia, of the end of that Thirty Years War which left Germany as a land bleached white, exhausted with the effects of a contest which was the most extended among those "Wars of Religion" in which the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation met as in a death embrace. It began at a time in which metaphorically, and literally often too, martial law was proclaimed by the adherents of both religions, through the length and breadth of Europe; but the war dragged out its close amid ambitions and intrigues of an almost purely political and dynastic description. The Thirty Years War began as a breaking out of the same spirit which leaped up into flame in the Netherlands against the horrors of Alva's rule, and which in the England of Elizabeth gave to the patriotism that met the Armada the spirit of a crusade.

It began in religious zeal, but worked itself out as a sort of drawn game which the players were too weary to continue, amid the forces of an age in which, on both sides, the influence of the fierce spirits of the great theological century (the Sixteenth) who had proclaimed war to the knife for or against the faith and authority of Rome was passing to the background of

the political arena, while struggles of a directly secular and dynastic character came to fill the forefront of the European stage.

It is one of the paradoxes of the history of the Reformation that a movement which, without intending it, was the cause of the outburst in modern times of the most pitiless class of warfare—that which claims religion as its justification—was in its first inception, or at least in the teaching of those who sowed the seeds of discontent with the older system, associated with a protest against war altogether, or at least in all but the extremest cases. This protest was represented in the later stages of the religious revolution mainly by the theory of the Dutch, Swiss, and German Anabaptists—a theory condemned in the Thirty-nine Articles, as also by Luther and Calvin, but afterwards revived by the Society of Friends—that “a Christian man may not wear weapons nor fight in the wars.”

As the reforming movement fixed on itself the shackles of the ultra and even exaggerated Augustinianism, derived through Hus and the Bohemians from the writings of Wyclif, Schoolman as well as Reformer, it moved away from that more human ideal of a purified Christianity which should have a chance in the environment of a better civilisation of spreading the spirit of love as a social leaven. And as it moved away, or was forced away from this and other moral questions, to the field of fierce theological definitions and counter-definitions, it gained no doubt in zeal, in bold driving force, in the *esprit de corps* of the adherents of its various sections, what it lost on the side of justice and of charity.

Calvin had qualities in which Erasmus was wanting, for while both were scholars, the former had administrative powers and ruler spirit which the latter lacked, but while Calvin's mind seems remote to ours to-day, the temper and outlook of Erasmus are only coming into their own. He and his English counterpart Colet were,

after all, men of the centre, the main line of advance, while with all the masterful power and consuming conviction of both Calvin and Loyola they, each of them, represent, on one side or the other, ways of looking at religion and at life which every year will leave farther removed from the main stream of spiritual energy and religious thought.

Strong Protestants and strong Roman Catholics alike will always be puzzled by Erasmus. "Going so far, why did he not go farther?" Protestants have said. "Stopping short, why did he not recant his first criticisms, he who laid the egg which Luther hatched?" is the natural Roman comment on his career. His apparent indifference to any precise definitions, positive or negative, in regard to many of the questions which were in his time "burning" ones in a very literal sense, his easy willingness to leave them *adiaphora*, and to regard hyper-definition, whether coming from Rome or Wittenberg, as the real *fontes et origo* of schisms—all this did not arise from coldness and indifference where Christianity was concerned.

Though no sceptic, Erasmus was more concerned with moral inconsistency than with inaccuracy of dogma, and so far from having been merely a cold-blooded intellectualist, or more decent Voltaire, the fact is that, with his fellow-soul Colet, he looked with real indignation upon a Christendom that was living in flagrant violation of the commands of Christ, and in practical antagonism to His Will. Nowhere was this evidenced so strongly, as in Erasmus's frequent denunciation of war, his attitude towards which was, if not absolutely that of Tolstoy and of the Quakers, yet certainly that of one who saw keenly the inconsistency of a militarist civilisation with the ethics of the Gospel. He quotes the sermon of Colet preached before the young Henry VIII, when the King was intent on plunging into a continental war, with entire approval. He repeats Colet's words, evidently as the expression of his own deepest convictions.

"He showed," he says, "how hard a thing it is to die a Christian death [on the field of battle]; how few undertake a war except from hatred or ambition; how hardly possible it is for those who really have that brotherly love without which no 'man can see the Lord' to thrust their sword into their brothers' blood; and he urged, in conclusion, that instead of imitating the examples of Cæsars and Alexanders, the Christian ought rather to follow the example of Christ his Prince."¹

Such an utterance was as that of a voice crying in the wilderness. The thunderclouds were gathering fast as Erasmus passed away.

The attempt of the Popes of the Counter-Reformation to bring the Catholic Powers into line for the crushing of heresy was, however, never fully successful, not because the Erasmian spirit had lost its influence, but because the French monarchy, with the hereditary antagonism of the Bourbons to the Hapsburgs, remained unmoved by all inducements to unite with the Spanish-Austrian forces for the destruction of Protestantism. The Spanish Hapsburg spirit alone was insufficient to exterminate Rome's rebellious subjects. However the French kings treated their own domestic heretics, the Huguenots, they hardly ever swerved at all, during the period of the Wars of Religion, from the support of the Lutheran and Calvinist Princes of Germany against the still massive authority of the Holy Roman Empire and of the Hapsburgs as its representatives.

The result of the Treaty of Westphalia was, therefore, entirely unsatisfactory to convinced partisans on either side of the theological struggle. A compromise which left the religion of each German State practically as a matter for the decision of its ruler—*cujus regio ejus religio*—although far from modern ideas of tolerance, could scarcely have squared with the exclusive

¹ Erasmus, quoted by Seebohm in *Oxford Reformers*.

claims of what was believed on each side respectively to be absolute truth.

On the whole, as the dust of the long struggle cleared away, two Germanies emerged, which exist indeed distinct in spirit down to the moment of the present, even though, by what is for us an unfortunate conjunction of circumstances, the belief that their common safety demands absolute cohesion welds them together in a unity, in many respects, more due to discipline and regimentation than to collective or organic life. Altogether apart from the direct religious differences, the tone and temper of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and the Black Forest on the one hand, and of the Prussian Baltic territories, the older Prussia on the other, reflects the fact that during the historic struggle between the two types of Christianity, the Protestant spirit found its affinity in the more stark and individualist peoples of the Baltic shore, while the lands of the Rhine, to a considerable extent, and those South of the Danube, after much hesitation to and fro, ultimately retained Catholicism, which was certainly more in affinity with their natural temper. The *Gemüthlichkeit* of Southern and Western Germany, the mediæval character of its historic memorials, its greater nearness to the Latin countries made the harder and more subjective temper of Prussian Protestantism uncongenial to it. Curiously enough, however, when the Rhinelands at one time tended to the Reformation, it was the system of Calvin and Geneva, French rather than Teutonic, and republican rather than absolutist in political ideals, to which their sympathies were attracted. The Palatinate was drawn into the influence of the Calvinist Reformation and its capital, Heidelberg on the Neckar, which even still breathes much of the charm of the Germany of the Renaissance, became a sort of minor Geneva. From its University went forth student enthusiasts in the tonic strength of that sternest of all forms of

Christianity, the law of fire which proceeded from Calvin as from a second Moses. Lutheranism, with its concessions to "idolatry" and to the spirit of the world, with its view of candles and crucifixes as in Melanchthon's language *adiaphora* (matters of indifference) and with its subservience to the civil power, was to the Calvinists in the Rhineland a halting system. The keenness of its edge was dulled by the compromises of the mild Melanchthon, the Protestant counterpart in his absence of fanaticism and his academic temper to the Liberal Catholic Erasmus. The Palatinate was too near the region where the Calvinists of the Netherlands had "praised God in the fires" to make possible that outward retention of the relics of bygone Catholic splendour, which, under Lutheranism, indifferent in such matters (provided Luther's view of Justification was accepted), has marked, for instance, down to our day, the arrangements of the glorious churches of Nuremberg, the last rich efflorescence of that later mediæval art of Germany which made the house of prayer a palace, with many chambers for God and for His saints.

The Nuremberg churches represent neither the aspiring spirituality of the best side of Thirteenth-Century religion, nor the rococo boudoir type of the devotion of the later reaction of the Jesuit period. Their human environment was that of those Free Cities of the Empire in which people fought and prayed, bought and sold and jested, and the Church and the world overflowed into one another. In this Catholic Germany, in the later Middle Ages, there is a touch of mundane splendour even in the trappings of the sanctuary, whilst, on the other hand, we can see where the lamp before Our Lady's image hung at some street corner, the sacred touching the common. It was a warm-blooded, opulent, turbulent type of Catholicism; Chaucerian, almost Rabelaisian, and yet, through it all, a sort of sigh, at times oppressive and melancholy

as in Dürer's allegorical pictures, the half-conscious sense of impending change. In the mind and work of Dürer, Nuremberg's great artist citizen, meet together the last influences of mediæval Catholic Germany, and the new Humanism of the Renaissance in its most serious side. The spiritual veracity which formed the strength of what was best in the German Reformation gave to this Humanism a religious note.

The Catholic Free Cities of the later Middle Ages furnish a sort of background in which we can place the Faust and Marguerite of Goethe's great poem. It is the older Germany, more rich and various in its characteristics, more urbane and many-coloured in its life, more free and human than the region of the stark regimen under which the half-Slav Prussians were tamed and licked into shape, first by the rough hand of the Teutonic Knights, and afterwards by that of the Hohenzollern and of their Junker Nobles. Yet, curiously enough, the original Hohenzollerns were Burgrafs of Nuremberg until the Emperor Sigismund in 1417, at the Council of Constance, placed their representative over Brandenburg as its Margrave. The tonic breath of the Baltic, and a century afterwards the acceptance of Luther's Protestantism, made them masters of the tough souls as well as bodies of their people. Planted by the northern shore, they soon developed those powerful qualities characteristic of the soldier and the administrator which seem to form in history, down to our own time, the essential genius, the true and ineradicable bent of the Prussian mind.

It is usual among the professorial school who have so largely led Germany along the path which has ended in this crisis to represent the civilisation, or *Kultur*, of Teutonism as owing what they believe to be its unique capacity and resourcefulness to the virgin freshness of its origin, the fact that it sprang from sources untainted by the influences of the expiring *Pax Romana*. They regard the latter as having been always enervating,

and in its later stages as but another name for the "obscepe chaos," the welter of half-breeds into which the Orientalised Empire subsided as the virility of Rome decayed: These writers rejoice that the forests from whence the Teutons sprang were, to a great extent, outside the limits of the *Imperium Romanum*.

An eminent school of non-German historians has, however, taken an entirely opposite view to this. The latter considers that one of the greatest misfortunes for Europe was the fact that the Roman conquests did not extend to the Elbe instead of only to the Danube. According to this school, Prussia and the North German regions generally—a considerable part of them more Lithuanian and Slav than purely Teuton—have never lost a deep tinge of barbarism, have never been really civilised at all, through and through. Certainly Odin fought there one of his last battles against the Cross, and left a good deal of his spirit as a legacy to the peoples nominally adhering to the latter. It is remarkable that Prussia has rarely produced a personality great in walks of life other than those of the military and administrative order. Nearly all the men of genius who helped her to rise after her downfall under Napoleon were non-Prussians. Kant, the only Prussian philosopher, was in reality Scotch by extraction. Yet, truth compels us to admit, whatever our preferences for the type of civilisation of South and West as compared with that of North Germany, that it seems to be established that, in this war, the Bavarian soldiers, men of the race generally believed to be the least Prussianised of the Germans, the people of the part of Germany where the Passion Play is indigenous, have incurred a reputation for savagery in Belgium fully equal to that of the men of the Northern Power of blood and iron, if not exceeding it.

There was a pre-established harmony between the Hohenzollerns and the half-German, half-Lithuanian peoples over which this family came to rule. The

material was a hard one. There was little sentiment or tenderness of fancy, though rough strength and iron will in abundance. There was no S. Francis or S. Clare by the Baltic shore. The type of religion in the Prussian Lithuanian region before Luther had been the stern crusading temper of the Teutonic Knights, a sort of puritan Catholicism, warlike as Islam, yet falling in fibre and degenerating with the general relaxation as the time of the great religious change drew nigh. The inhabitants were said to be the last to abandon heathenism of all Europeans. They had been converted largely by the method of the drill-sergeant.

Sullenly the old paganism surrendered to the drastic methods of the Knights. "The servants of Mary of the Northern House," as they proudly styled themselves, had little of the spirit of their patroness, the tenderness of which Our Lady is the representative. Like bloodhounds they tracked down the rebelling and relapsing natives, and the great image of the Holy Mother on their fortress of Marienburg, on the delta of the Vistula, looked on a country the people of which were tamed by no gentle method into acceptance of the religion of her Son.

The Northern Hohenzollerns, as distinct from the less noted Southern, or Zigmaringen, branch, accepted the Reformation both in the case of the Margraves of Brandenburg and of their relatives, the rulers who had, by Luther's advice, secularised, and held as a fief under Poland, East Prussia, the country of the Teutonic Knights. In 1618 this land became united to the Brandenburg possessions under one line of Hohenzollerns, by the terms of the *Dispositio Achilli*.

It was the year of the outbreak of the Thirty Years War, and the Hohenzollerns threw themselves, though not at first very actively, on the Protestant side, Protestantism becoming with them a sort of stark political regimen, a badge to be fought for rather than a creed

to be loved. They wavered between Lutheranism and Calvinism, though accepting the latter. Their Protestantism was always consistently a religion of absolutism and Divine Right, following in this the lines of Luther and his followers ever since the Peasants' War had led the former to connect the defence of his peculiar version of the Gospel with the support of the unlimited authority of "the Christian Prince"—that is, of those German rulers who supported the Reformation. Henceforth the Hohenzollern became the Protestant dynasty *par excellence* of Germany, indeed, in time, of Europe. Northern, that is in the main Protestant, Germany tended to acknowledge a sort of undefined right of Brandenburg Prussia to take the lead against Catholicism and the Hapsburg intolerance when the interests of religion were at stake. Later on persecuted Protestants all over Europe idealised the Hohenzollern, now, since 1701, Kings of Prussia, as the champions of the Gospel. This championship, however, was generally a highly advantageous one, the Brandenburg princes gaining large bodies of industrious and loyal subjects in the exiles from Catholic intolerance, as, for instance, many of the Huguenots expelled from France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Hence the cynical sceptic, Frederick the Great, the friend of Voltaire, was regarded by the people of England, during the Seven Years War, as "our Protestant Ally," "the good Protestant king." While in the main Jesuit reaction triumphed comparatively in those regions of the Germany of the Middle Ages south of the Danube and in the Black Forest country, Prussia and Protestantism, on the other hand, became terms practically equivalent. To oppress a German Protestant was to incur the danger that the Hohenzollern would demand the reason why.

It is hard for us who see the Prussianised Germany of to-day in closest union with the Austrian Empire to

realise that during the Hanoverian period in English History the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg represented the most diametrically opposed forces, the former gradually extruding the latter from the German supremacy, and each being representative of a type of religion the antithesis of that for which the other stood: the Hapsburg the bulwark of the Catholic Reaction; the Hohenzollern, on the other hand, a Power Protestant to the backbone both by interest and temperament. Within those parts of Germany south of the Danube, the region which had once been included in the original *Imperium Romanum*, the Reformation was either driven out altogether or shrank of itself, failing to keep hold of a population more inclined to collective and South European ideals of life than to abstract theology, and more in touch with the temper of Northern Italy than that of the tougher and less genial peoples of the Baltic shore.

Environment and atmosphere have their part to play in determining the religious temper, or what we may call the religious humour, in the older sense of the word, of a nation. Certainly it is as hard to imagine Munich Protestant as it is Berlin Catholic.

It seems to be a general law that the nearer to the Mediterranean the farther from the kind of wind and weather that serves as the fittest background for the sort of Faith which cares little for the tradition and symbolism of the main stream of European Religion: a type which seeks to cultivate rather the depth and root of personal conviction than the elasticity of a system which enables the less consciously converted soul to find shelter and nourishment within the ample folds of a Communion that claims universality, and is easy to those who make an initial act of submission to her claims. The German Protestant Church, remote in spirit from the crowds of the poor, essentially intellectual wherever it is not old-fashioned, but never redolent of what may be called the homeliness of the supernatural,

stands to-day, embodied in its buildings, in extremest contrast in cold solidity to the rococo splendours of the Bavarian Church of the Reaction, except where a contrast to either type, in some great minster of mediæval Germany, has remained unaltered, the last visible expression of the older Catholicism, before the richness of the art into which it blossomed ere its fall withered away. But if the aspect of modern German Protestantism be cold in its outward manifestations, certainly, on the other hand, the alliance of the theology of Loyola with the æsthetics of Versailles has left the marks of a lack of restraint and reverence upon the Jesuit Churches of Eighteenth-Century Germany.

In considering the question of German Religion, as brought before us by the issues of the war, we naturally ask how it comes about that a State so Protestant to the backbone as Prussia, the administrative brain and driving will of modern Germany, has always been (for even her practical materialism of to-day has developed on Protestant lines), should be by instinct and tradition more absolutist and more in sympathy with political autocracy everywhere than any other State in Europe. In regard to "militarism" Prussia cherishes at the core what Russia is likely to slowly disentangle from herself, and Prussia was the tutor of Russia in the methods of blood and iron reduced to a system and administered by rule. In the Russian nature the roughness of the Muscovite is naturally and organically mingled with sentiment and idealism; and the influence of Potsdam at Petrograd, from Frederick the Great's time to recent days, has been, as everywhere, in favour of a hard, practical materialism, and of a scouting of all liberal and pacifist ideals in public life as fools' imaginings, weakening the hands of the men of war. The only idealism encouraged by Prussia has been for Prussia, or through her for Germany, patriotism cut loose from international restraints, and finding in "the State as

Power," and that, unlimited power, the goal of its development. All to this end, a game astute, resourceful, unhesitating, unmoral rather than anti-moral, is to be played in a world and under conditions with which morality, in the sense of scruples puzzling the will, has nothing to do, a non-ethical universe. Such is the practical and even theoretical Machiavellism which, from the time of Frederick the Great, its apostle in practice, has been taken for granted by Prussia, even though, in view of Frederick's subsequent proceedings in Silesia and Poland, the world in the Eighteenth Century was amused by remembering that he had written an *Anti-Machiavel* in his earlier days. In Prussia this cynical materialism has been justified by a chorus of philosophers, on the principle that the State itself being not unmoral, but including ethical contents in its civilisation, is justified in using unmoral, or, to put it more bluntly, immoral methods, as necessary for its existence and that of its "Kultur" in a world like this. For the Prussian conception of the State, as for the conception of the Church which the Jesuits have been accused of holding, "he who wills the end, wills the means." The State in one case, the Church in the other, are in their essence ethical in the highest sense, and therefore the justification of the means necessary to secure their fullest development respectively is included in the character of the *Societas perfecta* for the realisation of the life of which the means are adopted. Unconsciously, no doubt, all Governments, all forms of organised society, have acted more or less upon these principles, to which conscience and the moral sense, when acute and impartial, refuse to give their sanction, however much good men have felt bound to acquiesce in their practical adoption. Above all, however, it is Prussia which, by a kind of instinctive logic, has consistently and invariably pursued, unhampered by scruples, this path of the Will to Power. Indeed, she has perverted conscience itself by identifying this pursuit of power with a duty, laid

on her by a sort of bidding above morality as generally understood. In accordance with "*Die verfluchte Pflicht*" (that damned duty), Frederick the Great pursued remorselessly every line of action which led to the exaltation of his country. A sort of destiny—the destiny of the Hohenzollern—girded his loins for work and service, unremitting, drastic, inexorable. The Voltairean Frederick was too much a child of the *sæculum rationalisticum*, to use the extraordinary theological language of the present Kaiser. In the brains of both, however, the same conception is seen at work—i.e. that destiny or circumstances or a tribal god has placed before Prussia a goal in itself moral in the practical sense—that is, in accordance with fact, capable of realisation, at one with the nature of things, no simulacrum. To attain this goal by all available means is the chief necessity for the health and development of the Prussian State, and, through it, of Germany as a whole. To refuse to pause because of sentiments which have no material force behind them is, for the State, even though in the abstract wrong, yet politically ethical. If the State has what Chaucer calls a "spiced conscience," its destiny remains unrealised, its potentialities smitten with sterility. Because of what Harnack is reported to have called "meticulous morality" (i.e. hesitation to violate her pledged word), the State sins against the greater moral obligation, which is to herself, to develop to the full those resources, material and intellectual, of which militarism is the protective guard and instrument of propagation. Such appears to be the academic line of apologia for German Machiavellism.

Let us not forget, however, even while such a line of thought fills us with abhorrence and astonishment, when we consider the lips of those who have given utterance to it, that we ourselves do not come out of the past history of European political ethics with hands as white as snow. If there has been, and is, a Polish question,

there has been, and is, an Irish one. If Germany has violated Belgian neutrality, England seized the fleet of Denmark, a neutral Power, during the Napoleonic war. The point, however, which seems to be certain, is that almost all the European Powers (England included), except Germany, have their faces to the light in these matters, and that by no hypocritical lip homage, but in sincerity, their Governments are seeking to make international morality capable of enforcement, a reality with practical sanctions rather than a powerless theory ; while, on the other hand, to Prussianism the effort to make practical any idealism, except the increasingly materialist type involved in "*Deutschland über alles*," is a dream incapable of realisation, and, even if realised, making for decadence and weakness.

The impartial judgment of the future alone can decide whether in this world-war, viewed in its causes, methods, and developments, England has been the pharisee of the nations, or Prussia the Machiavelli of modern Europe.

We need not deny that our country is seldom without a tinge of pharisaism. The "tribal god," the "chosen people" superstitions, are not unheard of among ourselves. The well-known lines in which Goldsmith describes the Englishman of his day often rise to one's mind when one notes the attitude of one's dear fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen on a tour abroad among foreigners—the lack of all assimilative power, of urbanity (*Gemüthlichkeit*) :—

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by.

The sense that Britain is, in Tudor language, an *Imperium merum* (a realm to itself), is never forgotten, nor are others allowed to forget it.

Indeed, instead of boasting over Germany as being ourselves free from the racial obsession and blindness

of heart which harden the conscience and pervert the will, we ought rather, as one has said, as we see the temper of Berlin becoming coarser and more unscrupulous as the war develops, and dragging the nobler elements of German civilisation after it, to acknowledge with sincerity, "There, but for the grace of God, goes England." Before England at the present lie two paths. The one is that on which Germany is proceeding, the turning of patriotism into a vice injurious to humanity at large, and God into a tribal idol. In our case it leads to injustice to good things done in other lands because they are "un-English." It means "by lesser breeds without the law," that England is the only chosen race, and interprets the "white man's burden" as the necessity of not being over-scrupulous in the exploiting of the black man. The other path involves the nobler side of the passion of patriotism, the "ancient sacrifice" of contrite duty, the thought of which as the purifying salt of England's service to the world has made Mr. Kipling's *Recessional* more than a classic, an inspiration, in which a prophetic touch of moral insight saves patriotism from vulgarity of spirit.

To fix our attention, however, on religion in the concrete rather than purely on ethical tendencies, it is not a hard thing to understand in regard to Germany how the Hohenzollern regime has assimilated the worst, rather than the better, side of Luther's mode of presentation of Christianity. The attitude of the Reformation towards political and civil liberty is by no means so easy to estimate as might appear from a superficial study of the history of the Sixteenth Century.

It is quite true that, in the main, Protestantism to a large extent unconsciously made for public liberty. But this is rather the case in regard to the effect of Calvin's than of Luther's system. Let no repulsion on our part to the abstract and narrow nature of the clear-cut logic of Calvin's theology, to the way in which his sharp-edged

intellectualism developed a doctrinal system out of the teaching of Paul and of Augustine, which, had it gained as wide an acceptance as the mediæval Christianity which it assailed, would have been a discipline crushing both bold and delicate souls alike, prevent us from recognising the way in which the Calvinistic spirit has been, again and again, a sort of iron tonic in the blood of races such as the Dutch or the Lowland Scotch or the New England Puritans.

Calvinism, indeed, as Dr. Neville Figgis in his late most suggestive volume, *The Fellowship of the Mystery*, has reminded us, has never been truly democratic, for its doctrine of election is essentially one which leads to the rule of select individuals rather than to any kind of collectivism, political or religious. The collectivist and the Catholic ideas stand in close connection, even though their respective representatives are often hostile to one another. Calvinism, on the other hand, is, at the best, the religious reflection of a severe and disciplined type of aristocratic republic, an oligarchy rather than, in any sense, a system in touch with the millions.

But the creed and system of Geneva, that city of idealist theorists, of Calvin and of Rousseau, has never been the servant of absolutism and military despotism, as Lutheranism has continually tended to be. In reality, Calvinism, with all that makes it repellent to a humane and genial mind, has, at its best, exhibited a lofty grandeur of spirit to which Lutheranism has never attained. The tonic force of the Hebrew prophets has seemed at times to live again in the spiritual temper of what Carlyle once called "the godlike old Calvinism." Religion under it, if tending to become stark and dour, has yet, when this creed was at its best in the old Puritan days, seldom glorified comfort or sought to burrow into some snug official corner, the chaplain of bureaucracy. It has not been "at ease in Zion." The Rhenish parts of Germany, in the past, when they have not been Roman Catholic, have inclined to or adopted the Cal-

vinist presentation of the Reformation, and it was precisely those regions in which the sound of the *Marseillaise* and the throb of the drums of the French Revolution awoke afterwards sympathetic echoes.

We need not wonder that the Protestantism of the lands bordering on France was of the type of that of Calvin when we remember that the latter was himself a Frenchman. The absolutist tendency of Lutheranism, on the contrary, has been described with no half-tones by perhaps the greatest English authority on the Germany of modern times—Mr. Harbutt Dawson. In his recent book, *What is Wrong with Germany*, a work which is no mere ephemeral one-sided indictment of a great nation, but a scientific investigation of the mentality issuing in a political disease, and an investigation made by a true admirer of what is really worthy of admiration in Germany, Mr. Dawson writes as follows :—

“ It has certainly been of great assistance to the rulers of modern Germany that the theory of the State as the repository of all authority has behind it the sanction of the great Protestant Reformer, Luther, and the body of religious and political doctrine which became, and remains, identified with his name.

“ The degree to which German political thought has been influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the national religion, can hardly be exaggerated. Luther asserted the State's independence of papal influence, but he reasserted and emphasised the subordination of the individual citizen to the State. The tie between the State and the Reformed Church itself never underwent a serious strain, for the German Reformation remained throughout under the direction of the Princes. Apart from the strength of tradition, Luther's relationship to the Princes was so intimate, and his indebtedness to them so great, that the idea of setting up reformed Churches otherwise than on a State basis and subject to princely regulation did not appeal to him. The German

rulers were not slow to take full advantage of the reformed teaching, which played directly into their hands, strengthening and riveting upon the German peoples the autocratic conception of Government which had seemed for a time to be threatened. One spiritual pope was dethroned and scores of secular popes were set up in his place. Lutheranism subordinated personal judgment to the State authority, so weakening the sense of individual and collective responsibility, while Calvinism emphasised the responsibility of every citizen both for his and the State's action."

Mr. Dawson goes on to quote with approval remarks made by Dr. Paul Rohrbach in the latter's *Der deutsche Gedanke in der Welt*. They are as follows :—

"Lutheranism was from the beginning a Confession of the Princes and estates, and it has remained until to-day so true to the original spirit which has dominated it, that in the name of no other Christian Church has religion been so entirely subordinated to the service of the principle of authority in the interests of the ruling classes as in this Church.

"The religious impotence of the German Catholic and Protestant Churches is rooted in the fact that both, and particularly the latter, are agreed in occupying the rôle of servant to the dominant State principle."

In reference to the recent pronouncements from eminent German divines justifying such proceedings as the violation of Belgian neutrality, Mr. Dawson writes in the work from which I have quoted : "Surprise was felt in this country that one of the first declarations of Germany's white conscience and innocence of purpose in the present war came from a body of Protestant theologians and clergymen." (Among these, we note, were Professors Eucken and Harnack, perhaps the two most illustrious of all.) "No one can have shared this surprise who knows how dependent the State Church is upon the Government in Germany, and how little freedom the clergy possess or dare to claim." Still, we might add,

the spiritual leaders in question could have held their tongues, if it was impossible for them to venture to express criticism or disagreement. But more recently the exulting utterances of leading German pastors have left those of the war-lords in the shade. It is not without significance that the conception of the Church as such has no real place in Luther's system, that the latter has been and is almost entirely individualist. Hence an unrestricted field for State autocracy is left free to an extent unknown under the conditions of mediæval religion, when Papacy and Empire and Feudalism and Free Cities checked one another in ceaseless contact.

It has been made matter of complaint that the war is being exploited in the interests of an attack on Protestantism. Certainly if any one should imply that Protestantism has never stood up for national and civil liberties he would condemn himself in the minds of all students of history as either grossly ignorant or grossly prejudiced.

The history of the United States of America, its founders being largely the children of the Puritan spirit of independence; the record of the splendid struggle at an earlier period of Holland against the blood-stained tyranny of Spain—these tell of Protestantism as a force making for liberty. But this is not the Protestantism of Germany; it is, as we have pointed out, the prophet-like vigour of the older Calvinism entering like iron drops into the blood, not the chaplain spirit of Prussian religion.

The condition to which the official creed of Protestant Germany has been reduced, the creed of the German "Evangelical Church," which is a State-made compound of Lutheranism and Calvinism, ought to give pause to those who think that what they call "sacerdotalism" is the main or only religious error to be dreaded, and that the Church is most efficacious when she is kept in

the position of some domestic animal, the patient adjunct of the State. "Sacerdotalism," indeed, may represent a kind of clerical management which strives to keep the mass of Christian believers in a perpetual tutelage, but often the outcry against it only means the desire for a silent Church in which spiritual independence is extinct and the voice of prophecy is dumb. A tame Church is more unchristian than a fanatical one.

So naturally does John Bull conceive of religion as a thing of ordered quiet, that when he is a Churchman he still in many places even yet lives too often, as to his mind in relation to what the Church of England is meant to be, in the Hanoverian age, when that Church browsed within Erastian palings, while, in the words of Dryden, at an earlier time—

To foreign shores no sound of her has come,
Humbly content to be despised at home.

Splendid as is the average Englishman where the sense of duty is concerned, he is still far to seek in regard to all those elements of religion in which idealism has rightful scope. For him, especially in regard to religion, imagination is a thing to be kept at arm's length. For him she lights her torch in vain.

The two great modern movements which accentuated the idea of the spiritual independence of the Christian Society—i.e. the Secession of the Free Church of Scotland and the Oxford Movement, with its long train of as yet unexhausted consequences—have both of them been too idealist for John Bull to understand. The Oxford Movement, even with all its conspicuous limitations, has made the English Church into a thing very difficult for John Bull again completely to tame and domesticate. In the words of Cardinal Newman, when still in his Anglican period, "An unseen Incendiary has been at work."

An increasing number in the Church of England will

refuse to identify the common sense of the Athenæum Club with the afflatus of Pentecost. But as to German Protestantism, however eminent, in the truest sense, many of its writers and preachers have been—and all Christendom, at least all Teutonic Christendom, has been debtor to many of them, nor should this war be exploited in order to discredit this fact—the State religion of Protestant Germany has not in it, as a body, one spark of that idealism of conception with regard to the visible Church of Christ and her mission which fired the convictions alike of Scotch Free Churchmen and Oxford Anglo-Catholics. If such a leader of thought as Ritschl exalts the idea of the Church, it is of a Church that is not the visible body, the drag-net of the parable. Everywhere theology in Germany is injured by a one-sided subjectivism. A healthy objectivity, the outward, concrete, and historical as the complement of the inward, mystical, and intellectualist, is what is needed. That need can alone be supplied by the idea, atmosphere, and concrete reality of a free and reasonable Catholicism.

There are, of course, qualities in German New Testament criticism which it is almost impertinent to praise.

We may instance the thoroughness and attention to detail, the power of bringing out the force of some otherwise obscure reference or incident, the capacity of using classical and oriental scholarship to illustrate the story of the infant Christianity as, for instance, in the light thrown on the latter by the analogy of the religious cults of the Mediterranean peoples.

It represents toil the most strenuous, and often insight of the keenest order. All this is worthy of gratitude. To throw over the work of those who are called the "German Critics," a sort of flippant and ill-informed depreciation, to rejoice that "the war has killed German Biblical criticism," is, after all, a very poor and a very unjust proceeding. But it is not the thoroughness and depth, the versatility and range, of so much that will

remain permanently as the result of the splendid incessant labour of German scholars upon the problems of the New Testament and of the origin of Christianity which we ought to call in question, but rather the extent to which all this is vitiated by foregone conclusions, often unconsciously yet none the less unscientifically assumed. The things to interrogate, said in effect Cardinal Newman—and it is the remark of penetrating insight—are the things that are taken for granted, the implied postulates which are assumed not proved, which appear to the temperament of the reasoner matters which no thinking mind could question because they are congenial to the build of his own intelligence and character, but which are often in reality seen to be the most questionable propositions when they are dragged out of the background in which they lurk in indistinct and rudimental form, and are made to assume tangible shape and definite outline. Behind Harnack's conclusion in his *Das Wesen des Christentums* that the essential content of Christ's message was solely "God and the Soul, the Soul and its God," or, more fully, the Fatherhood of God and man's filial dependence on it, lies the view ruling the Liberal German Protestant mind since Kant: that the essentials of religion are not dependent on historic facts, but rather on the soul's vision through conscience; that Christ is the greatest of discoverers, rather than the embodiment of God's self-revelation; that His message, not His Person, is what matters; that the really vital things in Christianity are not persons and events, much less any corporate and institutional life, anything of the nature of a society, but ideas, attitude of the mind, relationships of the individual spirit to the Universal Spirit—in fact, to go back to the language of Bishop Butler's time, that Revealed Religion is little more than a republication of Natural Religion, or as Toland the Deist put it as the title of his now forgotten but significant book that "Christianity is as old as the Creation,"

though religious Liberalism would understand this on mystical rather than on merely rationalist lines. It would be untrue of course to say that writers such as Harnack go to these lengths, but the main drift and tendency of the school of which he is so illustrious a member is of that character. There is so much that is really virile and stimulating in Harnack's presentation of religion, though his true position is among great church historians rather than religious philosophers, and there is so much that is telling and acute in his criticism of popular Catholicism, especially of the type formed by the Counter Reformation, that it is hard, but at the same time necessary, to realise that this subjectivity, whether it be mystical or intellectualist, intuitional or rational, falls far short of the fulness of that grand, many-sided thing, Christianity. Of Dr. Harnack, Father Tyrrell remarks that this deep scholar is one to whom Christ would say "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God," yet, adds Tyrrell, "a miss is as good as a mile."

The inward is not complete without the outward. A true and sane presentation of the Catholic Faith can claim the tangible, the region of the senses, the glorious worlds of art and physical science, as spheres of God. An inhuman hardness on the one hand, and Protestant anti-sacramentalism and opposition to corporate Christianity, in the interests of subjectivism on the other, are alike tainted with the Manichean fallacy. In one sense it may be truly said that there are not only two or seven but thousands of sacraments. For life itself is sacramental.

The Manicheanism which died away as a visible system, killed out or withering to decay, has poisoned much of Christian thought and practice by the influence of its ideas. The more inhuman types of mediævalism, as Thirteenth Century anti-sacerdotal sects, notably the Albigenes (who were actual Manicheans) and the wilder types of Russian mystical sectarianism, were or are

all of this prolific tree. All had at the background of their mind the great oriental fallacy of the inherent malignancy of matter. If Mohammedanism is the most unspiritual of heresies, Manicheanism has been the heresy of setting soul against body and spirit against form.

The Catholicism of the future must honour both flesh and spirit, the first the sacramental expression of the second. We dwell on this because the reason that certain types both of Catholicism and of Protestantism have tended to shrivel up into sectarian feeling out of touch with life, is due to the fact that they are Manichean, rather than really Christian, orthodox, and Catholic. The entire Catholic Church, absolutely clear in her theology on this point, "the value and significance of flesh" and on the external generally, has yet suffered from waves of unsound beliefs and practices at various times of spiritual reaction, so that her goal has appeared not as a clean and righteous manhood, but as a bad imitation of an angelic existence.

No wonder that to such a mistake men have opposed the pagan common sense of *mens sana in corpore sano*.

The anti-external, anti-corporate tendency in Protestantism, especially in Germany and elsewhere abroad, where Protestantism may be studied in its logical tendencies, as an unmixed system, is rather to extreme subjectivism of soul than to needless disparagement of the body. But redemption as social, corporate, and embodied is not a congenial subject to it. *Faith in faith*, rather than faith in Christ, is the centre of such a Christianity. For most people, this continual centring of religion in their own feelings or experiences is as impossible, unwholesome, and unreal as is the secular ignoring of religion at the other extreme. A healthy religion, like a healthy body, is not always consciously dwelling on its own existence. In the case of minds in which sentiment predominates, this becomes pietism, often no doubt consistent with a deep and

tender devotion to Our Lord, but always in danger of assuming the hothouse plant attitude to life, of losing the healthy objectivity in doctrine and virility in practice of the Catholic Faith. Is there not a real truth in Newman's remark in one of his Anglican sermons, that "Luther found men enslaved to their works, and he left them enslaved to their feelings"? Or at least, if not directly true, it is certainly true of many tendencies of that powerful mind, robust in itself, but over-subjective in the type of religion which it made prevalent.

Later on, when the *Aufklärung* turned intellectual Lutheranism in a direction facing towards a more rationalistic and a less fiducian type of theology, subjectivism took a different turn, but it remained subjectivism still, leaving the external sphere free for Prussian absolutism.

No wonder that German Protestant Liberalism is working itself out into something which can no longer, like the Christ, be touched and handled by the multitude, but becomes the monopoly of critics and professors, as at one time Christianity threatened to become of monks and schoolmen. Despite Herr Harnack's genial optimistic confidence in the power of Christianity, as he conceives it, and his genuine personal spirituality, his anti-Catholic bias, explicable as it is, prevents him from seeing that the Liberalism of which he is so distinguished an exponent is, after all, only a sort of inverted sacerdotalism with Professor put for Priest, with this difference, that except where the preacher is exceptionally interesting and brilliant, it means empty churches, while the kind of persons who surrounded Christ in His earthly ministry, when not sunk in indifference, are found, as a general rule, all over the world in the churches where sacramentalism prevails.

It is impossible to ignore the fact that this practical disparagement of the corporate and the objective in Christianity, and this reduction of the Gospel charter

to the one supreme text, "The Kingdom of God is within you," exercises, no doubt unconsciously, but none the less powerfully, an influence on the critical study of the New Testament and of the history of early Christianity which favours the presentation as scientific conclusions of what are in many cases only suppressed premisses in the mind of the investigator, assumed arbitrarily before the investigation is entered upon. In the parts of Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* in which the religious question is discussed, we see, at its most extreme point, this tendency to detach Christianity from history, and as a consequence to rewrite the record of religion in accordance with a dominant preconception. Christ is in this book the sovereign and unique spiritual Genius, with insight unparalleled and more than human, who stands in solitary majesty, a Being misunderstood, after Paul, till Luther rose, but even partially misunderstood till Kant supplied the perfect fitting key to His message. Mr. Chamberlain, a profound Kantian, bends, let us acknowledge, before Christ, as one who was to Kant as the burning sun to a star most keen in its splendour. Whatever his conviction as to Our Lord's Deity (and it is hard to gather what this is from his book), he certainly approaches Him with the profoundest reverence. But he severs both His Person and his Message, from the historical setting. Christ has neither spiritual ancestry in Israel nor spiritual continuation in the Church. Paul understood him a little, Luther more, but in Kant we find the real inwardness of Christ's view of His Father and of mankind. The Christ of Chamberlain's book is no climax of the long travail of Israel's history. For Judaism—not merely the corrupt parties of the Gospel period, but Israel at its noblest, Israel as expressing itself through an Isaiah—is regarded by this author as an arrogant theocracy, at heart unspiritual. Chamberlain, like the Gnostic Marcion for whom Harnack has such

a weakness, cuts Christianity away from its Judaic root. Christ was no Jew, no Israelite—He came *ex abrupto*. He was a Galilean, and, as such, it is not obscurely hinted, of Teutonic stock, the fairest flower, if so, on that tree, as an outcome of which Dante also is claimed. The mind of Christ, and the mind of Paul—the latter a Teuton, at least in spirit, and at his best pleading for a Gospel of Teutonic spiritual freedom in his Epistle to the Galatians, themselves semi-Teutons—both of these needed Germany as their interpreter. They have little or nothing in common with the two systems with which real Christianity has been, by a great mistake, connected and confused. The first of these systems is Israel, the Old Testament Judaism; the second is Catholic or ecclesiastical Christianity. The first is only, even at its highest development, the race religion of an energetic Syrian tribe, abounding in will power but lacking in the philosophic mind, with religious instincts perverted through and through by fanaticism and spiritual pride. The second, the primitive Catholicism, is tainted to the core, saturated in the corruption into which the purity of Christ's ideals sank, amid what Mr. Chamberlain calls "the Chaos," the deluge of oriental theosophy, magic, and charlatanry, and the pooling of races which marked the period when the "Orontes flowed into the Tiber." Christ, then, stands between two priestcrafts, one before Him, one after Him, Judaism and Catholicism. With neither has He any real affinity. He waits for Germany to interpret Him—for Luther and for Kant.

While Nietzsche with a sneer dismisses the ministry of Galilee as the idyll of a slave-religion, Chamberlain claims it as a sort of pre-Kantian gleam of ideal truth, but swallowed up almost at once by the forces of the surrounding "Chaos" out of which it emerged fatally changed as the Catholicism of the Second Century. The latter is to the real message of Christ as a fairy changing in the cradle is to the original infant which has

been spirited away. The Church of the Martyrs was, on this hypothesis, a perversion of the original intention of the Christ for whom its members shed their blood. It was of the kind of religion which He died in order to abolish. He would not have recognised or acknowledged it. Here we see, in the extreme and on both sides, as regards both Judaism and Catholicity, the preconception that Christ is to be interpreted by modern German philosophy and is not to be viewed in terms of Old Testament anticipation, or of the subsequent history of the community called by His name. His work and message can best be understood torn out of the historic context of before and after, shining as a unique and solitary star. Of course there is in such an interpretation of Christ as that contained in the conclusions of this Germanised Englishman's speculations, just that element of truth which makes it plausible. Our Lord is undoubtedly, as all Christians would hasten to acknowledge, of absolutely unique significance in the history of religion. In a true sense He stands incomparable and alone. He far transcends Judaism, at its very best. Also, the subsequent history of His Church is too often a contradiction of its true ideal. But carried to the point of the severance of spiritual religion from history, and the support of this by one-sided misinterpretation, reading back into history the implied postulates of the critics' thought, this tendency, of which Mr. Chamberlain's book is an extreme instance, is at once profoundly characteristic of German religious Liberalism in its more ultra forms, and at the same time thoroughly questionable and unsatisfactory regarded as an explanation of the factors of the problem, taken as a whole.

The practical reduction of what is the real essence of Christianity to the Kantian ethical imperative, involving Theism as its postulate, which underlies Houston Chamberlain's interpretation of our religion, is also

seen in that historian who so largely encouraged the spirit which has made this war possible.

The mentality of Treitschke exhibits two rooted convictions, (1) the right of Prussia to work out its destiny to the full, to realise its divine right to rule and to drive; (2) the necessity for the individual and so for citizenship of a thoroughly anti-ecclesiastical Protestantism, Kantian to the backbone, divorced from "dogma" but preserving as essential two great beliefs, the Personal God and the immortal soul. This stark duty-inspiring Theism, under Christian vesture, is exalted by Treitschke as the true resultant of Luther's inner spirit, as the actual fruitful kernel and permanent essence of the one really manly and patriotic religion, Protestantism, the foe of decadence.

Again and again he treats of this austere cult of Duty in a strain like that of Carlyle in our own country, though more simple and restrained.

He writes as follows, in a passage eloquent with profound conviction, in his *History of Modern Germany*. (We quote from Eden and Cedar Paul's translation) :—

"It is only this revival of German Protestantism which explains those most peculiar tendencies of the new German civilisation which remain incomprehensible to most non-Teutons, and even to the English; this alone has rendered it possible for the German to be at the same time pious and free, for his literature to be Protestant without the taint of dogma. The English and French Enlightenment has the sign written on its forehead to show how it was effected in conflict with the tyranny of enslaved Churches and with the obscure zealotry of an ignorant populace."

[If Treitschke as a Liberal Protestant differs from Nietzsche as a Neo-Pagan, both are at one in their attitude to the instincts of the common people.]

"Even the Deism of the British is irreligious, for the Deists' God makes no appeal to the conscience, and merely fulfils the office of the great machine-driver of the world.

"The German Enlightenment, on the other hand, was firmly rooted in Protestantism ; it attacked ecclesiastical tradition with even sharper weapons than did the philosophy of the neighbouring peoples, but the boldness of its criticism was mitigated by a profound veneration for religion. It awakened the consciences which the Anglo-French Materialism put to sleep ; it preserved the belief in a personal God and in the ultimate purpose of the perfected world, the human immortal soul." [We may note here the agreement with Harnack's two essentials, or inner kernel, of Christianity, "God and My Soul."]

Here we touch the bedrock of the entire Liberal Protestant philosophy of religion. It is with more or less of this conscious or unconscious pre-conception that German critics of this school, with all their often splendid industry and erudition, approach the Gospels and Primitive Christianity. As they attempt to cut down through the successive layers of the flesh of tradition to the bones of truth, they are unconsciously influenced by the belief that these bones—the lasting, permanent, and, in the true sense, original, elements of the Divine Story—are the same two which Kant saved, by his insistence on the Categorical Imperative, from the sceptical deluge ; that all else is more or less contingent, or only symbolical, and, at the best, of the husk and circumference rather than of the vital and abiding kernel and centre. With this conviction, they easily find Kant's moral philosophy as the essence of Galilee and Calvary, that for which they are useful, and therefore that which all else in them merely illustrates. Of course, Treitschke does this in a more drastic fashion than the theologians, but the *tendency* is manifest in all alike. "Even though our art," he continues, "could not become a possession of the whole people, we have still to thank the rejuvenation of German Protestantism for the great blessing that the most highly cultivated moral views have come to permeate

the conscience of the masses, and that ultimately the ethics of Kant forced their way into the Protestant pulpits, and thence into the lowermost strata of the North German people."

This veneration for the austere Kantian ethics is only as regards individual morality. Except in so far as "Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God"—to use Wordsworth's splendid phrase, the equivalent of the Kantian Imperative in poetry of the grand inevitable order—serves as the schoolmistress of patriotism, ethics are allowed by Treitschke no power of interfering in matters political. In this sphere, conscience is a drill-sergeant, not a prophetess; her help is to be invoked to make subjects docile, not to make statesmen scrupulous. The antipodes could not be farther apart, as to political life and the duties of nations to one another and to humanity, than, on the one hand, Treitschke's praise of war as "God's drastic tonic" and his Machiavellian belief in an unhampered State, when that State is Prussia, and on the other, the entire spirit of Kant's Essay on Universal Peace.

To go back to what we have alluded to before, the root fault of the Protestantism of Germany, considered as representative of the Christianity of history, is that it has lost, both among the learned and among the multitude, the idea of the Church. It is content to aim at presenting a sort of disembodied Christianity of sentiments or of intuitions, which, as far as it is external at all, is a reflection in the sphere of religion of the one and absolute political State. "The Prince," in Luther's phrase, repeated lately by the Kaiser, "is the *Summus Episcopus*." Now, although the idea of the Church is liable to the greatest perversions, for *corruptio optimi est pessima*, yet Christianity without the Church is a thin, abstract thing, if predominantly intellectualist; or else, it tends to lose itself in gusts of feeling if purely emotionalist.

Institutional Christianity is older than the New Testa-

ment canon, for the Ecclesia is Israel continued, and sacramentalism (as so advanced and at the same time so learned a critic as Dr. Kirsopp Lake, has lately admitted and even insisted on) lies at the root of the New Testament.

The idea of the Church has gathered round it much that is parasitic, as all great things do when launched into a world of petty minds and selfish wills. It is, for all that, a great and inspiring idea, naturally akin both to man's social instincts, which are at the basis fundamentally religious, and also to the poetry of the soul. For the intuitive sense of grandeur and largeness which, in spite of the English association of the prosaic with religion, refuses to accept a mere intellectualism as an adequate substitute for what Matthew Arnold rightly called "the august, European, imaginative" aspect of historical Christianity, demands a creed which claims both the senses and the spirit. The Catholic Religion is the only method so far discovered by which the ideas of the Gospel can be brought to the level of the multitude and, like the broken bread and fish of the miracle, become "human nature's daily food."

Hard as it is for Liberal Protestantism to admit it, a wide experience shows that it is Catholicism which is really democratic, claiming the common man by the font and the altar rather than by experiences and feelings inevitably more or less peculiar to the few. This remains true, in spite of the perversion of Catholicism into clericalism, for the sacraments themselves, as F. D. Maurice insisted, witness against the attempt to introduce the sectarian spirit. In ministering the sacraments the priest represents the priestly community of the baptized, good, bad, and indifferent; he acts for them and to them. He does not represent a clique of elect or converted or intellectually enlightened and liberally minded people.

It is of the essence of Christianity to be positive and

organic and not merely protesting and individual. To a religion nervous, negative, and argumentative the future will not belong. Catholicism rather than Protestantism will have its opportunity, since the new age in regard to its needs and ideals will be one of international relations, of the things that unite rather than those that sever. Hence it is not from the direction of German Liberal Protestantism that the last word has been spoken. No doubt Catholicism must undergo a "sea change." It must slough off a good deal of matter which now makes it impossible for it to forge ahead. It must learn the lesson of *Sacramenta propter homines* rather than *Homines propter sacramenta*. Such a process of breaking with a *damnosa hereditas* which is not of the true genius and essence of Catholic Christianity at its best, will be inevitable if it is to live and thrive in the new age; and since, after all, Catholicism is a living thing, though with much dead matter clinging to it, it will learn sooner or later, and no doubt gradually, to trust its own better instincts. The best hope for the future of religion is that Sindbad should in time disentangle himself from the Old Man of the Sea (Catholic Christianity from Ultramontanism and political clericalism), and find himself healthier and freer for the change.

Some will tell us that this can never come—that any attempt at a synthesis which should embrace both the truth of Tradition and the truths implicit in the demands of the Modern Mind, when the latter is spiritual and Christ-seeking, is an attempt foredoomed to failure—an attempt, as it were, to eat our cake and have it too. We are told, on all sides, that we may be Catholic, that we may be Liberal, but that we cannot be both. It may also, no doubt, be pointed out that the divisions in the Church of England are the result, direct or indirect, of the half-conscious attempt to reconcile and hold together the old and the new which that Church has been making, ever since the Reformation, an attempt,

such critics would tell us, foredoomed to failure. Certainly we know not what the future holds in its womb ; but the feeling of some years ago that the latest word was that of German Liberal Protestantism, is now felt to be open to question. The present state of religious thought in Germany is a witness to this.

About fifteen years ago, one to whom we have already alluded, Dr. Adolf Harnack, Professor of Church History in Berlin University, and no doubt the most learned and illustrious Liberal Protestant in Europe, delivered before six hundred students of that University a series of lectures on Christ and His Religion—*Das Wesen des Christentums*, the "Essence of Christianity"—which were in many ways of great significance. They were published under the aforementioned title, and soon after translated into English by Mr. Bailey Saunders, an enthusiastic English disciple of Professor Harnack. The lectures are important for many reasons. The mind at work through them is a noble one, let us never deny it, however much its recent judgment about the causes of the war may cause us astonishment. The learning is at once thorough, deep, and many-sided, at the same time clothed in a vesture of sincere simplicity. The lecturer was manifestly *en rapport* in a remarkable way with the hundreds of youths whom he addressed on this greatest of themes. The lectures are in no sense purely destructive, rather they are characterised by a sincere desire to be constructive and never to pull down merely for destruction's sake. Much of the extravagant negative criticism of Strauss or even of Bauer—the Tübingen late dating of almost all the New Testament—has been shown by Dr. Harnack to be thoroughly arbitrary and unscientific. His glowing enthusiasm for Christ, which just seems only to fall short, by a very little, of personal and adoring love, and to be "not far from the Kingdom of God," marks with restrained ardour every page of the lectures. Where, then, is the mistake of the latter as to what Christianity means and has

meant through the ages to those whom it has sustained in life and in death? The root defect is in the preconceptions with which the whole composition starts and which crop up again and again at every critical turn of the argument. They are as follows: (1) That the only two contents of the Christian religion that are of permanent and vital value, that form, so to say, its inner kernel as distinct from its protective envelope, are as follows—"God and my Soul," "My Soul and my God." This amounts to a reduction of Christianity to a subjective individualism that however profoundly akin to the Teutonic genius and temper in matters of religion, ignores some of the most vivid and central contents of the message of the Gospel. (2) The second presupposition is that in Christ's teaching about the Father, and not in His own Person and all that is involved in it and the Redemption which flows from it, is to be found all that is really original and essential in His Message. All else is but the wrapping of the message. The Fatherhood is the Faith.

That such a presentation of Christ is little, if at all, removed from what may be called the Higher Unitarianism as distinct from the less spiritual, less mystic, and purely humanitarian type, appears plain enough, and no doubt it would not be denied by its advocates that it is so. It is what Dr. Sanday has called, with a sort of apology for it, "the reduced estimate" of Christ. No sense of Dr. Harnack's splendid learning and high character ought to blind us to the fact that this estimate is rather assumed beforehand than a scientific conclusion from the evidence, that it is absolutely removed from the adoration which the Christian Church has ever given to the Redeemer and from the centrality which she ascribes to His Person and His Work, both for and in humanity. "*Believe with Jesus*" is the motto of German Liberal Protestantism. "*Believe in Jesus*" is the expression of the Church's conviction, and has ever been so. What is significant

is that the school of which Dr. Harnack is the most learned, and at the same time the most moderate and conservative member, is the leading force in the Protestantism of Prussia and Germany. The distinctively Evangelical party there is comparatively uninfluential, though still, no doubt, not without power of leadership in many of the country districts, and we believe that its members are especially numerous among the clergy of the Protestant parts of Bavaria. But it is the Liberal Protestant School which is the driving force.

Does any thoughtful observer of the religious tendencies of the age fail to see in all this a very probable or almost certain picture of what the Church of England would gradually become were the leaven of Catholic principles, fermenting with opposite results, to cease to have any place within her? The bearing of the present condition of German, French, and Swiss Protestantism (a condition in which Unitarianism of the Immanentist type is the winning force, while the churches tend to become more and more lecture-rooms for the few rather than houses of prayer for the many) upon present Church of England controversies would take us over too wide a range, but at least in all fairness this may be said with reference to the question involved in the Kikuyu controversy. It is quite true that Anglican authorities of an older period have never recognised the ministerial orders of any non-conforming body in England, for the simple reason that such bodies not only were regarded as schismatic, but that until the Toleration Acts their very existence was contrary to the law of the land. This is a plain fact of history, whether we like it or not, or approve of it or not. We are only concerned with it as a fact. Yet it is also true that the same attitude was not adopted towards the non-Episcopal communities abroad. Their circumstances were considered as exceptionally difficult, and an absolutely negative decision as to the question

of their ministerial orders was not always arrived at even by some of the highest Churchmen of the Caroline period. For instance, it must be admitted that Cosin, hated by the Puritans almost next to Laud, communicated abroad with the Huguenots during his exile in the Commonwealth time. The question, however, is whether the development in foreign Protestantism *in these days* has not brought the whole question into a new atmosphere, and as to whether a much more serious question than valid orders is not now at stake—i.e. the recognition of bodies which appear, with the exception of the Scandinavian Lutheran Church (which has at least the form of an Episcopate), to have definitely and practically left the Deity of Christ, in the strict and unique sense, an open question. The Protestantism of Germany at best allows this doctrine, the true *articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ*, to be retained by her more old-fashioned members, but by the most growing and powerful school it is, to all intents and purposes, rejected, and that without let or hindrance. To any one who has lived among educated German Protestants or reads modern German theology this is a matter of notoriety.

After the deprivation of the immensely popular Pastor Jatho, who from a leading pulpit in Cologne had for years taught Pantheism and the non-existence of a Personal God, four thousand lay Protestants of that city swore fidelity to his teaching. The action of the authorities was exceptional and much condemned, but he had passed the narrow ledge of Theism, and the voice of Harnack had disavowed him.

The lectures of Professor Harnack, to which we have alluded, must be read in the light of two subsequent publications of the greatest importance. The first is the little book *L'Évangile et L'Église*, by the then Abbé Loisy, who was the most learned New Testament critic of the French Roman Catholic Church, and in the

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front rank of modern Biblical scholarship. The fact that the author has since, after the condemnation of his methods and results by Rome, completely renounced his priesthood does not destroy the importance of the book, which rests on its merits as a searching criticism, at once scientific and popular, of the Liberal Protestant interpretation of the secret of the Gospel. Though "Modernist," this book is not necessarily so in the later and more doubtful sense. It is a traversing, inch by inch, of Harnack's position, and, to most candid minds, a complete demonstration of the fact that, whatever was the inner essence of the original Gospel, it was not merely the subjective individualism which ever since Luther has been at one and the same time the strength and the weakness of Teutonic Protestant religious thought, Christ with no longer Moses and Elias, but Luther and Kant, beside Him as the soul's guide in its discovery of God. Loisy shows in *L'Évangile et L'Église* that it is a proceeding of a purely arbitrary and a priori nature to reduce, as Harnack's school do, the idea of the Messianic Kingdom in the Synoptic Gospels into something mainly or entirely ethical and subjective, a sort of Galilean anticipation of Liberalism. He shows how rapid and how apparently inevitable was the transition from the Messianic hope of the Judæo-Christian Community into the Catholicism into which this Messianic Community developed instinctively as well as by a process of assimilation, as it chipped its Jewish shell and passed out from the synagogue into the Græco-Roman world. He proves that to regard this transition from the Community of the Messianic Hope to the Catholic Church as merely a corruption of the original idea of the Gospel is to ignore the fact that this original idea involved a visible and organic element, that the roots of Catholicism are intertwined with the New Testament itself, and are the continuation of Israel, the "Holy People" of the older Dispensation.

But, in addition to Loisy's line of criticism, within a

very recent period from inside the ranks of German Protestantism itself has come a notable book which like that of Loisy traverses the conclusions about Our Lord of the Liberal Protestant type. It is from the school known as the *eschatological* one, because it accentuates the teaching of Christ about the Last Things, the apocalyptic side of His message, as the most distinctive. It insists that of all the utterances ascribed to Him in the Gospels, the solemn words to the High Priest at His trial, claiming to be the judge of mankind and the initiator and head of a supernatural kingdom, are among the most absolutely certain, by the concurrence of testimony, to have proceeded from His lips.

This work of Schweitzer, *Von Reimarus zu Wrede*, translated into English as *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, in which this idea has been recently brought to the front, has proved itself a veritable storm centre. Developing the position of Johann Weiss, Schweitzer substitutes for the genial ethical Jesus of Liberal Protestantism a figure full of wonder and mystery, the Eschatological Christ.

It may be said that the view of Schweitzer, who, so far from being an unbeliever, is now working in the field of foreign missions, is impossible to reconcile with the Catholic Faith in regard to his contention that Jesus believed in His own immediate visible return, an event which did not occur. But at least the eschatological school has forced the Liberal Protestants to admit that the theory of the germ of the original Gospel as mainly or entirely ethical, and consisting of the Fatherhood of God and the soul's inward affinity to the Divinity as practically the entire essence and kernel, the Idea and *ratio seminalis* of the whole, is a view which cannot stand impartial investigation of the sources—that, in fact, it is Kant translated back into the Palestine of the first century.

The reader whose attention, it may be, is riveted at this moment on the giant struggle of Russia against

her antithesis, her absolute contradictory, the Teuton Empire and the Prussian spirit, will pardon a digression suggested to the writer by the thought of the absolute contrast of the German Protestant and the Byzantine Slavonic representations of the Redeemer. There is a grandeur about Thorwaldsen's sculptured Christ over the altar in the great Lutheran church in Copenhagen which is unmistakable. It is the conception of the Teuton Christ in noble virility of attitude, in wisdom, benevolence, courage, the Christ of the North. He is untainted by feebleness of ideal, by cloying sentimentalism, the Christ whose majesty triumphed over the meanness of His surroundings, and whose brow, heavy with thought for man's good, is stamped with the regal grandeur of one who rules by serving. He stands, His arms extended in fulness of invitation to the race of which He is the Head, calm and gentle, yet loving and strong.

This is the Christ of those Northern nations who have broken with the Latin Church. It is the personified ideal of a Christianity noble, serious, ethical, benevolent, giving the chief place to personality, character, and will, a Christianity for men and women living in the world, for thoughtful and yet practically pious souls, Martha's activity joined to Mary's calm in cheerful fruitfulness—the religion of duty and its sublime call to consecrated service. It is really the Christ idea of the Germanic Reformation, its noblest side, neither worldly nor other-worldly, spiritual yet human. It lacks, however, something which the Byzantine Russian Christ of the ikons in a strange way suggests rather than expresses. The Christ of post-Reformation Teutonic art is a grand and seriously veracious figure, but one wanting in the penetrative sense of mystery and wonder which is the atmosphere of the region where the Finite and the Infinite are mingled together.

The Face of the Russian Christ, of the Redeemer of Eastern Christendom, at times appears as if scarcely

human, as if it melted into Deity, but it is never that of one who is solely and purely human. As everywhere throughout Russia the Mother holds in her arms the heavenly Boy, it is the Ancient of Days that she carries—the Ancient of Days though but an hour or two old.

In theological language the Russian Christ may possibly suggest Docetism, the Christ of the phantasiasts, the Christ whose flesh is but of dream texture, but He never suggests the Ebionite conception—the human and nothing more than the human—the merely genial, benevolent reformer and moralist, valiant, helpful, ethical, but not the expression of the grand paradox of the Incarnation, the depth of love answering to the depth of need.

The Christ of the Germanic Reformed Religion, at least of its intellectual section, serious and rational, is too like modern Lutheran worship, even when the latter is at its best, just lacking, for all its appeal to earnest intelligence and truth-seeking, in that atmosphere as of an infinite presence manifested under earthly signs, of the Christ of the Transfiguration, veiled within the cloud. Despite the excellence of the preaching, and the hearty choral singing of German Protestant worship at its best, a certain want is felt of the sense as of something touching on the unseen. The air, no doubt, is not heavy, literally or metaphorically, with the "thick, stupefying incense smoke" of devout dreams and fancies, but, on the other hand, it is too clear to be the best medium of a religion of mystery, such as Christianity essentially is, even if of mystery revealed yet seen *per speculum*. The lingering Kyries of the Liturgy of S. Chrysostom float upward in Russia as the very incense of human intercourse with Divinity, while in Protestant Germany *Ein feste Burg*, splendid hymn as it is, has by comparison a somewhat Old Testament and tribal character.

In nothing, however, does the contrast between the German Protestant way of expressing Christianity and

the Russian way stand out more clearly than in regard to what theologians have described as the "Counsels of Perfection." To the German Protestant, as to almost all Protestants, Luther's dislike of anything of the nature of asceticism is instinctive.

The great German Reformer's full-blooded visage, genial yet capable of storm, the face, as has been said, like that of Cromwell, of a "Philistine with genius," and that spiritual genius, but lacking in something indefinable which would have added refinement to strength, stands as the symbol of a form of Christianity which, headed by a monk, came into being in its developed Sixteenth Century condition as a revolt against monasticism. "Get you wives!" was the cry of that leader of the extreme left of the English Reformation, Bishop Bale, at once Puritan and Merry-Andrew, himself a married ex-Carmelite, to the Irish monks of his Diocese of Ossory in Edward VI's reign. Luther's alliance with the nun Catherine Von Bora was, almost as much as his demolition of the Pope's bull, the act which burnt the Protestant boats with reference to the older system. It sent a thrill of horror through Catholic Europe, even through the less believing part of it, the conscience of which had borne without much protest the family arrangements of the Borgia, at the very centre of Catholicism. Among the rest, the pure mind of Henry VIII recoiled at the news.

Erasmus, for whom Luther was the *enfant terrible* who was ruining the religious Renaissance, received the report characteristically—"This tragedy of Luther's has now become a comedy!"

The great humanist had no love for monasticism, but there must have been to his mind something intensely bourgeois and Philistine in Luther's practical demonstration of the inutility of the monastic vow. Erasmus must have thought it, to say the least, extremely bad form.

The Church of Lutheran Germany has been true to its founder's ideals. Admirable in general, in the homes

of its pastors, the sons of whom, as among the English clergy, have so often been men distinguished in every sphere of honourable activity, many of them noted for literary gifts (a Nietzsche among them)—this Church is based on a tacit denial, in which, till recently indeed, at least popularly, our own has seemed to share, of any call of Christ to certain of His followers to renunciation of marriage ties, family responsibilities, and possession of earthly goods, in order, in S. Paul's words, "to attend upon the Lord without distraction." Lutheran Protestantism especially, as, indeed, Protestantism generally, hears Christ saying to the cured demoniac who would leave his home to follow the Master, tramping with Him as an Apostle, "Go to thine house and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee," but it appears to have little sympathy or understanding for the call to the rich young man, "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell all that thou hast."

Teutonic domesticity, at least as it has been up till now, so admirable often in its homely simplicity, yet sometimes so limited and stodgy, furnishes the wellnigh exclusive atmosphere for the German Protestant application of the ethics of Christ. Almost the only exception to this is the admirable deaconess movement, with its disciplined ministries, which has sprung in modern times from the more believing and evangelical section of Protestant Germany.

In Russia, however, the very opposite is the case: the Christian Religion there appears instinctively, perhaps from its nearer contact to Eastern ideas, a thing that while blessing the home and caressing little children and even allowing or practically insisting on marriage for its ordinary parochial clergy, yet finds it a necessity of its soul that it must seek a further expression in what the history of the Church knows as monasticism.

The spirit of the Thebaid finds a congenial soil in the steppes, as Mr. Stephen Graham has lately reminded

us. Hermits still flourish and are sometimes saints, though sometimes dervishes.

The Skete, or more contemplative monastery, is in some sense natural to the Russian temper, however liable such a mode of religion may be to perversion. Yet the forest solitudes have noble uses.

The Protestant Teuton mind is right in perceiving, as Kingsley did, that the temperament which has made monasticism possible is one which is in danger of despising the ordinary bodily life and striving to become, what man was never meant to be, an imitation of an angel instead of a man regenerated and thankful to be a man.

But while there is a Manichean asceticism—and many pious Christians, both Catholic and Puritan, have skirted the edge of heresy in this matter—there is also a sane ascetic element in the soul's progress.

Discipline—the soul's pruning knife—solitude and silence, the keen, frost-like atmosphere in which often the soul makes advance the quickest—these things are as necessary parts of the life of Christ's members as to that of their Head were His mountain-top aloneness and freedom of spirit. The freemasonry of silence is essential to fellowship.

As to the comparison of the Churches of Germany, Protestant and Catholic, with one another, it is in regard to any cultus that can engage the affections and touch the heart, and in regard to any organised effort to give detailed help or guidance for the conscience and the will, that German Protestantism is at its weakest. The defects of Protestantism generally are seen in Germany unrelieved by the un-Protestant elements which balance or sometimes neutralise them in the practical system of the English Church as a consequence of the element of compromise inherent in the latter since the Reformation.

There is no Catholicising ferment apparent as in Anglicanism, though Harnack in his *Thoughts on*

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Protestantism appears to see and deplore signs of such..

The mingling of the familiar with the supernatural, of homeliness with wonder, which is the essence of the spiritual atmosphere on its best, as distinct from its less admirable side, of a Continental or Orthodox place of worship, whether it be that of Cologne Cathedral or of the Uspensky Sobor in the Kremlin, is absent in the German Protestant Churches, as, indeed, in foreign Protestantism generally.

The singing of chorales is, however, a redeeming point in the cultus. Congregational singing is characteristic of both communions in Germany, Catholic and Protestant.

The singing of hymns by the congregation throughout the "People's Mass" in the cathedrals as well as in the country Catholic churches in Germany, especially in Bavaria, is a feature not generally associated with the Mass in Roman Catholic lands. In regard to the differentia of the two Communions, it is, of course, as everywhere, "the Mass that matters," in Mr. Birrell's phrase. Whatever scholastic definition, whatever practical perversions may have gathered round them, it can scarcely be denied by wide observers of the phenomena of religion in modern Europe, that the Mass and Confession, each in different ways, the former as concentrating and forming a focus for worship, and satisfying the demand of fellowship of man with Christ and with the whole family of God, and the latter as giving expression to the instinct of penitence, to the need, at special times, for guidance, correspond to universal human wants which, even when it is at its best, the Pulpit alone cannot meet.

The present writer's experience of German religion extends mainly to religious thought expressed in writings, rather than to practice and personal contact, as far as the Northern Protestantism is concerned, but to personal experience rather than literature in regard to the Catholicism of the South and West.

Hence he is well aware that he may, unconsciously, exaggerate the extent to which a kind of high ethical and intellectual Liberalism, of a type which leaves the Faith of the Incarnation on one side or restates the latter till its essence has disappeared, has taken possession of the German Protestant Church.

Although there can be no doubt that the so-called "Evangelical Church of Germany" the outcome of the Erastian union of the former Lutheranism and Calvinism, no longer insists practically among the *credenda* of her ministers on the main truths of the Apostles' Creed—cannot, in fact, do so, because the Liberal Protestant party is rapidly gaining in influence with the more educated classes—yet it is certain that in many places, especially in the country districts, a good deal of old-fashioned piety still exists. The belief, however, in a Christianity which has Christ's Person and Redemption as its centre rather than only God's Fatherhood—which in the language of modern religious thought in Germany is *Christocentri* rather than merely *Theocentric*—is, though still strong comparatively, in a sort of inert way, as a matter of fact losing ground more and more. Berlin is remarkable for the number of persons who register themselves as Atheists, in order to escape paying the Church rate. It is probably at once the most materialist both in theory and in practice of any capital in Europe.

So little has the city in which Schleiermacher preached almost daily to thousands preserved any effectual touch of his spiritual idealism, of his genuine, even if too subjective, Christianity.

But the absence of congregations in the Churches is not so invariably the case as is sometimes represented. It was probably very much the case in Berlin before the war. Yet the present writer was present shortly before the declaration of war at a Sunday service in the ancient Church of the Holy Ghost in Heidelberg, that historic Protestant centre, in which the great build-

ing was crowded by a congregation of the well-to-do class, and largely by young men.

The general impression, however, of the emptiness of the Protestant churches comes from very wide observation. No doubt the weaknesses of German Protestantism arise either from a sort of ethical Liberalism which, with all its often lofty idealism, has largely abandoned the historic facts of the Gospels or from a too subjective type of pious sentiment.

Humble and loving, and, at the same time, intelligent Christian men and women of the German Protestant Communion, we may be certain are to be found, especially in country districts, to a far greater extent than would appear from a hasty inspection of the condition of religion in Germany. It is with regard to the official Church (as, indeed, in other countries too, but scarcely to the same thorough-going extent) that severe criticism appears to be justly called for. A State Chaplain rather than the voice of Christian Prophecy, the semi-Rationalism, which it tolerates in its teachers, is clothed in transcendental and believing forms ; but none the less it has taken the central heart out of the national Christianity, in spite of many learned and high-minded teachers who represent this school.

Its slavish Kaiser-worship and the Erastianism which is in its very blood have made it the willing instrument of a patriotism divorced almost from sanity, and cut free from ethical and human consideration of any description.

Let us remember, however, that several of these tendencies are seen among ourselves, though not to the same extreme and unashamed degree. Let us take care lest while we censure all this an impartial critic might say, *De te fabula narratur*.

At any rate, when we read Professor Deismann's account in the *Constructive Quarterly* of the way in which the Protestant churches of Germany, from the

Dom at Berlin down, have been crowded continually ever since the war, while hymns resound and prayers ascend, let us not merely see in the singing by thousands of Luther's *Ein feste Burg* only another sign of the way in which Germany is deluded into fancying herself the innocent victim of attack rather than the unscrupulous assailant, but let us be certain that all of those prayers that are sincere will find a true answer, and that Germany will be saved when she is punished, but, to use the words of the prophet, not saved "by her covenant."

In the world of theological literature, German Protestantism is, no doubt, in output and thoroughness of scholarship much ahead of the German Roman Catholic Communion, although the latter, even since the exodus or alienation of such theologians and historians as Döllinger, is a Church with a distinct wing of learned men. The strength, however, of German Catholicism, and yet perhaps also, in a subtle way, its weakness at the same time, lies largely in its splendidly organised condition.

Ever since the *Kulturkampf*, in which Bismarck was beaten by the second of his enemies, the advance of which he watched incessantly—i.e. the Socialists and the Jesuits, the "Red International" and the "Black International" as he called them—the German Catholic Church has never forgotten the lesson she then learnt, the need of unity, discipline, and *esprit de corps*.

The present writer has for several years past visited South Germany, and lived, during his stay there, with kindly, hearty German people, full of homely *Gemüthlichkeit* and *Gastfreundlichkeit*. He has stayed on several occasions in Freiburg-i-Bresgau, that charming old-German city, crowned on all sides by the hills of the Black Forest, while its minster seems to breathe from its tower of delicate beauty the very spirit of the Middle Ages, of the time of the minnesingers, of the merchant guilds, of that Holy Empire which brought something of

the Italian air into the South German life. Such cities were not created merely by blood and iron. The Frederician and Bismarckian policy may have mastered them, it never made them. By surrendering their spirit to Prussia's possession they have gained, no doubt, but they have also lost. Germany has lost or is losing her soul, a soul which expressed itself in ways often old-fashioned, in ways of friendliness, of homely culture, of the *Weihnachtsfest* and of the *Christkind*. She is gaining instead as her representative genius something hard and metallic. True there were features as of something slack and loosely knit about the older Germany ; but the life of the latter could have been braced and disciplined without becoming that of an energumen, a thing possessed by an unmoral, and in its development, an immoral spirit. "This ought ye to have done" might be said to Germany, to have gained in valour and discipline, without leaving "the other undone," the giving scope to the spirit of freedom and humanity. Yet if Germany is losing her soul, we are slow in regaining ours, as far, that is, as our home-staying population is concerned. Our popular idea of religion is still without much of either graciousness or reality, without enough of either of "the two best things in the world, sweetness and light." The writer remembers a storm of censure which he brought upon himself by daring in print, not long before the war, to compare the "Continental Sunday" as spent by the population of a South German city with the Tyneside working-class Sunday. In the first case, churches crowded for Mass after Mass, and that by congregations largely masculine ; as the day wears on, numbers of people making their way to the hills, or the river, or other surroundings of the city, and taking recreation in a homely, cheerful manner, the sober German version of the joy of life.

In England we have lost in these matters Puritan sincerity, but have not ventured to lose Puritan conventionalism. The result is one mainly characterised

by unreality, by concessions made to the prejudices in which the majority have ceased to believe.

If there is much that is natural and attractive in the popular presentation of German Catholicism in its association with religion, of good humour, kindly courtesy (*Gemüthlichkeit*) yet it has, as we have mentioned above, another and a less admirable side. Besides the spiritual and the social aspects, there is the political one. The religion of Catholic Germany has, through its leaders of the Centre, practically sold itself to the war lords.

The bargain was made implicitly when the *Kulturkampf* ceased, and when William II and Leo XIII, the latter, in his political policy, rather Ghibelline than Guelph, came to a common understanding. It is a most tragic part of a wider tragedy, this degradation of German Catholicism—the Church of a Dollinger and of a Möhler, in some respects, in the comparatively recent past at least, the most vigorous and ethical part of the entire Communion of Rome—to serve the ends of Berlin. It is a case of a great Church with real capacity for worship and fruitfulness in social service, a Catholicism with Teutonic sanity and Teutonic seriousness, taking the wrong turning at one of the greatest crises in the history of the world, and, in its consequences, in that of religion.

But it is part of a larger tragedy, the inability of the authorities of the Churches everywhere to cease relying upon the arm of flesh, to learn that in Newman's words, "the truest policy is to have no policy."

Every Catholic parish, and, in a wider sense, every Catholic diocese, in Germany is part of an army which has the proud memory of having out-manœuvred the most astute and unscrupulous opponent that Rome has had for centuries. Bismarck undervalued, in common with all modern Germany, materialist in its estimates

of things, the forces of the *imponderabilia* and among these, most of all, the immense power which a creed that has its root in convictions about the unseen, and that can use heart and imagination as its allies, has over any merely and purely political force. He felt, as he said himself, that in his struggle with German Catholicism and with Rome he was like a swordsman attacking a ghost. The ghost was also *Geist* or spirit, and although Protestant Prussia did not go to Canossa, yet at least Bismarck was not able to inflict upon Rome the insult of Anagni. The contest ended outwardly in a draw. Bismarck's patronage of the Old Catholic movement did not do injury to Rome, but it did much injury to the Old Catholics, who were regarded by many Catholics who had considered the Infallibility Decree as, at least, highly inopportune as having sold themselves to the civil power, and that the Power of the heretic Hohenzollern.

The comparative triumph of Ultramontanism and the Jesuits in the German Catholic Church, after the Old Catholic secession, has led to Catholics regarding the "Centre Party," the party of Roman Catholic interests, as indispensable to the building up of the life of their Church in Germany around the backbone of a practically political organisation. The *rapprochement* in recent times between Prussianism and the Hohenzollerns on the one hand, and the Papacy and the Centre Party on the other, has coincided with the Austrian Alliance and has given the Kaiser powerful allies in the ranks of German Roman Catholicism, so that the Cardinal-Archbishop of Cologne almost succeeds in competition with Herr Harnack in his appreciation of the moral beauty of Wilhelm II's policy and the criminal conduct of the Allies as conspirators against it. If Harnack talks of the Czar as desiring the destruction of Protestant *Kultur* and laments that his English Broad Church friends should be so blind that they cannot see this fact, the Archbishop of Cologne speaks of

"schismatic Russia" in alliance with "infidel France" against our "God-fearing Kaiser." Of Wilhelm II it may be said, as of Shakespeare's Richard III, "See where his Grace stands twixt two clergymen." The Kaiser's patronage of Roman Catholicism arises from his sense of its usefulness as an ally in the interests of order and authority.

The truth is, that by a kind of curious instinct the chief anti-democratic Powers of Europe have drawn together. The Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg are no longer the rivals for the hegemony of Germany (for Austria-Hungary is now, in the Kaiser's language, "a good Second" to Berlin), while the Turk is dragged along as a member of this curious triad. The Kaiser's tribal god, his "Ancient Ally," almost chameleon-like, assumes the aspect of the Mohammedan Allah when the interests of Germany require Turkey's dubious aid.

German and Austrian Ultramontanism is also heart and soul with the Berlin policy, whether or no the diplomatic silence so far of Pope Benedict XV is due to pro-German sympathy or not. In the past, the Court of Rome has fought with and afterwards been reconciled to that Holy Roman Empire of which Austria-Hungary is the remnant. The Papacy withered the Hohenstaufen with its curse, nor was its hatred of that "viper brood," as Rome called it, satisfied until, as the end of the struggle of giants, the gallant young Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen, in 1268 laid his head upon the block as a common malefactor.

From the Reformation onward the Papacy and Empire worked together. The Hapsburgs have always been the political seconds to Rome, and we find Rome and the Empire, the former theocratic rivals, reconciled as against Protestantism. This has been the case in spite of the Emperor Joseph II's attempt, in the Eighteenth Century, at a sort of ecclesiastical Reformation throughout his dominions, on Gallican lines.

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The Jesuit policy which has shaped Rome's line of political action has been in the main pro-Austrian, while in the Hohenzollern Prussian power the Jesuits, till recent years, have perceived their instinctive opposite, the irreconcilable element with which no fusion could take place, no penetration of substance be possible.

Since, however, the time when Wilhelm II "dismissed the pilot" an alliance which to men of an earlier period would have seemed impossible has become an accomplished fact, of immense significance. "Throne and Altar" and that the Catholic altar, is now almost as favourite a phrase with the great phrasemonger as the allusion to the "old Ally of the Brandenburg House," while recently "my friend Luther" has been added. All forces, in fact, which make for authority and that the Hohenzollern authority, and for obedience to it, are welcomed without regard to consistency or fitness. The Kaiser can present a gold crucifix to a monastery on one day, quote John Knox on another ("one man with God"—i.e. himself—"is always in a majority"), and on a third take effusively the blood-stained hand of Turkish ruffians, fresh from the ordering of the murder of a race, a crime in which the rulers of Germany have been practically accomplices by silence.

To any one who perceives that German Catholicism, which includes a third of the population of the Empire, supplies the nourishment of the Christian Faith to millions who know little or nothing of ecclesiastical wire-pulling, it should be one of the saddest features of this war that so large and so intelligent a number of the Catholics of Europe as those of that Communion in Germany should be unable to see that by making no protest against such proceedings of Prussianism as those in regard to Belgium and the sinking of the *Lusitania*, but apparently by approval of them,

the authorities of their Church in Germany have discredited, not merely Catholicism, but that Christianity itself of which they claim to be the sole true representatives in that Empire.

The truth is, that this war is bound to afford a demonstration of the mistake—and it is a mistake even from the merely worldly point of view—which Rome has made in her tacit league with Berlin, lending her influence to keep the Catholic proletariat from Social-Democracy, while gaining substantial favours for herself in return.

This policy is, of course, anterior to the present war, and no one who knows how materialist, unfortunately, the movement known as German Social-Democracy is can blame the Roman Catholic Church for opposing much of its teaching. But in her deliberate *rapprochement* to the Kaiser, by lending her powerful influence to antagonise those forces in politics which the war-lords fear, Rome has, in vulgar language, put her money on the wrong horse. She will probably find it out to her cost, and also to the injury of the best interests of Roman Catholicism as a whole, in the world after the war.

CHAPTER V

THE RUSSIAN SPIRIT: WHAT IT STANDS FOR

ONE consequence of this war will be, no doubt, the final break-up among English people of the pro-Teuton sympathies and ideals for which Thomas Carlyle's influence was so largely responsible. Carlyle was in many respects a "Romantic" in regard to his appeal to the imagination and in the uncompromising idealism of his standards, yet he had strong affinities with the German school of political and historical writers for which Prussia, with its hard efficiency and steel-like strength, is the embodiment of all that is sound and healthy in the life of European States.

We may recall Carlyle's famous letter to the *Times* at the outbreak of the Franco-German War, calling English people to sympathise with God-fearing, duty-loving, disciplined Germany as against quarrelsome and unprincipled France.

Tennyson's "red fool fury of the Seine" was, in the minds of most of our fellow-countrymen, an adequate description of the spirit and ideas of modern France.

A great German and pro-Prussian historian (Von Ranke) has written of "*Die schlagfertige Französische Nation*" (the French nation ever thirsting for a fight).

Prussia was believed by most English people at that time to be the self-controlled and sober-minded party in the quarrel. For was she not Teutonic? And were not we, English people, Teutonic also? And had not

Carlyle and Kingsley shown us how the Teutons are the strongest, purest, and toughest stock of all the breeds of man, the race of virility *par excellence*, who rushed from its virgin forests upon the old Roman world, the latter dying of its own excesses, going to pieces at the touch of Teuton veracity and strength? Hence Kingsley's presentation in *Hypatia* of the Gothic warriors bringing a tonic air of health and manhood into the worn-out society of the Alexandria of the Fifth Century, with its expiring Paganism and its monastic world-flight.

Carlyle's delight, during a visit to Germany, in the Prussian drill-sergeant and barrack-yard as the visible symbols of efficiency, of discipline, of conquest of muddle and licence, has tended, till our rude awakening, to make us accept the race which presented itself to Gobineau and Nietzsche as the "Blond Beast," as having the right of a divine election to bully and to spread itself at the expense of the dreaming Celt and the barbaric Slav.

England in this view shares in the Teutonic predestination, for is she not also Teutonic? and is not industrious, commercial, Protestant Prussia a sort of cousin to her? while the true Briton can own no kin with the swarms of superstitious peasants of the Slavonic enemy, the Muscovites, or with that surging spirit of France which Tennyson calls "the blind hysterics of the Celt."

Now, this war is not only a *Befreiungskrieg*, a War of Liberation for Europe at large, but also in regard to ourselves, in the sense of releasing influences which tend to unthaw the prejudices which, with so many in Great Britain, pass counter for ideas. One of the most inveterate of these has been the great anti-Russian tradition. For, in spite of what we have alluded to, even in the most anti-Gallican days the French spirit had among educated people a body of admirers in England at all times of our history.

The genius of Swinburne in our own age was as much on lines of sympathy with republican France, the France of his idol, Victor Hugo, as that of Carlyle was pro-German, the latter finally falling prostrate before the shade of Frederick the Great. Before Carlyle, S. T. Coleridge interpreted the more Romantic German spirit, as distinct from the pro-Prussian one.

Until very lately English men of letters, while in many cases reverencing Tolstoy and acting as his interpreters to their own countrymen, were attracted to that great man by his very resistance to what they conceived to be the evil spirit by which Russia was possessed, and praised him as a titanic European force rather than as representative of the Russian temper and genius.

The rise of the Tolstoyan school in England is earlier than the present appreciation of the spirit of Russia. In the chorus of anti-Russian feeling the old-fashioned Nonconformist Liberal, who regarded the Russian Church as mainly composed of drunken priests and idolatrous peasants, joined hands with the unbelieving Socialist, who, though in theory at the opposite pole to Anarchism, yet idealised all Russian Nihilists because they were "agin' the Government."

Agreeing with both on this Russian question was the young Tory of the music-halls, true to the Beaconsfield tradition, admirer of the "gentlemanly Turk" and despiser of the Muscovite, "the Bear" who "shall not have Constantinople," since the Jingoos "will know the reason why."

Since the present natural pro-Russian revulsion of feeling, the remnant, in this country entirely, we fancy, on the democratic side, who mutter "Persia" and refuse to disengage their minds on this subject from the standpoint of *Elizabeth*, or *the Exiles of Siberia*, are, no doubt, quite right in insisting that the latter region is associated with scenes and acts of cruelty, which, however sometimes provoked by crime or folly as well as by heroism and goodness, are facts which are a

black heritage in the history of Russia ; just as, we may point out, the Irish Penal Laws and the treatment of Ireland till very recent times are in the history of Great Britain.

Yet, while such writers remind us that Russia as well as Germany has been practically to the present, and still is, a militarist empire, they ignore the fundamental difference between what may be called the spirit, the genius, in the older sense of the word, of these two Powers respectively, the inner nerve of the life of each, the idea striving to realise itself, in each case. The truth is that for years past Russia, although with occasional and violent motions backward, has been consciously, or oftener, perhaps, unconsciously, working towards the light, but Germany towards the darkness. We do not mean by this that the Russians read more scientific books than the Germans, or can invent and utilise more machines, or organise with greater efficiency. The opposite is, of course, the case. The root, the nexus, however, of the whole problem lies deeper than things like these. It lies in *Geist* rather than in *Kultur*. The element of a true idealism has been extending itself in Russia, though no doubt at times in the childlike Russian mind it has again and again, though less than in the past, toppled over the limits that divide sanity from fanaticism or sentimentalism, that which is on the lines of wisdom and centrality of thought from that which with eccentric orbit loses itself in the speculativeness of Hamlet without his purity of soul and strength of intelligence.

Although it may be true, as we are told, that such writings as those of General Bernhardi are not widely read outside German militarist circles, yet such circles are, of course, wide and influential in a sense unknown in English society, and the temper exhibited by the type of books in question, the *Weltmacht* or *Deutschland über alles* obsession, has been growing by leaps and

bounds in spite of whatever weak elements of the Christian ethic still remain in the German way of regarding public life and history.

Those elements are likely to be less and less the more the philosophy of life, based on the old Roman militarism, and filtrating into the German mind through every pore, from such writers as Clausewitz down to Treitschke, becomes, as it has already done in Prussia proper, the practical driving force.

The religious philosophy of the Protestantism of so pro-Prussian a religious leader as Schleiermacher, full of mysticism and kindliness, has worked side by side with Clausewitz's gloomy view of war as the instrument of all progress, the natural theology of Bellona. Both Schleiermacher and Clausewitz were pro-Prussians of the early days of Berlin University, after its start under Alexander Humboldt. The Machiavellianism of the school of Clausewitz, the envisaging of the State as an end justifying, if necessary, bloody and cunning means, the practical philosophy, alas! too often of political life, yet expressed by these pro-Prussian militarist writers with relentless candour and a logic unknown elsewhere—the maxim of Bismarck, "My country, right or wrong"—have gone to form the driving forces of Prussia, and, through her, of Germany in the latter's expansion. It is strange that German Teutonism of the Prussian type, associated till lately in the English mind with blunt, soldier-like veracity (as the "Italianate" temper with deceit and political Jesuitry), should have in its policy, as an historic trait still vigorously alive, the Machiavellian aim and spirit. Machiavelli's readiness, as he tells us, to imperil his salvation for the sake of the State is, after all, the Prussian temper all over.

The mysticism initiated by Schleiermacher, tending to pantheistic thought, although a mysticism with genuine piety and depth, has had no force of spiritual iron to withstand the other, or Machiavellian, tendency,

but, true to the Lutheran tradition, has^s bowed its head before the war-lords. Afterwards the *point d'appui* of moral resistance to the practical paganism into which the patriotic revival of Prussia bit by bit degenerated has been lacking on the part of a too subservient and subjective type of Christianity.

Prussia, as it revived after its treatment by Napoleon, the Prussia of the *Tugendbund*, of soldiers and administrators devoted to the duty of saving their country, of enthusiastic youth responding to its call, was Prussia at almost the only really noble period of its history in modern times.

It resembled the form of the young Achilles, closely knit with will and valour, rather than that of Moloch, the god of war and blood, under which we know it to-day. Yet a Moloch it has undoubtedly become in its full-grown development. Schleiermacher could not have foreseen its growth into this *monstrum* as he blessed the cradle of its reviving life, yet the mature evolution of the war-god has not lacked benedictions from prophets who proclaim above all things the supremacy of an ethical and emancipating religion. While, however, liberty of religious thought in modern Germany has too often meant the liberty to lose one's way, political liberty is by the pioneers of religious freedom not desired, or, rather, its very opposite is buttressed by moral and philosophic sanctions. It is as possible, after all, for a nation to be professor-ridden as it is to be priest-ridden. Germany's lot has been the former, if Spain's the latter. Beside, or rather beneath, the Hohenzollern has stood the Lutheran chaplain, beside the Hapsburg the Jesuit confessor. The result in either case has not been altogether a happy one.

So in politics and in other matters, too, the moral decline of Prussia has not been hindered by religious teachers who were of the most enthusiastically ethical and the most extremely unecclesiastical type. During the heyday of their influence the harder, more realist,

more pagan and old Roman elements in the Prussian State, and, under the hegemony of the latter, in Germany as a whole, have been expressing themselves more and more in literature, of which Bernhardt's writings represent only one type (though these writers are not the cleverest or most dangerous of their school), the type of pseudo-scientific militarism, branding human and humane ideals as sentimental dreams. But whatever the faults of the artistic treatment of war that is most popular in Russia, it does not fall in with this Prussian temper. Tolstoy's great romance of the Crimean War, Vereshchagin's pictures, are realist, but not in Bernhardt's sense. If Nietzsche is widely read in Russia, as he is, it is not his praise of war which attracts, but his refreshing reality, his bold unconventionality of spirit, his invitation to hardness and adventure. German thinkers have been sarcastic as to the incongruity of the alliance between Russia, the great autocracy of the North, and France, which, amid all her political changes since 1789, has never really lost hold permanently of the original principles of the Revolution. They have scoffed at the spectacle of the Czar of all the Russias listening as if with approval to the national anthem of his Republican ally, "the Murder-song" of the *Marseillaise*. "What a ludicrous juxtaposition of rank opposites!" they cry—"opposites united only by a common hatred of the Fatherland." They forget, however, that at the Congress of Vienna, after Napoleon's final overthrow, the only voice, not even excepting that of England, that was raised against unlimited reaction in Europe, and for any liberty for weaker nations, as for Poland, was that of the Czar Alexander I, who had imbibed liberal teaching from his Swiss tutor, Laharpe, and, especially as regards Poland, from his Polish friend Adam Czartoryski.

This liberal idealism of the Czar Alexander, intermittent in operation and largely ineffectual as it was, distinguishes his spirit honourably from that either of

Napoleon or of the Prussian monarchy.* The influences of the friends named and other causes strengthened an original vein of idealism and humanitarianism in Alexander's character.

Of all the Great Powers of the time, not excepting England, the one whose ruler had some aspiration for the unity of "the nations of the earth in a firmer fellowship," to quote the noble phrase of the Post-Communion Prayer put forth for use during the present war, was the Autocrat of all the Russias. The action of the present Czar Nicholas, in his promise of Home Rule to Russian Poland, as well as in other respects, resembles the better side of Alexander I's career.

In spite of the black stains on the history of Russia, and the outbursts of ferocity that have from time to time taken place in that country, the view assumed without question, at least till almost yesterday, by so many Englishmen, and especially by Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists, that Russia is, as to prospects of reform, more hopelessly autocratic and inhuman in its political temper than Germany, is one which, even if justified by a reactionary policy in the former empire in the past, is less and less likely to be true in the years after the war.

In the possession of a strain of the sentiment of brotherhood, and a regard for human and universal ideals, the Czar Alexander I exhibited qualities which are innate in the Russian race, restricted as have been the opportunities up to this for their exercise in a collective way.

No doubt Alexander had the defects of the idealising and sympathetic type of character. He was weak and ineffectual in the long run, and became reactionary under the influence of disillusion.

On the other hand, the Hohenzollern House has ever been marked by a hard realism and an inhuman patriotism, inhuman because tribal, and at the best Teutonic,

and that with the Prussian spirit supreme. The House of Savoy, on the other hand, in its leadership of United Italy has been idealist as well as practical.

The characteristic of the rule of that House has been "leadership, not lordship." Prussia no doubt has served Germany, but only by practically absorbing and possessing the latter.

The efficiency and capacity of the House of Savoy in its leadership of Italy have not been inconsistent with the leaving to Italy the possession of a human soul. But the Prussian patriotism has a soul of brass and a will of iron, and has regarded ideals outside Teutonism and its *Weltmacht* as dangerous and disturbing visitants from the land of dreams. It has hardened rather than enriched the German mind.

Hence the inwardness of its former war with the Ultramontane idealism of the Catholic Reaction, and, later, with the idealism of the Social-Democratic type.

Hence, also, its dislike for international conceptions, in this unlike Nietzsche, the "good European," and its contempt for all attempts to strengthen the obligations of justice between nations, and to embody these attempts in some generally accepted system, however tentative, of international law.

The obstructive force at the Hague Conference was undoubtedly Germany, even if passively so. Hence, above all, the Prussian scorn for pacifism, the Prussian conviction that periodical bloodletting is a biological necessity for the hygiene of the world, let sentimentalists say what they will.

The surgery of the Hohenzollerns, it maintains, is salutary, though sanguinary. It is Treitschke's "blessed and indestructible necessity of war." Now this glory in slaughter as a "drastic tonic," as the proof of vigour and expanding strength, which is congenial to Prussian war lords and professors, is poles asunder from the true Russian temper. The Clausewitz, Bismarck, and Bernhardi view of life—to name two big men

together with one little one—is not the Russian view. This bloodhound philosophy is not congenial to the true Russian spirit. The latter differs from the former in temper *toto cælo*. The severance between the two is widening and will do so more and more as the two tempers in Europe increase in open and irreconcilable antagonism.

The refusal to recognise the difference between the inwardness of Prussia and of Russia is a remarkable instance of that illiberalism of Liberals which is as much a commonplace in the world of politics as it is in that of religion.

Russia, it has been forgotten, must not be judged as a nation that has reached its full development.

It is like a naturally athletic youth, rather too tall and big for his years, who is trying his limbs in all directions, and striking out wherever he finds the opportunity of air and exercise.

It does not resemble a mature, thoughtful, and widely experienced man who has reached or is past his bodily prime. "Russia," says one who knows that country intimately, "is as a youth of eighteen, while England is like a man of forty-five, and Germany of one about ten years younger."

The crudity, the violent contrasts and exaggerations of so much of present Russian civilisation are after all but the signs of the growing pains of limbs and brain as young manhood shoots up into maturity, and as the results of the experiments of the youth settle down into the experience of the man.

The great things that attract one to Russia are her immense natural vitality, her curiosity, in a good sense of that word, her instinct of adventure, "rejoicing as a giant to run his course," yet scarcely knowing as yet what that course is to be, only realising that a great morning is dawning and that it is good to be alive, and along with all this, the fact that her soul is penetrated with a subtle sense of the world's sorrow, and

with a deep susceptibility to the touch of that pity and terror which, rightly experienced, are the mightiest agents in the purification of the spirit.

In Germany's struggle with the *imponderabilia* which that country has misunderstood and despised, she has arrayed against herself three spirits, each of them potent for victory, because the respective secret of each lies in a region which materialism and the materialist estimate of values cannot reach, each an invisible nerve of this *Befreiungskrieg*.

These three forces are as follows:—

1. The British passion for liberty, the spirit of the sea.

2. The soul and genius of France, finding in the sacrificial blood shed by her own sons the spring of regenerative power, shooting forth, pruned and strengthened from the touch of the lethal weapon as it cuts down into her life.

3. Not least the Slav spirit, the soul of Holy Russia, still in the Middle Ages, still untamed, still responsive to what Nietzsche calls the "clang of war's silvery bow," taking up arms with the serious feeling appropriate to some ritual of religion, a liturgy of the sword.

Both the Holy Orthodox Church and the millions of its peasant adherents are in their present feeling at the same stage as Israel in the time of the Judges, or as the crusading hosts of childlike mediæval Christendom.

To the Russian Orthodox, Germany's alliance with Turkey appears as a league with Hell, as in truth it is.

One of these three spirits alone would block the way effectually, even with a long-drawn-out struggle against the Prussian temper and policy. In hurling herself against all three, Germany will find that she has made the sort of disastrous miscalculation that those clever people always make who think that forces that cannot be weighed and measured by their own standards may be dismissed as fools' imaginings.

Germany will find that in the dread whirlwind of fate the powers that are destined to rend her clever plans to pieces are not countermoves on the diplomatic chess-board, but vast elemental things, incalculable, unexpected, yet inevitable.

It is one view which sees in war's stern arena the contending peoples driven on to the battlefield like the gladiators of decadent Rome ; as far as this struggle is concerned it is another and more true one which sees them as the instruments, half blind, half conscious and vitally consenting, of great world forces, the spirit agents of the drama, the chorus, as in Hardy's *Dynasts*, of powers impersonal, beyond and behind humanity.

Now, Russia comes into this struggle of giants with a unity of all the forces that make up her very complex existence as absolute as is the corresponding unity of national elements in the case of the other parties in the contest.

Alike in Russia, in France, in Britain, as in Germany also, the most discordant elements in each country respectively are working together by no mere external pressure but by a centrifugal attraction. The differences in Russia have been so startling and so fundamental—ranging from a purely mediæval conception of life to a destructive criticism that rejects all forms of society and every possible religion, at least in any sense in which such things have previously existed—that the unity which now prevails as against the league of the triple tyrants—Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey—a unity in which the Orthodox Church and the extremest of the *Intelligentsia* stand shoulder to shoulder—is all the more wonderful because it would have seemed some months ago so unexpected, so impossible.

The deepest instincts of the Slavonic race, the root beliefs and ideals of the Orthodox Communion, the conviction of the progressive parties (with the exception of a few irreconcilables) that this struggle is indeed a

Befreiungskrieg, a war of liberation, all form a converging mass, an impact as of the billows of a mighty river, a force inexorable in its completed result, even if driven back for a time as by a contending wind against advancing waves.

A main cause of this is that the Slavonic racial instincts are profoundly antagonistic to Teutonism. They own, indeed, much affinity to the Celt but none to the German.

For Bismarck, the Teuton was the masterful, masculine element, initiating and insistent, the driving force and also the dominating one.

The Slav and the Celt represented the *ewig Weibliche*, the eternal feminine in humanity, the receptive element, rich, indeed, in certain subjective capacities, endowed with emotional depth, with versatility of mind, and having the pinions of imagination, and yet vague and frustrate unless Teutonic reason and Teutonic will-power enable it to turn its dreams into action, and save it from merely beating its wings ineffectually in the void.

It is probably the result of this general impression of the Teutonic mind, added to definite yet misleading information obtained by secret service methods, which has led Berlin to undervalue the capacity of "the Muscovite."

Germany's miscalculation about Russia is not the least striking in that bundle of miscalculations on the strength of which she has entered on this war with the world.

The problem of religion is always to the front in Russia; but in the term "religion" we must include spiritual movement as a whole, both the reaching out of man's soul to God, and also that reaching out of man towards union with his fellows which without an inner soul loses itself in mere re-arrangement of circumstances.

The Russian spirit is here of immense importance, for the people of Russia is at once, in H. G. Wells's words, "organically religious," and also religion with them invariably seeks a social form. Even their extremest anti-religious movements or anti-Church movements are often, in the case of those who are genuine enthusiasts, and not merely flippant echoes of enthusiasm, marked by a deeply religious spirit, by exaltation, vision, self-sacrifice—in a word, by the Cross. Many in Russia of the party of Revolution, whether in thought or in politics, have displayed qualities which remind us strikingly of the ardour, the loyalty to a hunted cause, the grand abandon of the martyrs of Primitive Christianity.

As in the case of the first Christians, Russian women and girls have been prominent among those, in the Nihilist movements, for instance, who have thrown away their lives and counted them as nothing in the balance as against devotion to an ideal. We may admit to the full the wild extravagance of the theories of many of these political martyrs in the past, their inexperience in regard to the practical side of social reconstruction, their want of historical perspective, the haste and shallowness of their views and theories, copied and exaggerated in most cases from the paper schemes and utopias in the air of the least solid and the worst disciplined of Western revolutionary thinkers or from the more philistine type of scientific materialism—the popularised physical science of the day before yesterday, in which Evolution and Atheism spelt practically one and the same thing.

Let not all this, however, which to our more sober, balanced English intelligence, appears so childish and so hysterical, lead us to ignore the real wrongs against which these people have cried out, the harsh repression which has been, until recently, the sole answer to their criticisms and complaints, and which has filled with venom and passion their propaganda of revolt. We have excused their crimes too much in the past. We

may in our altered mode blame them too much in the present. A noble passion has mingled itself with their fanatical theorising.

Crudeness, mental flippancy, a love of extravagance, a want of proportion and of the discipline of intellect and will—all these serious faults have marred or ruined the movements for social change. Most important of all, perhaps, the imitation of the vulgarest type of Western Atheism has arrayed against the Socialists and Anarchists the organic and instinctive religion of the masses of the peasants.

But the entire intellectual upheaval has had its noble heroes and martyrs as well as its fanatical camp followers and flippant hangers-on.

The *Intelligentsia*, or at least the section of it that favours revolution in ideas or politics or in both, may be divided into two parts, as is, indeed, the case with all similar movements—i.e. those to whom the cause which they uphold is of the nature of a passion on the one hand, or of a fashion on the other, those who are on the one hand either fanatics or enthusiasts, according to the angle from which we observe them, or, on the other, who merely play with questions, the depth and urgency of which their minds are too shallow to appreciate with any sincerity and acuteness.

The latter, mostly students of both sexes, correspond to the "viewy young men" whom Cardinal Newman writes of as being a sort of *entourage* or fringe on the circumference of the intellectual upheaval caused by the influence of deep and genuine thinkers.

With persons of this viewy type, both male and female, the Russian Universities appear to abound, or to have abounded up to the present. They sit up nearly all night round the samovar discussing every sort of problem on earth and in heaven, and quoting, amid the smoke of unceasing cigarettes, Karl Marx and Nietzsche and all other prophets of revolt.

At least, such is the impression that one gathers from adequate observers and from impartial accounts of Russian intellectual life.

Nothing is taken for granted, except, indeed, that Christianity is played out, and that Theism is unscientific. "Everything is allowed," is a saying of Nietzsche's taken by the more advanced wing, in a sense, in theory at least, which means the most complete moral anarchy, and, indeed, in a flippant manner by some that Nietzsche himself would have been the first to scorn.

At the centre, however, of all this, was something in the past days of war to the knife with autocracy more deep and serious than these external characteristics would seem to imply—something that could bear exile, and death, and even mount the scaffold with cheerful alacrity, "like a bridegroom," as was said of Charles I when he died in a very different cause.

As far as we can judge, however, by all available evidence, it would appear as if after the last revolutionary outbreaks all over the Russian Empire, which were followed by the inevitable reactionary measures, it has been possible to discern on both sides indications of the beginning of a new era.

The promise of Home Rule to Poland marks a better epoch in the history of Russia, and is the commencement of reconciliation between those two branches of the Northern Slavs, the Russians and the Poles, whose history for centuries has been one of antagonism accentuated by the ardent adhesion of Poland to the Latin form of Christianity and of Russia to the Eastern Orthodox one.

May we not hope that Finland will not be long in regaining its self-government, a benefit which can scarcely be refused after a similar benefit has been conferred upon the other centre of national discontent. What is really most full of hope, however, in the present

attitude of Russia, is the way in which the Government of the Czar is emancipating itself and its country from that influence of Prussian ideals and methods which ever since the time, at first of Peter the Great and afterwards of Catherine II (herself a German Princess, Sophia of Anhalt-Zerbst), has provided an uncongenial atmosphere for the political development of Russia. It has been said that while the Russian people are by race Slavonic, their Church is Byzantine and their mode of government Prussian. Certainly the last part of this statement is partly borne out by the militarist and bureaucratic spirit of the Government on the Neva, and the way in which, by the institution of that imitation of State Lutheran methods by Peter the Great, the Holy Governing Synod, the Orthodox Church of Russia can be made an instrument for political purposes of a reactionary type.

In the past the Prussian spirit has penetrated beyond its own borders, within the limits of the mighty neighbouring Power.

Poland tried to conquer Russia by force, Prussia has almost succeeded in conquering it by penetration of ideas and influences.

The present breaking with Germany's spirit, symbolised by the change in the name of the capital from Petersburg to Petrograd, is likely to mean that the great Slavonic State is going to develop a genuinely progressive life, but on lines congenial to its own native genius.

It means that its Government will never again make Potsdam and Berlin its models. It means—at least, we may hope so—that its educated classes will no longer strive to inoculate the naturally religious and idealist nature of the Russian people with the spirit imported from the West, from Voltaire's days down, the spirit of scepticism, negation, arid criticism, and narrow logic—"the spirit that evermore denies."

The correspondence of Catherine the Great with

Voltaire is no longer a fact of which the consequences are likely to be apparent in Russia.

Of all the devils that could threaten to possess that country, the least likely to do so is Mephistopheles, the cynic.

No mere mocking scorn can be a true expression of a soul so mystical, so sacrificial, and so naturally and instinctively Christian as the soul of all that is best and deepest in the Russia of to-day.

In two respects the so-called *Intelligentsia*—the class of Russians some of whom have ideas and love ideas, and others of whom only chatter about them—appears to be moving away from the aimless anarchism, intellectual, social, political, of the Russian revolutionary movement, with its impossible beliefs or unbeliefs inspiring the assassin on the one hand and the martyr on the other, and always with its contempt for history and its inaccessibility to the recognition of the organic nature of society.

1. The *Intelligentsia* is becoming increasingly open to the influence of that conception which, translated into political language, means constitutional progress, reconciling continuity and tradition with the onward thrust of movement and of life.

In England, with all its stolidity towards ideas, we see a sort of Liberal Catholicism in politics, a holding together the truth of Tradition and the truth of the Modern Mind.

This evolutionary type of social ideal, that of Burke at his best, is likely with the educated Liberals of Russia to take the place of the earlier and cruder notions cut out with clear edges, as it were, from the pages of Karl Marx or some similar West European writer, and having no root in the instincts and temperament of the enormous mass of the peasant population who compose about 85 per cent. of the Russian Empire.

2. The consideration of the peasants leads to the

other point, as to which there are signs that the minds of the *Intelligentsia* are to a much less degree than in the past under the influence of hasty a priori notions and badly assimilated bits of arrogant Westernisms—i.e. in regard to the attitude of educated and liberal Russians to religion.

While still more or less outside any enthusiastic acceptance of the Faith of the Orthodox National Church, the older fierce scorn and root-and-branch Atheism has been largely modified, where it has not altogether disappeared.

The fact that few books have been so much read lately in Russia as Henry James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, is of itself a good omen, and the recognition of the significance of religious mysticism and of the appeal to collective spiritual experience is likely to win an increasingly powerful adhesion among such natural mystics as the Russians as years go on.

This is exactly what we should expect, for the Russian nature is not of the clear-cut, logical Latin type. The good Russian is by nature an idealist; he is for ever on an adventure. The pilgrimage rather than the home is his symbol of the Gospel. As M. Willbois has truly remarked in his *Russia and Reunion*, the Russian has a dislike for over-definition, while he has a devotion to the spiritual and the ideal. The present materialist tendencies of Germany can never really reflect the Russian's true soul, his inmost nature.

Neither can the French Rationalism, even when he has professed himself its disciple. Because both are foes of mystery, and because they clear up too much, Rationalism and Scholasticism are alike uncongenial to his nature, when the latter is unperverted. "Look with wonder on all that is before you," is a saying ascribed to Christ which ought to find an echo within the Russian soul. It is with the Celt rather than with the Teuton or the Latin that the Russian's real affinity lies—with the Celt, and in many respects also with the Englishman,

especially since both Russia and England have always been outside the main central life of the European continent, and each has been, in its own way, a world to itself.

Towards the Prussian, in spite of the Prussian influences at its court, the Russian people has always felt something stronger than a mere limitation of sympathy or mere blunted feeling ; it has had an absolute inability for any common understanding, now deepening into profoundest antipathy. With other peoples the Russian may have had partial affinity, with the temper of modern Germany never. The life of Germany is like the evolutions of a well-disciplined regiment, scientific in its equipment and efficient in its training. That of Russia, in spite of the increasing spirit of method and order in its military matters, as in other departments, has in reality more in common with a not very orderly corporate pilgrimage. It has *Die Wanderlust*, the love of roaming, the sallying forth of the spirit as on an endless discovery and upon a boundless plain. The soul of the steppes is in the mind and literature of Russia.

CHAPTER VI

THE RUSSIAN SPIRIT: WHAT IT STANDS FOR—(*Continued*)

No doubt such writers as Tolstoy and Dostoievsky differ in the inwardness of their message, that of the former being Buddhist and of the latter Christian. Yet both are alike in perceiving that the spirit of Christ, the Saviour of men, cannot coexist with that exploiting genius of commercialism which is already threatening to turn many Russian towns and the factory quarters of the cities into the state of things which, outside Russia, only such places as Chicago can parallel.

It is round the personality of the peasant that the struggle between good and evil in Russia will be waged, for the peasantry are the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants, the main trunk and stem of the population to an extent unparalleled in any other European country, perhaps in any other country in the world.

If we accentuate the humility, simplicity, faith, patience, and perseverance which lie at the root of the Russian peasant character, we do not deny that these qualities are often accompanied, as, indeed, in Russia generally, by several serious faults, especially in the direction, often in details of life, of truth-speaking, of honesty, and of lesser though important things, as regard for cleanliness and sense of order. This slipshod disregard for many things which the Teutonic temper at its best values, and rightly values, is not denied even by Russia's greatest admirers. Russia, unlike Prussia,

has the grace of humility and of confession, and so her own writers have, even with exaggeration, proclaimed her national faults.

Whether we can say truly that all the Slavonic races have in a marked degree the *anima naturaliter Christiana* will depend largely upon what we mean by the word "Christian." In the case of certain of the southern Slavs, their adhesion to Christianity amid Turkish persecution, even when sealed with the blood of martyrdom, has been probably as much a matter of racial loyalty and instinct as of spiritual faith.

But the character of the greater Slav races, the main northern stocks, the Russian and Ruthenian, the Poles and the Czechs, has always been distinguished by a vein of profoundly religious feeling. This has taken historically three directions, corresponding respectively to the three main divisions among Christians.

1. The Russians proper and the Ruthenians of Little Russia, receiving their Christianity from Constantinople, have all through their history been devoted to the Church of Orthodoxy, the Christianity of the East. As a rule, when falling off from it they have fallen off from all religion—that is, as far as individuals are concerned.

2. The Poles, on the other hand, were, through the unceasing labours of the Jesuits, turned from a strong inclination to Protestantism in the Sixteenth Century, and that to Protestantism of a distinctly Socinian or Unitarian type, especially among the nobility, to becoming the most ardent Roman Catholics in Eastern Europe. Before this, however, Polish Protestantism had, in the person of the famous John A'Lasco, exercised the greatest influence on the English Reformation, in a Zuinglian direction, as represented by the changes made in the Prayer Book (1552). Ultimately the Jesuits, however, made of Poland an absolute spiritual conquest. The Poles found in the later history of

their country, like the Irish—their Western counterparts in many ways—the strongest consolation in what appealed to them as the older form of religion for the miseries and insults which they suffered at the hands of neighbours more powerful and practical than themselves. In Poland, as in Ireland, the Holy See could ever count upon the most passionate devotion to the form of Christianity of which it is the head.

3. Protestantism, of course, is earlier as a fact than as a name—that is, than the Diet of Spire, 1529. To talk of Protestantism before Luther among the Slavs is not, therefore, an anachronism. The great period of religion in Bohemia, the country of the Czechs, was the Fifteenth Century. The Wyclifite teaching, which had penetrated from England into the country in question, raised there a strong body of adherents, both of clergy and laity, acting more or less in defiance of Rome, and holding, some to greater lengths than others, the Ultra-Augustinian principles taught by Wyclif in the Fourteenth Century, and by Luther and the German Reformation, and afterwards by Calvin, in the Sixteenth.

As the Czechs now belong, at least nominally, to the Roman Church, it is often forgotten that they, a Slavonic race, were once dominated by a strong movement of religion of a practically Protestant character—that Slavs were the pioneers of the Teuton Reformation, that its nursery, after its birth in England, was in Bohemia.

In fact, Protestantism passed, in history, through three stages—the English or Lollard, the Bohemian (Slavonic), and the German.

Finally, here as everywhere among the Slavs, religion and race went together, for Hus and his friends were followed by the Czechs, who rightly saw in them ardent patriots as well as religious reformers. There was in this Bohemian Reformation much of the mystical

Slav spirit, more like Anabaptism in its extremes than like Luther's domesticity.

The religious spirit among the northern Slavs tends to ardour, to self-surrender, to extremes. It is true to say that Russia is organically religious, for even the anti-religious in Russia are in this sense religious, that they have a cause for which they would sacrifice themselves, an ideal to which they are obedient—they are religious in their anti-religion. This idealist strain is true of all the Russian people.

It is true of the Pan-Slavist Orthodox dreaming of Constantinople and of S. Sophia, for, as Mr. Stephen Graham has taught us, S. Sophia has for the believing Russian a deeply mystical significance. All Russian churches reproduce it in form and in spirit. "There," said the ambassadors of Vladimir, speaking of it, "angels worship with men."

This mysticism characterises the Raskolniki, the Russian Dissenters, too, more ritualistic even than the Russian Church herself, embodiments of the Old Russia, before Petrograd and Peter the Great (the Anti-Christ) and the German Catherine; the Russia of Kiev, whose first princes were the Scandinavian merchant warriors, the royal race of Ruric that came along her water-courses, the primeval roads of Russia, from the Baltic to the Euxine, and whose Church was then but as a youthful daughter of the queen of Eastern Christendom, the New Rome, Constantinople, as yet unravished by the Ottoman.

The more extreme forms of Russian Dissent of the secret freemasonic type, of which there are many extraordinary varieties, afford instances of religion and idealism perverted, the lofty dream become a crazy nightmare. Proofs of this are the bizarre sects, survivals possibly of the Paulician Manichees, and, like the latter, either grotesquely ascetic or grotesquely licentious, which carry on a strange underground sort of existence, often with curiously Asiatic types of ritual,

and always with a sort of Gnostic fraternity of the inner light, among many of the peasant districts of Russia and among traders also in the towns. Here, again, as with the Sixteenth Century Anabaptists, it is religion under the form of mysticism which meets us, though both religion and mysticism seem to have parted company with sanity and often with morals.

We are told also that in the case of those Russian sects—as the Stundists—which are of the Western Protestant Nonconformist type—originally offshoots from German Lutheranism—the same intense mystical spirit tinges them.

Whatever else they differ in, all sections of the Russian people, believing or unbelieving, Orthodox, sectarian, anti-clerical, even so-called Atheists, all alike, almost without exception, agree in a spirit that throws itself away for a cause or an idea, and that even when it denies the Gospel, yet takes for granted the foundation principle of the latter, that “man doth not live by bread alone,” that “we must die to live.”

Where any considerable exception to the above appears to be apparent, it will be found to be, as we have pointed out, where commercialism has perverted the original character of the people. It is hard for the young peasant who has migrated to Petrograd, and become a factory hand at a shilling a day, living with wife and children in a corner of a room in the slums beyond the Alexander Nevski Monastery, to retain long the simple temper of the village he has left, with the arteries of pilgrimage wandering away over the plain that seems to stretch to infinity:—

‘Neath the broad open eye
Of the solitary sky.

But the factory hands, if they lose their old religion, soon get a new one. In the sweltering slum they talk together as their fathers did in the village; and they

are gregarious, too, but no longer in order to tramp in company to the distant shrine or monastery, but to form unions, often secretly, and fight the masters, and win recruits for the Socialist propaganda.

The ikon may no longer be kissed, nor the Gospels or the lives of the saints studied, or at least listened to as with those in the quiet village, but the workman's union is his Church, struggling, misunderstood, and persecuted, as true Churches always are.

At the same time, we must never forget, let commercial conditions extend as they will, that—whether they be wretched for the worker, as often at present, or the most favourable possible—still, owing to the natural configuration of Russia, the peasantry, as we pointed out above, must always form the overwhelming majority of the population. Russia is a Peasant Empire. There is in fact there the reversal of the relative proportion in numbers in this country of artisans to agricultural labourers.

Whatever the hardships of the Russian moujik, even though he may have had little or no schooling, or cannot read and write, he is in many respects far more of a man, and often with more mind, than our wronged English "Hodge." The Russian peasant, ever since the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, has profited by a process of land purchase not dissimilar to that which has taken place in Ireland. He is now in most cases, although generally poor, and often extremely so, either a peasant proprietor or a joint sharer in the communal ownership of land administered by the Mir, or village community, essentially a democratic and, to a certain degree, socialistic organisation. So true is it that Russia is a land of paradoxes and extremes.

The peasants in Russia feel that very largely the land and the Church are their own. The Russian squire, when there is one, and that is not always, has only a share, though a real one, in the interests of either the one or the other. Goldsmith's lament over the loss of

the peasantry in his *Deserted Village* is true to-day of England, but not of Russia.

The two passions of the Russian peasant's soul—other than his family affections—are his land and his religion. Both are like mysterious mothers, whose claims for love tug at his heartstrings. He has not been, as the English peasant was at the Sixteenth Century Reformation and after, robbed of the common lands, and no longer able to find in a worship expressing itself in rite and symbol, customary through past ages, the expression of the struggling efforts of the earthbound towards the heavenly. The Reformation in Scotland created a sturdy peasantry; that of England is now admitted to have been, in its economic aspect, "a revolt of the rich against the poor." Its patrons robbed the common people.

Whatever else the Russian Church is—and in politics it is reactionary enough—it gives the peasants who throng its churches for hours together something more expressive than "Dearly beloved brethren" and the General Confession on "G."

The clear bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

It is possible, or indeed certain, that the peculiar attraction which the Russian Church, as also the entire Orthodox Communion, of which it is by far the largest part, has for many English Churchmen, by reason of the fact that in it there is a vast embodiment of that principle of Catholic organisation as represented by a federation of national Churches without Popery, which in the West has been so often regarded as a dream both by Romans and Protestants, may cause the serious failures of this Church to be ignored. They are, indeed, obvious enough. Their roots are to be found in undue subjection to an autocratic State (though the Russian Church's Byzantinism does not eviscerate the Faith as does the Erastianism of Prussia), the prevailing ignor-

ance of the mass of the clergy, and the tendency to view the work of the Spirit in the collective Church's evolution as finished with the Seventh General Council ; to sum up these dangers, statecraft, lack of intelligence in the teaching office, spiritual petrification. But are none of these to be found among ourselves?

A recent important work, *The Interpretation of the Russian People*, by a distinguished Russian scholar, Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard, deals severely with these and other faults which vitiate so much of the otherwise splendid qualities of the great Church of Russia, and are largely derived from that Church's Byzantine source. The facts in regard to them are patent, and when we are fascinated by the more attractive side of the picture, we must remember that in regard to any indiscriminate admiration of the Church of our Eastern Ally in this war, it may be that the saying holds true that "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view," and that if the Anglican Communion has her deficiencies and drawbacks, the Russian Orthodox one has hers also.

The admission of these facts, however, is no justification for the offence against both truth and charity committed by those Westerns, whether Roman Catholic, Protestant, or unbelievers, who see in the Russian Church nothing else but, as has been said, a Communion "rotting to death," filling the land with the stench of bigotry, superstition, and obscurantism. How true it is that hatred blinds, while love opens the spiritual eyesight.

While writing severe things about the faults and failures of the Church in question, Professor Wiener, in the work quoted above, concludes : " Yet it may be shown that Russia has a germ of a far deeper religious consciousness than any other country in Europe, and that a few years of intellectual and political reform will bring the Greek Catholic Church so prominently to the front that the older Churches of Europe will find

it very difficult to compete with it for real efficiency and widespread influence.

"Even before attempting the analysis of the Russian religion, it is possible to prove this thesis from general considerations."

- As the judgment of a Russian whose sympathies are evidently entirely with Liberalism of an advanced type in thought and politics, and who is in no sense an ecclesiastical layman, the above represents an important conclusion.

The truth is that none of the evils under which Russian Christianity labours are inevitable.

As to the education of the clergy, the present writer cannot forget a charming glimpse which he had of the life of the Great Seminary of the Troitza, near Moscow, and of meeting with and sharing in the hospitality of some of the theological professors, men evidently full of enthusiasm for sound learning, open to the best influences in modern thought, and well calculated to inspire their scholars with the same feelings.

The increasing spirit of constitutional liberty in Russia is bound to affect the Church, both politically and intellectually, and when reformation comes, as no doubt it will, it will, almost certainly, be on the lines of evolution rather than of revolution, along the methods akin to those of Erasmus and of Colet rather than to those of Luther, Calvin, and Zuingli. It will neither be a revolution nor a reaction.

But to return to the more popular side of the Russian Church.

The present writer remembers leaving the Volga steamer at Kazan on a Sunday morning in 1913. As he wandered down the dusty quay, which was untidy and disordered to the last degree, close to the riverside a church door stood open. It was essentially a poor man's tabernacle. The "Liturgy," or, as it would be called in the West, the Mass, was in progress, performed with the same unearthly sort of atmosphere

which, owing perhaps to the greater slowness and dignity of the service than of the comparatively rapid Latin Rite, seems to the writer to be an invariable characteristic of the Russian service and of the Orthodox churches. This method of worship has its own attraction as, in a different way, has that which Cardinal Newman justified by "Swiftly He comes, swiftly He goes," the Christ beside the Lake of Galilee.

The church was closely filled with a standing crowd, the majority men and lads, and all about as rough a collection of people as one could find in any gathering in Christendom. It was very un-English, but it was very Christian none the less. As the deacon's notes alternated with the choir in the *Gospodi Pomilui*, and the chants with voices only seemed to float higher and hover and linger like the faint perfume of the disappearing incense, one felt that it was good to be there, because of, rather than in spite of, the sheepskin coats of one's fellow-worshippers, and the prostrations and wide crossings from head to breast and right shoulder to the left, repeated again and again in the most natural and unconscious manner. No doubt the average Englishman would think all this wanting in reserve, but, at any rate, the congregation was uncommonly like the kind of hearers to whom Christ preached in the synagogues of Galilee or in the temple courts at Jerusalem when the "common people heard Him gladly," and peasant women, no doubt with a good deal of what English people call "superstition," sought to touch the hem of His garment, and as "many as touched were made perfectly whole."

In that admirable book, Mr. Williams' *Russia of the Russians*, the author gives a most true impression of what we may call the genius of the Russian religious worship—that of the Orthodox Communion—a worship the attraction of which was felt in the days of the Oxford Movement by Dr. John Mason Neale, of illustrious memory, who tramped over several of the Slavonic

countries, studying the Orthodox Church and its people, both of which he loved, and in our own days by Mr. Stephen Graham, whose accounts of his journeys with the Russian pilgrims have opened out a new world to English readers. It is remarkable that of English writers on religion the two who made the Russian Church known in its best aspects to English educated people were Dr. Neale and Dean Stanley. The latter, though at the opposite pole to Orthodoxy, was fascinated by his visits to Russia, and loved its Church for her picturesqueness, her historic position, her comparative toleration, and, most of all, for her close union with the State.

Mr. Williams writes of the country parish priest, usually a peasant, "walking down the village street in a low-crowned hat and blue cassock, with a cross on his breast, bearded, long-haired; he is simply the village 'pope,' Batuishka, the Little Father, Father Nikon, Vasili, or Michael. But when he enters the church, dons his robe of cloth-of-gold, and the altar doors open, and he comes out before the assembled congregation, chanting and swinging a censer, in the smoke of which the sacred pictures in their glittering frames take fantastic forms, and the shadows within the altar (enclosure) become full of mystery, then Father Vasili becomes another being, a priest, with powers of which some intimation is given in the sad, sweet, slowly rising and falling tones of the choir, the familiar but solemn Slavonic words of the prayers, and the sonorous responses of the deacon.

"The Church touches the peasants in some way hard to define. They stand in rows, the men on the right, the women on the left, with folded hands, listening to the chanting, and gazing at the sacred pictures of the Saviour, the Madonna, S. George, or S. Nicholas the Wonder-worker. They often bow and cross themselves when a wailing note in the singing, a name, a phrase in the prayers, makes a sudden appeal. Sometimes a

pilgrim near the door will kneel and bow ecstatically, touching the floor with his forehead, and whispering, '*Gospodi Pomilui!*' ('Lord, have mercy!'). The priest closes the altar doors and disappears from view, he opens them again and reads the Gospel for the day. There is no break in the service ; choir and deacon take up the burden when the priest's voice ceases, and in that world of strangely vibrating and plaintive utterance the peasant congregation is held for two hours or more, until at last the end of the Mass is reached, and the priest advances holding out the Cross, and the parishioners throng round it to kiss it and to receive a blessing."

The present writer has witnessed scenes like the above on an immense scale at one of the pilgrimages to the shrine of S. Sergius, at the great monastery of the Troitza, near Moscow—a monastery whose warrior monks in former times saved Russia by rousing the people to fight against the Tartars when Dmitri of the Don led on the Christian hosts, and again when the invading Poles, in the period when our own James I was King of England, besieged the Troitza, and from the battlements of this monastic city the enemy were kept at bay for months, and finally repulsed.

It is often said that the Russian Church lives in the Middle Ages, but in many ways the traditions she cherishes are most like to those of Israel in the time of the Judges, and the favourite saints of her calendar are as often warriors as ascetics. The present war will undoubtedly bear to the Russian masses the aspect of a crusade, and the alliance of Germany with the hated Turk, his hands ever red with the blood of the martyrs, will stamp the Kaiser for them as the Beast of the Apocalypse.

At the present moment (October 1915) the ancient part of the city of Kiev, the Canterbury of Russia, or, even more, the "Russian Jerusalem"—for there is a modern part, the business and industrial quarters—is

alive with scenes which are like those which Europe must have witnessed in Crusading days. The Great Monastery, the Petcherski Lavra, the ancient mother of Russian Christianity, crouching and watching, as it were, upon the sacred height, is alive with religious and patriotic fervour. We read of the thousands of fugitives—haggard priests with the sacred vessels and bells of their churches; peasants, not in the fighting line, especially, of course, the very old and the very young; women, including, no doubt, the withered crones, who, often with faces that suggest old Anna in the temple, faces that remind us of some Rembrandt portrait, are the unfailing accompaniments of Russian religion, and the haunters of the courts of God; and with these minstrels, fortune-tellers, beggars, even Jews (for the monastery is tolerant in its hospitality to all who fly for refuge from the Teuton), all surging into the vast enclosure of the Lavra, camping in its fields, fed by its hospitality, thronging its churches, where tapers are blazing and prayers ascending day and night.

This is one of the great scenes in the world drama in which the "thoughts of many hearts" are being revealed, in which the nations are discovering each its soul. It is like a coming to life again of the time when the great Troitza Monastery, like the settlements of the Sons of the Prophets in the days of Samuel, made Russia's heart indomitable in the trial hour of the hurling back of the Polish invaders at the beginning of the Seventeenth Century.

With all its stiffened traditionalism, there is about the Russian Church a stubborn, indomitable, half-silent strength, which only things concrete and with deep roots in history ever have, which abstractions and views do not possess, whatever their temporary flame.

There is imprinted on the memory of the present writer a day of supreme interest which he spent during his visit to Russia at this Petcherski Monastery at Kiev—the same which is now sheltering the exiles flying

from the Prussians. It was the feast of SS. Peter and Paul—a great day in the Russian calendar. He arrived at the chief monastery church as the Mass or Liturgy was drawing to its close, and the pilgrims were being communicated. From a gallery he noticed that contrast, or perhaps we ought to call it harmony, of ancient splendour of marble and frescoes and of the slow-moving pomp of the service with the poverty, the cheerful freedom of bearing, the collective feeling of the enormous crowds of standing peasants, prostrating, crossing themselves, swaying hither and thither, as the long service drew towards its end. At last came the rush to kiss the hand of the officiating prelate, then the dispersal into the grounds of the Lavra, the bivouacking under the trees, the greetings of one family to another. It was a religious picnic on an immense scale. Almost every one was poor, but no faces reflected the dull materialism, the sordid temper, that are the real curse of poverty.

It was like one of the journeys of the Galilean pilgrims to the temple, such as that one when the Child was lost and found. Then came the visit to the catacombs, where rest, in row after row, the bodies of the saints, the first evangelists of Russia.

Later came dinner in one of the guest-houses, for a very modest sum, soup with great lumps of meat or fish in it the chief feature, and the inevitable samovar afterwards, with the tea which all Russians love. A large party of young men and women who had come together were at this writer's table. A genial bearded monk was in lively conversation with them in the intervals of his service with plates and dishes.

It was a homely, natural scene, Chaucerian in its character as far as friendliness, humour, and humanity were concerned. Then Vespers followed, sung without, of course, any instrumental music, two wonderful boys answering each other antiphonally like the nightingales in the old poem, *Music's Duel*.

After that was supper. Last of all, as the writer looked into one of the monastic churches, he came on a multitude of pilgrims making their confessions in the open nave, four priests hearing them, in different spots, crowds standing round each penitent waiting their turn. The freedom and not irreverent disorder of the Russian congregation were everywhere apparent. All day and all night the monastery appeared to be alive. Now there will be a life more strained and terrible, the sword of the Angel of the Lord exposed, and the prayers for those on the battlefield and for the dead ascending night and day.

To the Russian Christian, as to the mediæval one, religion is far more concrete and localised than to us modern Westerns—at least, to the Western Protestant—and this fact coexists with a profoundly mystical tendency. Both meet in the institution of pilgrimage, which at once detaches religion from mere parochialism, and sends it forth a wanderer and an exile seeking a country, and yet also encourages the tendency to meet God and his saints at certain rendezvous or trysting places, spots where, as at Bethel in Jacob's wanderings, the feet of angels touch the solid earth, and God has met His servants in visions and wonders.

As George Herbert writes of the Old Testament theophanies :—

He's gone to Carmel, as folks tell,
Hark ! heard ye not great Aaron's bell ?

The pilgrimage still lives in Russia in the good old mediæval manner, and not as at Lourdes, remarkable as are the scenes at the latter place. No pilgrimage in the West is as indigenous as those in Russia.

Among the faces of the Russian pilgrims are some the rough lines of which glow with the light of the spirit, but most mingle their religion with pleasantries, with business, with family concerns. Like all great

manifestations of religion, the Russian Church is not afraid of being taken liberties with. The pilgrims are at home with it. A Chaucerian element of kindliness, of humour, a rough "give and take" in the open air, form the atmosphere of a Russian pilgrimage. It is religion on the tramp. It is like a child seeing all things new, as yet untroubled by the critical questionings or the world weariness that assail maturer years.

On the vast plains of Russia Christ and His saints go from village to village, or may be met along the roads that wind away into the distance with Jerusalem as their goal.

The peasants are in sympathy with the truth of the saying ascribed to Christ: "Look with wonder on all that is before you." Yet their wonder is mingled with natural simplicity. When they share their food with a wandering stranger for the sake of Christ and His Mother, they would not be altogether surprised if in so doing they, like the patriarch, were to share the blessings of those who "entertain angels unawares."

If the spirit of the mediæval pilgrimage still lives among the Russian masses, so also does that of the Crusades.

Like Spain against the Saracens, so Russia against the Tartars and the Turks has been in a great part of its history a nation on crusade. Constantinople as the objective has not been, indeed, to Russian generals and diplomatists a piece of pure idealism. Practical interests have made the attraction no merely theoretical one. But to the peasant masses Constantinople suggests a crusade. It is the mother of Orthodoxy, the matrix and nurse of the Church of Holy Russia, from whence S. Olga and S. Vladimir brought to Kiev the torch of faith. The instrument of Russia's conversion, besides political reasons, was the attraction of the ceremonial of S. Sophia for the ambassadors of Vladimir. At S. Sophia, they cried, the seraphim served at the Liturgy. The Fall of Constantinople was to the

Orthodox of Russia what that of Jerusalem was to the Israel of the Dispersion.

Yet the mark of the blood-stained hand of Mohammed II, impressed in 1453 upon the wall of S. Sophia, is fading, while the face of the Byzantine Christ over the spot where once stood the ikonostas—that face never wholly effaced, that “de-composes but to re-compose,” is waiting for what may be now the near moment of the counter-crisis. The day draws nearer when the Turk who entered Europe with the spring of a tiger shall leave it as he came, amid blood and fire, his sun sinking, as it rose, surrounded by the red clouds of war.

That Russia has not been solely disinterested in her Near Eastern policy is, of course, quite true. Still, the vast wave of flame for the Cross and against the Crescent running through the whole of the dumb masses of Russia was, and is, a fact as much as any game of diplomatic chess played at Petrograd. It was and is a fact, though the mind of the music-hall Jingo in England during Lord Beaconsfield’s supremacy would have refused to believe it, judging all other men by himself and by his own inveterate commonness.

The idealism in the Russian character is hard for English people to understand, because of that “passion for the ordinary,” as H. G. Wells truly calls it, which, in spite of outbreaks of genius, is so strong a feature of the national mind of our country.

As an instance of this idealism of the Russian masses, akin to that of mediæval Crusaders or of Seventeenth Century Puritans, we are told that the Book of Revelation is the favourite storehouse of reference for mystical politics among the peasantry. Before the war, even in the public-houses, old men could have been heard discussing together 666 as the “Number of the Beast,” and the respective claims of various public individuals to be the Antichrist “with a mouth speaking great things.”

No doubt by this all are agreed that to the Kaiser by right that “bad eminence” belongs.

Whatever may be thought of the Russian Church in regard to the way in which she has been manipulated by the State, or to her partial failure in appealing to the intelligence of the educated as distinct from the devotion of the masses, at any rate, she makes a grand appeal to the *imagination*, and she is not afraid of doing so.

Now Christianity is essentially a religion of high spiritual distinction, of noble idealism, a religion which invokes the vision and the gleam while it inflicts no outrage on the intelligence.

Yet how lacking is this high note in our average English Christianity! For it imagination lifts her torch in vain.

The Russian Church, however, can afford to have the note of homeliness as well as of distinction. The homely does not mean the commonplace. Simplicity and naturalness are as characteristic of Our Lord's work and person on the one hand as are wonder and mystery on the other. The writer has seen a peasant woman, a pilgrim, making tea at her samovar in the church porch of the great monastery of Kiev, while her children were sprawling around on the marble pavement of the splendid building as Vespers were proceeding. The Church of Russia is the people's home. She may be called superstitious, and no doubt she has not our English fear of superstition, but she is not, what is a great deal worse and more unchristian—she is not stodgy and respectable. She can afford to be free and homely as Christ was, because she has no doubt of her position as the representative of the Redeemer to the people of Russia.

As Mr. Maurice Baring, who knows Russia through and through, tells us in his book *The Mainsprings of Russia*:—

“Religious music in Russia has its roots in the hearts of the people. And whatever in the future may be the influence of rationalistic tendencies and materialist theories, of superficial indifference or ill-

digested science, the Russian people at the present moment love their Liturgy and the ceremony, ritual, and music of their worship.

"The Church still plays an overwhelming part in national life. And for the peasant, the Church is not only a place of mystery, sweetness, and consolation, but its window opens on to all that concerns the spirit—it is his opera, his theatre, his concert, his picture-gallery, his library.

"The Russian people still flock to the shrines of the saints, and walk hundreds of miles on foot to visit holy places. A peasant woman once asked me to lend her two roubles as she was going on a journey. I asked her where she was going to, and she said 'Jerusalem!'

"A pilgrim in a Russian crowd is as constant a factor as a soldier, a student, or the member of any other profession. The Churches are still crowded in Russia, and they have that attribute without which a Church is not a Church—they smell of the poor."

And this is the Church which many members of the Church of England have spoken of with pitying contempt!

All over "Holy Russia" Bethlehem and Calvary do not represent merely past events. Christianity is not an abstract thing, removed from earth or only visiting it on Sundays. All day and every day Christ, His Mother, and His saints make rendezvous with humble Christians.

The pilgrim has great allies. He is made free of the company of the redeemed, and can claim kin with the aristocracy of Heaven. This type of religion overflows with friendliness and fellowship of mortals with the unseen, of human beings with one another, but most of all, of the poor with the poor.

The absence of pews in the Churches is characteristic. People come and go without fuss or comment. "They know the ways of the place" as they say in Ireland.

Indeed, in religious matters Ireland and Russia have many affinities—as have the Celt and the Slav all the world over.

The Russian peasant may sin much, and no doubt he sometimes does so, but he also “loves much” and knows how to repent. The superstition for which he is blamed is at any rate untouched with dull self-righteousness. His religion is tender, warm-hearted, and loving. It has Christ at the root of it. The divine picture may have at times a tawdry over-decorated frame, yet still this mystical Christ is the centre of his beliefs—not merely a vaguely benevolent Deism, tempering a dull materialism, as is too often the case with our English field labourers, a vague belief in “Providence” and “them above,” to use the phrase which George Eliot, who knew the agricultural people of her country well, puts into the mouth of the English peasant woman (nominally of the Church of England) whose grief makes her religion articulate.

That the Russian Church needs, among other reforms, an improved system of education for her clergy, is absolutely true. Along with increased independence from political wire-pulling, this is her chief need.

Yet even alienated, as to some degree she has been, from the more intellectual class, an alienation for which they are perhaps as much to blame as she is, she was able to retain the allegiance of a Soloviev and a Gogol. As to Dostoevsky, even though he had once stood on the scaffold as a political criminal, yet he wavered not in his Christian faith, nor forsook the Church of his baptism, even while he was alive to the failings of much in her system. One of his most beautiful characters, the Christlike Elder Zosima in the *Brothers Karamazov*, is a Russian anchorite, and had his original in actual life.

A Munich poet who, as a Nietzschean, rejected the Gospel of Christ, has remarked in an essay on Dostoevsky that the sympathies of his—the critic's—fellow-

countrymen could not be with the latter because his ideals had nothing to do with those of Germany. It is remarkable, by the way, that though Dostoevsky was at the opposite pole in his ideals to Nietzsche, yet the latter admired intensely the psychological discernment of the great Russian novelist.

The critic in question goes on to say, further, that in his opinion Dostoevsky is the most important exponent of Christianity since S. Francis of Assisi.¹

Dostoevsky's relationship to the Church was, on the whole, rather that of an individual mystic than that of many of the Pan-Slavist party for which the Church in itself is a sort of mystical palladium of their hopes and aspirations, and the recovery of S. Sophia for Orthodoxy, and with that the gaining of Constantinople, the new Rome, for Russia, is the goal of their dreams. Dostoevsky was too much of the mystic and the lover of Mankind—too much of a modern S. Francis—to be, though intensely Russian, solely interested in the ideas of racial religion which are the very nerves and arteries of the Eastern Church, at once its strength and its weakness. The value of the Church to him was rather as a sphere in which he received the Gospel, and the Gospel is, in his writings, neither the Christianity embodied in a great semi-political Institution with a distant Founder behind it in the historic past, nor, still less, the powerful but often spiritually egoistic feeling that one is justified by knowing and accepting a "Plan of Salvation," for which no doubt Christ's merits are essential, but in which the real centre is constituted by the believer's feelings.

The Russian Church allows and encourages Bible-reading for all her children. She gives a supreme position to the Gospels—the ceremony of the "Little Entrance" in the Liturgy symbolises their unique

¹ "Dostoevsky and Russian Christianity," in the magazine *Comment and Criticism*, by W. F. W. Mortlock, November 1914.

dignity—to the Gospel record, rather than to the Epistle to the Romans, which is viewed as a theological treatise for more developed Christians, not exactly as milk for babes. In this we note what would appear a startling mistake to Evangelical Protestantism, for which, since Luther, that great Epistle has ever been the favourite Scripture—in Luther's view, that from which all Christianity if lost could be discovered again.

For the Russian Orthodox—if a genuine believer, and especially if mystical—Protestantism, strange as this may appear to pious Protestants, would not be sufficiently *Christocentric*. It would centre too much in the believer's feelings, and would appear as if tinged, unconsciously, no doubt, with spiritual egoism.

Now, the true, not merely pantheistic, mystic is essentially and always Christocentric. So, when Catholic, he values the Church, not as an administrative machine, but as the Upper Chamber, the extension of Palestine, the landscape, as it were, around the Emmaus walk on which Christ and His friends commune together continually.

For a mystic of this type the Church is a sphere, not a substitute, a sphere of the points of rendezvous, sacramental and spiritual, with Christ and with the things of Christ. He finds in the Gospels and in the Holy Communion—like the author of the *Imitatio*—the things that really matter and for the sake of which the other things in religion exist. He is grateful to the Church for securing and handing on these central things. She is the garden, the *Hortus Inclusus* in which these flowers of such inexpressible fragrance flourish, and from which, like a bee, he can draw such unfailing stores of sweetness.

Dostoevsky valued the Russian Church, not as an institution, but because in it he was able to combine membership in the great National Christianity of Russia with an ardent devotion to what he calls the "Russian Christ"—that is, really, the Jesus of the Gospels. He

was a Jesus-worshipper to the core. The story of the raising of Lazarus, we are told, filled his eyes with tears and his soul with wonder.

Now, to be a Jesus-worshipper, to be in love with Christ like Dostoevsky or S. Francis, to have the "*Amor amicus*," to use the words of a Latin office hymn, rather than the *Fiducia* of Lutheran theology, is the difference between disinterested love towards a personality for the latter's own sake, and the affection which gratitude for enormous benefits should inspire.

Hence it is that, though there have been many Protestant mystics, especially among German Pietists and Moravians, yet still the deepest mystics have been either Catholic in temper and belief like William Law or disengaged from any Church like Jacob Boehme.

Gogol, another distinguished Russian writer, delighted in the "Liturgy" (the Russian Mass), for which he wrote a commentary full of mystical devotion. We may contrast this with Tolstoy's bitter caricature of this subject in his *Resurrection*.

Like Tolstoy, Dostoevsky had a clear conviction of the inadequacy and superficiality of the ordinary Russian Liberalism, and of the incapacity of any mere change of political and social arrangements, as distinct from one of heart and character, to reach the evils from which Russia suffered. His novel, *The Possessed*, is largely penetrated with a profoundly pathetic sense of the failure of the programme and spirit of the *Intelligentsia*. In this novel he shows with positive horror the effects on the young of scepticism and irreverence run riot. For, unlike Tolstoy, while he discerned the Church's faults, he did not see in her merely an object for hasty scorn, a dumb idol.

Of another great writer, Vladimir Soloviev, who died in 1900, the most brilliant of modern Russian philosophers, we are told on excellent authority¹ that his influence, in which philosophy always appeared as the

¹ Mr. Williams' *Russia of the Russians*, p. 175.

handmaid of theology, is now making itself more and more widely felt.

"Vladimir Soloviev stands before the Russian *Intelligentsia* now as the most striking example of a man of great learning, a poet, a bold and consistent liberal publicist who not only possessed a profound religious faith, but was devoted to the Church as an institution." He has left behind him a group of scholars, his energetic and ardent disciples, whose study of the philosophical bases of Orthodoxy is at once modern and profound. Orthodox as Soloviev was, he felt that reunion with the West should be his Church's goal. He was able to see and admire the best side of the Roman Communion, and to appreciate the nobler aspects of the Papacy.

To sum up the three chief lessons which it appears to the present writer that Russian Christianity can teach us, in spite of any shortcomings on its part—lessons that we English Christians and English Church people need especially to learn.

1. The first is that Christianity is Mary in the first place, and Martha only in the second, that the essence of religion is the vision of God—the Revelation, in Christ, of the forces of the Unseen—"that where there is no vision the people perish."

2. The second is the simple and natural humility of true religion, the latter being God-centred, not man-centred.

3. The third is honour for poverty and suffering—the doctrine of the Cross.

1. As to the first, the Russian believer feels that the Church stands for worship and not merely for philanthropy, and that the unseen is manifested through the concrete—the sacramentalism of life and of the Incarnation.

In the Old Testament story, Jacob, with all his faults—and he was anything but straight—had this sense of the unseen, he made adventures into the world of mystery,

while Esau, in spite of his splendid manliness and frankness of character, remained to the end a child of this world, and never rose above its atmosphere.

Is there no reproach in this comparison when we consider the average Anglo-Saxon, with his honesty and honour and sense of duty and nodding acquaintance with religion?

Viewed from this standpoint the Russian peasant has the root of the matter. His faith in the Incarnation is with him a thing of the heart ; he kisses the ikon of Christ just as one might kiss the portrait of a lover or of a mother.

He has no cold fear of being over-devout. He has found, it may be under wrappings uncongenial to our notions, the pearl of great price. The Russian peasant *worships* Christ, which the German Liberal Protestants, with their "Do not believe *in* Jesus, but believe *with* Jesus," do not

The Russian believer, with his religious instinct, is in the main stream of that human nature which God has made to know Himself by methods deeper than merely those of scholarship and argument, while those who are only critics of religion are whirled round and round in a side eddy of the flood of life.

He is a big child, no doubt, often with all a child's faults of temper and self-will, but oftener with a wonderful patience almost unparalleled elsewhere.

The religion of Holy Russia is a religion of children rather than of university professors. We need not disparage the first-rate work done, in religion as elsewhere, by professors, nor believe, in a fit of reaction, that the wilful starvation or suicide of the intellect is the way by which to reach God. What has been written above about the masses of the Russian people is not meant in that sense. The best men in the Church of Russia itself, as we have noted already, are awaking to the need for better intellectual training for its clergy, for better use of preaching and of catechising, if the great Communion

of Orthodoxy in the Empire of the Czar is not, at the touch of the new thought that is coming, to sink into a peasant cult ; if the crude Voltaireanism of which the more educated Russians are becoming ashamed is to be demonstrated practically to be an expiring survival from a superficial age.

When we say the religion of Russia is that of the child, we mean that it is on the right track for keeping in touch with Christianity. Not in vain is the ikon of the Eternal Child and His Mother in every house in Russia, at street corner shrines, by wayside places, in the school, the railway-station, the inn. At every turn the heavenly Boy in the arms of His Mother teaches the humanness of God.

Of the way in which the religious atmosphere is an integral part of everyday Russian life, the street shrines in such a city as Moscow are evidence. They are seldom without worshippers of all classes, and always of these there are even more men than women ; for, true to the oriental character of its Church, congregations in Russia are very masculine in composition, an interesting fact for those to note who consider that ceremonial worship means always a body of adherents mainly feminine.

The pilgrims wait for hours, sometimes all night we are told, on the steps of the shrine of the Mother of God of Iberia, in the busiest quarter of Moscow, close to the Kremlin, and prayers are made there and elsewhere without ceasing all day long.

Shall we say with insular hasty scorn that this is all superstition? If we looked on it from Christ's point of view should we not see in it something akin to the temper of the multitude, doubtless often ignorant, who waited "for the moving of the waters"—a temper uninstructed, yet dependent and aspiring, stretching out its hands to something beyond?

Of course with many of the worshippers the mechanical, superstitious, or non-moral side of the

devotion at shrines and before ikons is something which is a very evident alloy. But whatever be the faults of Russian religion, it has certainly a characteristic which has a real connection with the fraternity and humanness which is one side of the spirit of Christ—i.e. the way in which the National Church and the Russian peasant population and the Russian poor are all one together—parts of one organism, which is "Holy Russia." The monks, the nuns, and the peasant pilgrims are all bound up together in one great type of popular Christianity, deeply rooted in the broad, common life.

The sweet-faced old nuns, like S. Elizabeth in S. Luke's idyllic Gospel, whom one sees at the porch of a cathedral in one of the great cities, as the crowds pass in or out, gently holding a collecting-box for the expenses of the rebuilding, it may be, of a distant convent on the banks of the Volga, do not look like the deceivers or the dupes of Protestant or Nihilist legend. Old-fashioned, indeed, in their piety, and no doubt no less unmodern in their ideas, yet, all the same, they speak with the Galilean accent; their manners have a gracious natural courtesy, the courtesy of those who frequent the courts of the King of Kings.

Russian Religion, whatever its faults, is entirely free from snobbishness, the respectability standard, and self-consciousness or artificiality of any kind. It is brotherly, simple, natural, and popular—represented by the crowds pouring in and out freely at the doors of its sanctuaries, not, as often nearer home, by a rivulet of comfortable-looking people making its way to the Parish Church, a sort of moving oasis of respectability amid the surging life around, that life good-natured, good-humoured, and outside official Christianity.

Whatever the heresies into which Russian thought may fall, the Unitarian type—the natural resultant, as in Germany, of religious Liberalism when unsacramental and anti-Catholic—has no attraction for it.

The instincts of the Russian nature about religion

seem to swing between the poles of belief in the Incarnation, that in the Person of Christ the Divine Spirit walked the earth as Man, on the one hand, and Atheism, combined often with the most passionate Humanitarianism on the other—between Orthodoxy, the uncompromising Orthodoxy of the Church of Russia, and blank unbelief.

The side eddies of heresy in Russia are rather mystical and theosophical than semi-rationalist. Unitarianism is not among them to any degree.

To understand Russia we must remember that it is a land of extremes. The Russian, in his religion as in everything, knows no *Tertium Quid*. He does not, like the Englishman, as one has said, ask every morning, "What thing can I make a compromise about to-day?" He is not afraid, as the English mind generally is, in everything, to jump the plank.

The fact that the Russian religion is a childlike one—its hostile critics would no doubt say a childish one—connects itself naturally with the special importance which children have in the services of the Church. Baptism is, with the Russians, as in the first ages of Christianity, a much more elaborate, symbolical, and public rite than with us. The trine immersion makes the outward import of the initial sacrament more striking to the eye.

Again, three of the seven Mysteries or Sacraments, and not, as in the West, one only, are given to infants. The Mystery of Chrism, the equivalent of what is called by Westerns Confirmation, seals the newly christened babe, and the first Communion of infants with the Chalice forms, on many occasions, a striking feature of the Liturgy in any of the great churches. The parents stand together as they hold their infants on the bema or platform, before the ikonostas, kissing afterwards the lips that the Eucharist from the sacred spoon has touched, in order, as they say, "to be partaker of the purity of the child." It is a child's

religion, and children love its churches and are at home in them. They love its services too, long but not tedious as they are. But it is also a religion of old people, like those two who blessed the infant Christ in the temple. Old people haunt the sanctuary at all times, crossing themselves in the broad Russian way, and bowing low. It is also the Church of all people, if they have the child-temper and if they love humility and peace.

One of its child-saints most rooted in popular veneration is the young Dimitri, the blameless son of a wolf-like father, of Ivan the Terrible. This child was murdered by order of an ambitious kinsman, as were the English princes in the Tower by that of their uncle, Richard III.

The tomb of this lad, type of innocent and undeserved suffering, like the Lamb of God Himself, stands in one of the Cathedrals in the Kremlin. The writer has seen mothers in crowds lifting their little ones to kiss, on the golden shrine, the face of this angel child.

No doubt a religious temper like that of Russia has its serious defects. It easily lends itself to a sort of fairy-tale atmosphere, the atmosphere of the child. But an attempt to make Christianity a theory for the educated alone is not among its faults. It still has, amid manifold and obvious imperfections, the dew of its youth—the atmosphere of Bethlehem, the tone of mind or rather of heart to which the shepherds and the sheep and oxen, the magi and the star, the gifts and the straw, the divine lyric of love and poverty, of purity and peace, is essentially congenial, in which it finds its affinity. For the Russian believer is not one who knows God best as the “Absolute,” but one—

Upon whom have smiled,
In dreams, the Mother and the Child.

S. Luke, not Fichte, is his guide to the Godhead.

2. Akin to the sense of dependence on the unseen,

is the second point, the profoundly natural *humility* which is the very essence of Russian religion when it is genuine—humility towards God, His saints, and our fellow-creatures and fellow-members of the Church. Hence to the religious Russian confession before man is a natural instinct, and not merely caused by obedience to an ecclesiastical rule.

This humility is the recognition of man's filial and brotherly relationships, of the conviction that he is not sufficient for himself, that he is part of a larger whole, in union with which alone can he be perfected.

It is the direct opposite to the root and foundation of modern German ideals—i.e. the necessity of giving free play to the assertive, exploiting side of human nature, the pseudo-Darwinian obsession.

3. To come to the centre. The Russian peasants and Russia generally have grasped a side of Christian truth and of the facts of experience which we in England scarcely dare to face, i.e. the conviction that sorrow and pain are of the essence of the process by which every soul is perfected, that in the words of Lord Bacon, "If Prosperity be the blessing of the Old Testament, Adversity is of the New," that—

We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better

—in a word, *the doctrine of the Cross*.

It is the inner kernel of Dostoevsky's writings, and Tolstoy has used it to break with the customary and conventional Christianity.

It is a truth which seems profoundly congenial to Russia, with its vast plains and ice-bound rivers. Yet the Russian soul does not apprehend the doctrine of the Cross as one of hopeless gloom.

This sadness of the Russian temper is no mere moroseness. It is not naturally of a brooding and inhuman character, although, no doubt, in its perversions it may and does become so. It is found in every true and noble type of Russian in all classes, side by

side with tenderness for misfortune, with the sympathy which identifies itself with the sufferer, with the power of burden-bearing, with sacrificial love. It hears beneath earth's surface noises—

The still, sad music of humanity.

It is no hopeless pessimism. For, after all, the Russian is by nature a happy soul, though his happiness, when it is true, does not mean shallowness. So, when he embraces the Cross, it is as the other side of joy, necessary to joy, giving it its power and poignancy, as death is the mate of life.

CHAPTER VII

THE TESTING OF DEMOCRACY AND THE TESTING OF THE CHURCH

It can scarcely be questioned that, speaking generally, those modern European thinkers who are in strong sympathy with the social movement are inclined to regard organised Christianity as a reactionary force. In some countries men of this type challenge it, as Gambetta did in France, as an active enemy antagonising progressive ideas.

In others, as our own, the national Church, at least—whatever may be said of Nonconformity—has been viewed by “progressives” generally as a passive obstacle opposing the *vis inertiae* of vested interests and privileged traditional position to the nimble attacks of the critical spirit, the pioneer of change.

On the other hand, it is again and again the case that men of letters, bored or exasperated by the philistinism, the superficiality, and illiberal Liberalism of the “progressives,” are drawn to look tenderly and with a sort of home-sickness on that Christianity of history which the Liberals would destroy or else remodel out of all possibility of recognition. Those who have been accustomed to the old wine with its mellow flavour cannot “straightway desire new.”

The enchantment of the past, invested with all the charm of distance and the claims of the spiritual element in life, of the traditional and collective—as with the Romantic Movement of Europe in the reaction

after the Eighteenth Century Rationalism, or with the Neo-Catholic writers of the France of to-day—assert their influence after the clamour of the insistent present with its cliques and its nostrums. But the type of religion that is favoured by the cultured is often itself as much a product of a clique as is the rationalism it would displace. Neither are of the open air. The reactionary type of religion, when it does not tend to fanaticism as with Louis Veuillot and the early writers in the *Univers*, is often one that shrinks with delicate repugnance from the vital human questions that have come to the front, and the claim of which to be heard will not be silenced. A ruinous mistake has been made by believers in failing to see the *Voluntas Dei in rebus revelata*, to discern God at work everywhere, to recognise that, looking at life as a whole, the great saying of Hegel—for it is his rather than Schiller's—*Die Weltgeschichte ist Das Weltgericht*, is true, that God has not retired into the sacristy, leaving the world for knaves to bustle in at their will.

Looking backward is only admirable when it is the prelude to going forward, when, like the athlete, we step back that we may jump farther. Otherwise it is but the attitude of Lot's wife.

To estimate the lengths to which the Reaction went, the passion and depth of the repugnance of its keener and nobler minds to the results of the *saculum rationalisticum* as they flamed out in 1789, to realise that this anti-liberal attitude was no mere dilettante pose, one must remember that Newman, when abroad in the first days of the Oxford Movement, refused to land where his eyes might rest upon the hated tricolour. On the other hand, one could hardly expect from Shelley—the “ineffectual angel” who heralded for English poetry the attempted triumph of an age of Messianic ideas, of a quick-change revolution in politics, society, and life—a judgment even approximately just as to the great religious institutions which were to him but the

more poisonous portions of the upas-tree, the shade of which had blasted the freedom and the joy of life.

The truth about the ideas of 1789 lies, where the practical sanity of to-day is finding it, somewhere between the attitude of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, on the one hand, and that of Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* on the other.

In regard to to-day, the much-needed sympathy between Christianity and the Social Movement in Europe would save the former from becoming a sentiment ever more impotent through its abstraction from life, and the latter from being the instrument of a merely material betterment, an apotheosis of comfort, garden cities, and working men's clubs.

Christianity and the Social Movement—using the latter term in its main general sense as meaning the upward and onward advance of the people in the highest well-being of mind and body, the increase of that equality of opportunity which enables each to "make the best of himself"—are necessary to one another.

Each needs the other. The former when held *in vacuo* is sentimental and resultless. The latter is, by itself, vulgar in mental grain, an instrument of commonplace rather than audacious materialism, or else priggish and self-sufficient.

Each suffers from isolation from or antagonism to the other. Organised Christianity is weak when it loses the conviction of the need of social justice, that great message of the Old Testament prophets. The Social Movement is weak when it ignores the religious sense.

In regard to the inability of the Churches to touch the upward movement of the common people with genuine sympathy, a grandly idealist religion such as the Faith of Jesus Christ is apt to get thin and unreal, phantom-like rather than substantial, when it becomes the practical monopoly of the clergy and of leisured ladies, out of touch with the things that are healthily alive in the secular lay world. A religion of the *ewig*

Weibliche alone cannot touch life as a whole. To do this is the mission of Christianity.

Almsgiving is no present-day solution ; it is efficient sympathy and courageous help in extrication from conditions that cramp and frustrate life which is required of the Churches.

The dream must be translated into the business. The vision on the hill of transfiguration must be brought down among the crowd. The seer on the mountain-top must have his heart in the world. The tendency of religion to shrink from the insistence of common human needs, to feel ashamed of the human body, to see God only beyond the clouds and not in the faces of all who look on us with love, to give alms but refuse brotherhood—this inveterate Manichean or Neo-Platonist trend is the mark of the sentimentalism of the pietist or of the hardness of the fanatic rather than of the virile righteousness and sanity of the Christ-like saint. It is the besetting heresy of a certain type of spiritual mind, delicate rather than vital, or when keen "making its religion its God, instead of its God its religion."

Such persons would condemn Christianity to the thankless task of turning its back upon those signs of change in the great world-crisis of to-day which show that God, as in a *Dies Iræ*, which is also, in Christ's words, "the beginning of birth-pangs," is closing a chapter in His vast book of history and providence, while another, pregnant in surprise and expectation, is opening before the view of those who have minds to think and hearts to feel.

Yet at each great world crisis the environment of the Churches has been too often that of noise and artificial heat, while outside is the austerity and the mystery and the silence of the night. Why should the organised Church, we may well ask, always be content to live in the day before yesterday? Why should she always come in a bad second, after God has struck a blow for liberty and justice generally by the hand of the secularist, the heretic, or the unbeliever?

Why should the communicant be useless for God's purposes, while at some moral crisis the man outside the Church is the champion of the Divine Will? Why should God be constrained to elect the unbeliever for His purposes, girding him though he has not known Him?

To reverse the medal, however, why should democracy in this country be unable to kindle the torch of spiritual imagination? Why should its attitude to the great Religion that broke the pagan pride of the Cæsars and made men bend their knee before the manger of poverty and the cross of the slave, be one either of active hostility or of animal-like indifference? Why should the Church of the Carpenter and the upraising of the common people of Europe remain in antagonistic attitudes or live their lives on different planes of sympathy and interest?

To revert to a writer and leader to whom we have before alluded, Dostoevsky's importance in regard to our present subject lies in the fact that he was neither a reactionary nor an anti-Christian. He refused to accept either horn of the apparent dilemma. He never, like Tolstoy, sought to fashion a mystical non-resistance philosophy out of the debris of Christ's ethics. Nor did he, like De Lamennais in the *sæva indignatio* of the immense disappointment of the latter with the condemnation by the Papacy of his day of his social ideals and programme for Catholicism, throw overboard the supernatural elements of our religion.

Dostoevsky bore his cross for the Russian people with fraternal love ; but with the proud and envious spirit that so often possesses anti-Christian democracy, and that rends and destroys in the temper of mere revolt and negation—"the spirit I that evermore denies"—he had nothing in common.

With tremendous strokes, in his novel *The Possessed*, he shows the more repulsive traits of the Russian revo-

lutionary party, the way in which among them pure-minded enthusiasts fell into the toils of murderous knaves or theorists, and crack-brained schoolboys and schoolgirls dismissed with a jeer the mysteries before which the mind of an Augustine or a Dante had bowed.

The spirit of S. Francis, which rose again in Dostoevsky, once making a home in the Italian Christianity of the Thirteenth Century, in our own day essaying to do so in the Christianity of the Russia of the Nineteenth, is a spirit which cannot co-exist with Mammonism, whether it be the Mammonism of covetous possession in the upper layers of society, or of envy and jealousy in the lower.

Wherever the Christ view of stewardship and sacrifice with regard to money extends its influence, the pseudo-Darwinite view of the brute struggle for acquisition between individuals and classes as a scientific law of life will be felt increasingly to be a one-sided and hasty misapplication of the conclusions of physical science to phenomena in a region beyond the purely physical, a region which, because it is social, is therefore also spiritual, and in which the family rather than the individual is the unit, and collective action is the indispensable background for liberty and freedom of initiative.

An encouraging feature in the present European *impasse* is that the impotence both of the Churches and of Socialism to avert this world carnage or to bring it to an end is bound to lead, as it is already leading, the adherents of each of these international forces, the Christian and the Social-Democratic, to use some wholesome *examen* of conscience as to the reasons for their respective failures.

For what is the state of the case?

We have Christianity, consisting, on the one hand, of an international, highly centralised Communion (the

Roman Catholic), into the unity of which national Churches have been practically absorbed, and on the other of various Churches independent of Rome.

The fact that the Roman Communion of to-day is not as large or European an affair as was the mediæval Western Church, which, although under the presidency of the Papal Monarchy, yet had a good deal of latent Nationalism, and even inchoate Protestantism and Liberalism, as yet unexpelled from its organism, is due, of course, to the fact of the great Sixteenth Century Schism draining off so much of the Teutonic element from the ecclesiastical body.

It is also due to the spirit of Jesuit militarism, which, like that of political Prussianism, tends to regard regimentation and discipline as ends in themselves. Hence the Roman Church of to-day is only international either geographically or in spirit to a limited extent. She has not the power, even if she had the will, to supply to Europe that element and atmosphere of a spiritually organic life in which the more idealist type of pacifism, as distinct from that arising merely from commercial interests and from the desire for comfort, would find congenial environment, in which such a noble aspiration and dream as that of Kant in his *Essay on Universal Peace* (1795) could take shape.

The Roman Communion has been undergoing since the Reformation a process of concentration and of contraction of ideas, involving the withdrawal of attention from matters which imply the application of the Christian spirit to human questions as a whole, by reason of the centring of interests upon the preservation and extension of the mechanism of the Church, considered as an object in itself, in regard to its efficiency and administration. This had to be done amid the fierce attacks of ceaseless foes, as if a city during siege had to remodel and overhaul its municipal organisation. More attention has had to be paid to the details of the working of the system than to its wider outlook.

The Latin Church has become less and less an organism and more and more a mechanism.

The Counter-Reformation had the spirit of a sort of religious "Committee of Public Safety," and, like the institution of that name during the French Revolution, it was concentrated in purpose, persecuting in method, and intolerant of internal criticism. While martial law was proclaimed there was neither time nor inclination to consider questions not directly affecting the Church's solidarity and extension. The social problems involved in Christianity, except as regards marriage, were largely ignored by both Roman Catholics and Protestants. Some wild attempts, no doubt, mingled with a true, if eccentric, idealism, aiming at bringing them to the front and solving them by drastic measures, were made by the Anabaptist sect, the *enfant terrible* of the Reformation, but these were speedily quenched in blood, to the satisfaction of all orthodox Christians, Roman, Lutheran, or Reformed.

In regard to the question of to-day, to be quite fair, we must freely admit that the Churches independent of Rome have done no better at the present crisis, or at any similar one in the past, while no doubt their failure is not so noticeable because, by the nature of the case, each could influence only one of the combatants respectively. They are, it may be, helping vitally to promote the morality, the self-control, the self-sacrifice of the populations to whom they minister, but the international effect of any of them is, perhaps, necessarily not only merely limited but almost nil.

Outside the more historic Churches and groups of Christian believers, the vaguer or more subtle influence of Christian feelings and ideals—the forces to which such men as Eucken or Sabatier would appeal—though no doubt quickened by the crisis, have been conspicuous by their apparent powerlessness on the stage of the European conflict.

It is the truth, although an unpleasant one for religious "Liberals" who are in sympathy with the Allies to admit, that if "ecclesiastical Christianity," and especially the Pope as its most definite organ of expression, has failed in regard to this war, the failure of "Liberal Christianity" has been much the more flagrant of the two. If the highest external authority in Christendom of a sacerdotal character has kept silence about the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, it has, at least, not loudly attempted to justify that crime, as have the leading German Liberal Protestants, from Professor Harnack down. As to silence about the drownings of non-combatants, there has been little to choose. The Religion of Authority at Rome and the Religion of the Spirit in Germany have alike emulated Brer Rabbit in "lying low and saying nuffin." But now approving voices come from German pulpits!

Turning away from every type of Christianity, what are we to say of that young, strong force, generally described as Socialism or Social-Democracy, or among ourselves taking the form of the Labour Movement, which, whether as a tide of vigorous and optimistic ideas, or as a closely knit European and American federation or group of federations, has presented itself for about a century past in increasing power and influence as a new Faith for and in Humanity, a secular Catholicism, not having its eyes turned away from facts and bent on delectable mountains in the clouds, but with clear vision directed towards practical aims in the reconstruction of this extremely practical and visible world? Do the events connected with the war encourage us or not to throw Christianity overboard and accept a purely secular type of Socialism in its place?

Are we to hold that what may be called the supernatural elements in Christianity are an early perversion of what was originally in essence an anticipation of Social-Democracy under the impetus of the teaching and

influence of the greatest of moral revolutionists? Are we to naturalise Christianity, eviscerating it of all which Social-Democrats think an unnecessary dream? As against this attempt at solution—the swing of the pendulum from Manicheanism to Naturalism—candid scientific criticism of the sources of our Religion shows that the latter had its birth amid a crisis of eschatological expectation, when it lived as much in the Beyond as in the Now.

Criticism of the origins of Christianity and also the inward experience of those most deeply touched by its spirit, show us that it cannot, without destroying the very law of its being and ceasing to be Christianity at all, shake off that first impress, and that the Church of Christ has always in ideal, and in the personalities of her most distinctive representatives, the saints, stood loose, if we may say so, to the present world, a pilgrim and a stranger at heart, even while entangled as to the circumference of her organised life with political complications and with the stewardship of earthly goods.

In fact, it might be truly said that the achievements of believing Christians in the direction of social reforms have been the by-play of the Church's progress through the world, the side issues of her history, rather than the direct and limited goal of her endeavour. The emancipation of the slave has been a detail in a wider and deeper emancipation—the entire redemption of man, body and soul, conscience and will, from that tyranny of sin which has its roots in the unseen.

Peace between the nations has only been the Christian ideal in so far as its conditions are those of justice, of righteousness, and of truth. "First pure, then peaceable," but the gospel of a non-Christian Socialism has been more direct and limited. It has refused to give attention to those hungers and diseases of the soul, which it apparently regards as largely imaginations, due to the way in which Christianity has tended to create whole classes of spiritual hypochondriacs, "half-starved men and hysterical women," the victims of a self-centred

tyranny, of the supposed needs and ailments of the spirit, bound by the chains hardest of all to get free from, those forged from within..

If the atmosphere in which Christianity is most at home (though not, of course, exclusively so) is the psychological one, that which is most congenial to the ordinary Social-Democrat is that of physical science and of sociology on its more materialist and least spiritual side. Hence the two classes of thinkers and workers move, as a rule, on different planes.

Of course there are large exceptions to this—an element of idealism, and, in the transcendental sense, prophecy or forth-telling—in a word, of vision—has never been lacking to so stimulating a cause as that of modern Socialism. Of every social movement it is true that idealism of some kind is involved in it, that “where there is no vision, the people perish.”

In fact, without the wings of the imaginative reason the social movement could never have taken the flight over European civilisation which it has done.

All international forces must make an appeal to ideas that stimulate the imagination and extend it as a counterpoise to merely local, and, in the limited sense, patriotic interests. A purely “bread and butter” creed raises no enthusiasts and makes no martyrs. Behind the physical hungers of the French Revolution, the cry for bread, was the subtle force of the hungers of the intellect and of the soul. The economic element, though the spark that kindled the revolution, was not its inward urge and pressure. It could not of itself alone have caused or sustained the Revolution.

In matters political as well as religious “man doth not live by bread alone.”

Again, in these islands the doctrinaire Materialism with which foreign Socialism, and especially that of the German variety, has allied itself, is less in evidence, indeed scarcely at all, as compared with a sort of undenominational and ethical Christianity, the product

largely of the Brotherhood Movement and of the Adult School, unecclesiastical and humanitarian.

This type of religion, whatever its faults, makes the more genial aspects of the Gospel story, the Christ blessing the children, the Friend of fishermen and peasants, "the Good Comrade Jesus," the natural accompaniment, in the world of surrounding ideas, of the Labour Movement instead of the ill understood and exaggerated Darwinism—that Darwinism without Darwin's mental balance and discipline of scientific and intellectual vision, and with Haeckel's dogmatic and pugnacious anti-Theism which is the corresponding accompaniment of German Social-Democracy, its congenial mental atmosphere.

We may remark, in passing, that Darwinism of an exaggerated type is, as we have seen, appealed to by the Militarist party in Germany as against pacifism (*vide* Bernhardt's view of the *Biological Necessity of War*), and also by the opposite extreme, the Social-Democrats, as a demonstration of the purely materialist origin of man, and therefore as a crushing weapon against that "clericalism"—i.e. Christian belief, or even spiritual religion in any form—which is supposed to divert the interests of the people from secular progress and land them into what Nietzsche (himself an anti-democrat) called the "back world," the limbo of futile imaginations. Crude materialism in theory is as much the intellectual environment of Socialism in Germany as a vaguely undogmatic form of Christian sentiment is of the Labour Movement in England. No doubt pronounced Socialism in our country is more detached from Christianity than this. Christianity, however, even to conciliate Labour, can never be reduced to a system to which the future existence of the soul is a matter of comparative indifference, and for which reverent nescience is the answer to speculation as to the Beyond. It can never be transformed into a purely secular Socialist propaganda, although it has a secular

and, in a true sense, Socialistic side. If its gaze rests on the valleys, it must also be directed to the heights ; if it is a child of time, it is also the prophet of eternity.

But it is equally true that the democratic movement cannot be regarded as a sort of gigantic aberration, a mere outburst of what the New Testament calls the Spirit of *anomia*, or lawlessness, human self-will breaking up the wholesome and inevitable restraints of Law—of Divine Law ultimately, and of long-tested principles of human life as the expression under conditions of the Divine Will.

To quiet English Church people of the period when Miss Austen wrote her novels, while Europe was convulsed in the Napoleonic wars, it must have seemed as if the propaganda of the principles of 1789, to which such poets as Byron and Shelley lent the support of their genius, was nothing more or less than an emanation from Hell. The ordered life of class distinctions, the kindly, often most genuinely kindly, paternal government exerted from the squire's mansion and the rectory over the "village people," the system in Church and State which expressed itself secularly in what Mrs. Hemans, that priestess of the settled British point of view, styled "the stately homes of England," and, spiritually, in Goldsmith's "decent church that topt the neighbouring hill"—all this appeared as if it was as permanent and as necessary as the law of gravitation. It was the English system.

Still, ominous murmurs were heard from the crowded quarters of the rising manufacturing centres, refusals to regard the Law of Supply and Demand, which was the ultimate gospel of Whiggery—while Toryism had no gospel at all—as the final answer of the cry of creatures living under conditions more bestial than human. These murmurs rose in places to a roar. "Red ruin and the breaking up of laws" seemed imminent. The hateful French principles were everywhere "hurtling in the

air," wherever the exploited masses began to question why they should be the ones to illustrate by patience, amid filth and hunger, the beauty of a social arrangement to which their labour was indeed necessary, but from which the benefits that they received were out of all proportion to the toll of life which they contributed. The assertion even of those rights of Labour which are now practically admitted by all would have been thought rank blasphemy by good Hannah More, writing her tracts to counteract the principles of 1789, and giving her heart and intelligence, those of a noble Christian woman, to the unstinted service of the poor.

The Evangelical Movement, of which this good woman was one of the most devoted adherents, was, in its development, largely sustained by the feeling of the necessity of a spiritual opposition to the possible horror of an advance in England of French—i.e. revolutionary—principles. In fact, as French priests came for refuge to England then, as Belgian Catholics do to-day, the old stern Puritan antipathy to continental Christianity relaxed somewhat, almost in spite of itself, and not the Church which these hunted priests represented, but rather the revolutionary Government from which they had fled, obtained the "bad eminence" of the Beast of the Book of Revelation.

The Tractarian Movement also, of which such a writer as Charlotte Yonge was the Hannah More—the original Tractarian Movement in its more distinctly Anglican stage—was entirely out of sympathy with democratic ideals.

It was a war against Liberalism, as Newman tells us in the *Apologia*, and although by "Liberalism" he meant primarily the Latitudinarian spirit in religion, yet in it he also included the tendency to political change.

In truth we may say that, not only in England, but through the whole of Europe, the reaction of the religious spirit was manifested in ways the most diverse

and outwardly unconnected—for instance, Evangelicalism, the Oxford Movement, the French spiritual revival under such men as Lacordaire, the Romantic Movement in South and Central Germany, with its secessions of literary people to the Roman Communion. All alike were caused, or at least profoundly accelerated, by the hatred of really religious spirits for the practical materialism which seemed to form the very foundation and environment of the principles which the French Revolution wrote in letters of flame upon the history of Europe.

The root of the failure and disappointment which attended the earlier and nobler efforts of the French Revolution is to be found, among other things, in the absence on the part of its promoters of the realisation of human society and of national life as an organism rather than a machine, a tree that grows even while needing pruning, air, and moisture, rather than a mechanism which can be taken to pieces and put together again. The mechanical or atomist, rather than the organic, conception of human society lay behind the Revolution. It was a view natural to the *sæculum rationalisticum* then closing, and it was in its beginnings in affinity with the English philosophy of Locke.

But it ignored two truths: the *mystical* element in human nature and the *organic* element, both of them in the root and core incorporate with one another. To both Eighteenth Century Rationalism was blind. Yet both are now recognised as being of the essence of human existence. The first is no dream, the second no abstraction.

Locke has receded into the background. The ocean is deeper than his sounding line can penetrate. Kant on the one hand and Comte on the other, however divergent from one another, witness to truths about Humanity, its spiritual and its social character respectively, of which the age which found its climax in the French Revolution had no apprehension.

Hence Edmund Burke's attitude as the great antagonist of the Revolutionary propaganda was justified in so far as he perceived the philosophic fallacies which underlay its creed, the ignoring of the mystical and religious elements of life which formed its practical beginnings and helped to cause the blunder, which had such ruinous consequences, of the *Civil Constitution of the Clergy*, passing afterwards through Robespierre's Deism into the worship of Reason, and at the same time the degradation of common sense.

The fact that all these arid, thin notions, which Rousseau draped in glowing sentiment and moistened with tears, were seen by Burke as principles of death rather than of life, as starved fanatical abstractions rather than as seeds of fruitful growth, and the fact also that this wise thinker perceived the futility of attempts at creating fraternity divorced from religious institutions and Christian motives, must make us hesitate to condemn as wholly reactionary the attitude which found its fiery outcome in his *Reflections on the French Revolution* and *Letters on a Regicidal Peace*.

Yet in many respects Burke was unjust. His very hatred of injustice made him so, as his dread of fanaticism made him fanatical. He was himself as idealist and humanitarian as the inspirers of the French Revolution at their best.

His great dictum, "The principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged," stamp him as no mere reactionary, though it also made him abhor the revolutionary injustice.

He had burned with indignation against the wrongs for which England was directly or indirectly responsible in the case of Indian Princes and of Irish Catholics. Yet as to France he was anti-Liberal. It was, however, his Liberalism which made him so.

Just as Sir Thomas More, the friend of Erasmus and the author of *Utopia*, sent the disciples of Tyndal to the stake when the religious Reform of the Sixteenth

Century, which he had himself done so much to encourage, was passing into a torrent of revolution, so in a similar manner Burke ended as apparently a reactionary Conservative, the *sæva indignatio* against injustice which filled his soul welling up like liquid fire against the Revolution and all its works and ways. To testify against the Revolution in season and out of season was for Burke what the prophets would have called "a burden of the Lord." So W. E. Gladstone's rage against our quondam ally, the Turk, appeared to Bismarck as if it were almost hypocrisy overdone, a playing to the gallery of English middle-class sentimentality.

This desire to vindicate, at all costs, the outraged law of justice, is a feeling which accounts alike for the passion of Burke's indictment of the Tory and Protestant misgovernment of Ireland, of Warren Hastings' treatment of the natives of India, and also of the blood-drenched carnival of the French Terror. Consistency, it has been said, is the mark of a little mind. But here Burke was not inconsistent. One passion, that for justice, governed him throughout. Burke's very pity made him merciless; his sense of justice in the case of the French upheaval made him, in certain important respects, short-sighted and unjust.

Entirely explicable as was Burke's hatred of the cruelty of the Terror and his distrust of the abstract nature of the principles which underlay the whole course of the Revolution, yet it is possible to see now that he failed to grasp the entire inwardness of the situation. If time to come would not think with Robespierre and Danton, neither would it with Metternich and Castlereagh. It was a moment in European history in which an "armed doctrine," a political religion, or, if you will, fanaticism, and a crowd of threatened interests, bristling with the fear of change, stood eyeing one another, each ready for the spring. Burke placed into the hands of the enemies of the Revolution the intel-

lectual weapon of his splendid genius. He was unable to see the vitality for the future of many elements in the revolutionary ideals, or the tremendous necessity at work through them as a besom of destruction, sweeping into the flame much that in every sense deserved to die.

If the ragged revolutionists, who roused a propaganda of arms which poured itself over Europe, were vultures, yet much in the Europe, of which they caused the rending and the harrying, was but as a corpse, and the Gospel sign of the Apocalyptic Coming when in history the Son of Man is revealed is that "where-soever the carcase is, there will the vultures be gathered together." The proceedings of the French leaders during the Terror might have been prompted by devils, but much also of their work in Europe generally, as well as in France, was that of breaking down and clearing out of the cumbrous, useless, and artificial, which marked the era of the end of the Eighteenth Century, as Carlyle rightly discerned it, as a Day of the Lord. Burke's vision of the situation was lacking in prophetic insight. His judgment about it fails in completeness, in spite of the way in which he puts his finger on the spot in regard to the fundamental fallacies which ran like a seam through the entire movement. He was blind to the selfish stupidity of those on the anti-Liberal side who used him while they feared him, who "learnt nothing and forgave nothing." If he cleared men's eyes as to the thinness, intellectually and spiritually, of the revolutionary evangel, its lack of root in human nature and in richness of experience, yet he also enabled the caste reaction and clericalist fanaticism which fought against 1789 and against Liberalism in Europe generally, to take shelter under the protection of his powerful mind. He was more than merely the champion of those who look back, the *laudatores temporis acti*; but these latter found his passion against the revolutionary abstractions, his hatred of those blood-

stained ghosts, supremely useful as a justification of their own distrust of adventurous and hopeful ideas, their own shrinking from life. Hence he became the Apostle of Reaction, though this was not, indeed, by his own choice.

The military historians who helped the eagle of Prussia to rise like a phoenix from its ashes after Auerstadt and Jena, found in Burke's *Reflections* a storehouse of weapons against the hated French movement which had given birth to Napoleon, the instrument well-nigh of Prussia's ruin, and which was the *fons et origo* of that democratic wave in Europe which Prussia, by a kind of quick and sinister intuition, has ever instinctively hated and opposed.

The feelings on this subject of Mommsen and of Von Sybel, the latter the pro-Prussian historian of the French Revolution—his great history of that movement was published in 1853—were fed and strengthened, as they themselves tell us, by the study of Burke, little as they in reality reflected that great mind, truly Liberal at basis.

The Ultramontane Reaction also, and the clericalist party generally in Europe, as well as the pro-Prussians, have carried off Burke's honey to their hive, claiming him as their protagonist against the creed of the Revolution, or, in their view, its necessarily anti-Christian and Freemasonic principles. It is a far cry, however, from Burke even in his most shrill and reactionary utterances to Pius IX's Encyclical against *Liberalismus*.

Even when most one-sided, the English philosopher's indictment is like fierce sword play rather than the thud of the ecclesiastical sledge-hammer. Burke "returns upon himself," as Matthew Arnold has said. His fiercest utterances against the Revolution were, after all, based on a counter idealism. They were not merely the scream of angry dulness. If his voice is shrill, the shrillness is rather that of a prophet than of a scold.

It was Burke's fate, however, that all the reactionary parties, the Tories of politics and religion, should regard him as their apostle, though at his best he could scarcely have been at home at the Congress of Vienna, nor have seen in Metternich any very much better fulfilment of his ideals than in Mirabeau, in spite of the apparent superior respectability of the disciples and followers of the former statesman. It was a sad fate for Burke, who was all vivid intelligence as well as nobly ethical, to become the idol, misunderstood, of the stupidities of Europe. For the great Conservative Reaction, after the Revolution had spent its force, found the rank and file of its adherents, speaking generally, among the stupid, as Liberalism did among the shallow and superficial.

The truth is that the watchwords of the French Revolution, before that movement became the Terror, in themselves and rightly understood, are ethically Christian, and are potentially involved in the original Pentecostal programme of Christianity, regarded as the International Community in which is "neither bond nor free," the members of which, in Christ's words, are to "call no man master upon earth," and in which all "are brethren."

Undoubtedly and naturally the *Marseillaise* has seemed to imply to English ears something tigerish and fanatical, the abstraction of rights apart from duties, the cry of "neither God nor Master." But it is also the fact that true liberty and real progress are the essential outcome and fruit of the Gospel, that since Christ is the complete Saviour, He must intend ultimately to break every yoke, and not the interior slavery of sin alone, but all bondage which hinders the free and filial development of every man in body, intellect, and soul. This programme of an entire redemption is one of which the Christianity after the war will need to be the representative.

In English churches ever since this war began how often has the playing of Rouget de Lisle's splendid gift

to France, the song of the onward tramp of freedom and fraternity, followed a service in which Our Lady's Hymn, the *Magnificat*, speaks of the triumph of humility and sacrifice, as from the hand of Mary the banner of her Son's crusade streams against the wind. For the first time in history, surely, in the *Annus Mirabilis* 1915, has the *Marseillaise* been heard in Westminster Abbey. Can we imagine the shade of George III knowing of this?

It is characteristic, as has been said, that, if it is true, as the poet Gerhart Hauptmann tells us, that many a German soldier goes to this war with a copy of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* in his knapsack, it is also the case that Frenchmen go to the battlefield with the *Marseillaise* on their lips; the one the sword-song of the ruler class, the Superman; the other the sword-song of the Free.

In his usual inimitable way, in which soul makes style, M. Sabatier tells us how, in his own country of the Cevennes, on Saturday, August 1, 1914, the bells of the parish churches and of the Protestant chapels gave the signal for mobilisation, calling the sons of France to arms. He tells us how, on the day but one after this, the long, silent procession of the men of military age marched down the mountain-side, till suddenly arose, rolling across the hills, like liturgic music, the chant of the *Marseillaise*.

It is the song of the awaking of the soul of France, as she goes through the cleansing flame, the fiery ardour of the strain remaining, while the madness and cruelty are purged away. Will, then, this war end in the baptism of the spirit of the *Marseillaise*? Can the Song of the Revolution ever be purified, washed of its stain, dedicated *Christo Emancipatori*?

It must also be realised that if the *Marseillaise* has seemed to express the delusion that freedom can be effected without ethical and spiritual change of soul, that a revolt of the beasts of burden, while they still

retain their old brute nature, is real emancipation, yet also that the *Magnificat* has been too often sung with devotion by persons whose only attitude to the new forces in this changing age is that of shrinking fear or feeble scorn, a people of the sacristy, blinking at light, timidly fearful of the "mountain-top freedom of generous souls."

If the merely secular revolutionist suffers in his one-sided optimism and ignoring of experience from weakness of head, the purely conservative religionist suffers from what is even worse—from coldness of heart.

If, through its historical associations, the *Marseillaise* suggests rather the tiger than the dove of Pentecost, rather the guillotine than the Cross, the *Te Deum* has too often been sung by the Church at the bidding of tyranny, on battlefields which have run red with the blood shed by martyrs of liberty, or beside the stake when the ashes of the truth-seeker have been scattered to the winds.

The *Marseillaise* and the *Magnificat* have each their attraction, and the latter is the song of warfare as well as of humility ; but it is only in the future that it will be possible, under new conditions of life, for the chant of the Revolution to add to its tonic fierceness the ardour and purity of soul with the flame of which, as from the fire of the censer, the Gospel canticle glows. That will only be possible when the social movement has parted company with the spirit of Barabbas, and organised Christianity with that of Caiaphas, when religion has re-discovered its heart and democracy its soul.

The *Marseillaise* has too often been the symbol of materialistic envy, the *Magnificat* of a religion of interests and alarmed class feeling.

Yet the *Magnificat* is no dull doxology for existing things ; it involves the greatest of changes, though from within, the equality of Love greater than that of Rights. Mr. Belloc wisely refuses to identify Christianity

(and his type of religion is that of the most dogmatic and authoritative of all Churches) with a merely blind antagonism to the principles symbolised by the watchwords borne on the banner of the Revolution.

No doubt much in the movement of ideas which sprung into visible actuality in 1789 was fundamentally mistaken both as to theories and methods.

Yet are not the principles in themselves true elements in life, intermingled and held in unison with other principles equally important in the complex whole of human society? It was a one-sided and materialist interpretation of them, and the accompanying slavery to narrow logic—the danger of the splendid French intelligence, in both its faults and merits so opposite to our own more slow moving yet often more intuitive mental methods—which were responsible for the horrors at which the world stood aghast, horrors which were not, however, by any means the whole of the Revolution. If there was the Terror, there was also the splendid heroism and spirit of adventure of France's citizens as they faced the trained armies of Europe. Panic fear drove the revolutionists into these cruelties. They felt that the Powers of Europe, its frightened feudalisms and militarisms, were on their way to treat those whom the latter believed to be merely half-starved rebels like rats who must be driven back to die in their holes. But the rats showed that they had teeth.

Prussia, says Mr. Belloc truly, set out for the frontier with her usual anti-democratic instinct, scenting the breath of European change, her aim to reach Paris and to crush the forces of democracy. But, as he continues, it took her at least twenty-three years to do the first, and she has not yet succeeded in accomplishing the second part of her programme.

In England, indeed, as elsewhere in Europe, the attitude on the part of religious people of an instinc-

tive hostility to what may be called, speaking generally, the democratic movement, has been largely modified, if not entirely changed since the period of reaction succeeding the fall of Napoleon.

Carlyle, Kingsley (in *Alton Locke*), Ruskin above all, but besides these, prophets of social righteousness, as they may truly be called, a host of the more scientific type of critics, able writers and investigators on the subject of social economics in the light of the history of the past and the facts of the present, have given poor old *Laissez Faire*, once so pompous and self-confident, some hard knocks and bumps. With many protests from his upholders, he has been pulled from his chair of philosophic supremacy. He and the "Economic Man," the critics of whom were at one time regarded as dangerous cranks, questioning the divine orthodoxy of "Supply and Demand," are now relegated to the society of a decreasing band of disciples, opposing a hard pedantry to the onrush of social change.

The charge of being a crank is now more commonly levelled against the irreconcilable Individualist than against the utopian Socialist, so entirely have things changed in this respect. It is worth noticing that the rise of discontent with the Manchester School and its hard dogmatism came more often from Churchmen and Tories than from Nonconformists and Liberals. It came, indeed, on one side from such as Cobbett, the free-lance of Radicalism, shaking themselves loose from middle-class Liberal Orthodoxy, but also from men of definite Christian faith, and who were not party Liberals, from Frederick Denison Maurice, Kingsley's "Master," from Lord Shaftesbury, the saintly Evangelical and political Conservative, who on such questions as those of factory legislation and child-labour was opposed absolutely to the *laissez-faire* prejudices of such a Radical leader as John Bright. It came also from that advanced wing of the Anglo-Catholic school which was animated by Hurrell Froude's spirit, and

began to transplant a movement started by Oxford schoolmen into practical operation in the dreary slums of our great cities. Then started that fusion of H. Froude's fierceness and zeal with F. D. Maurice's still nobler idealism, a fusion which has made possible a development at once bolder and broader than Tractarianism, though historically connected with it. The inclusion of Maurice in the Broad Church party is a fallacy which those only can be guilty of who have never read his letters to a Quaker on *The Kingdom of Christ*, or, indeed, his sermons generally. His great sermon on the Anointing of Christ at Bethany is a justification of the externals of religion as being, like the spikenard of the anointing, a standing witness against the selfishness of Mammon. In its reference to the cathedrals of Christendom it reminds us of Newman's sermon on "The Gospel Palaces," and also of Ruskin's noble witness for the inner connection between the spirit of beauty and the idealism of religion on the one hand, and the true affinity within itself of all sordidness, whether spiritual, æsthetic, or commercialistic, on the other. Mammon in his heart despises cathedrals, just as Moloch shells them.

Hurrell Froude, the young Achilles of the Oxford Movement, had little love for the kind of conservative feeling and fear of change which was the soil in which that revival first took root. He was a Romantic Tory with many Radical ideas, never a modern Conservative. In earlier days he would have been a Jacobite, and been "out in the '45." His language about the quiet Church Conservatism which seemed to so many a part of an eternal order of fitness might have proceeded from the mouth of a Radical agitator. It had the touch of Cobbett. He hated alike Commercialism and Erastianism. "Let us have done with this nonsense about a National Church," he cried to Newman, "and let us have a real Church." He it was who impelled Newman farther and farther from any consideration for

the sober type of Anglicanism, and the famous phrase, the "Resident Gentleman Heresy," in regard to the ministerial ideals then more common than now in the Church of England, but still far from extinct, proceeded originally from Hurrell Froude's lips.

He had a mind as radical and even revolutionary on one side as it was that of a zealous champion of a dogmatic Faith on the other. He was the father of what was boldest in the subsequent "Ritualism." He sowed the germs which made possible afterwards S. Alban's, Holborn, as a centre of teaching and worship, and Father Stanton in its pulpit. Hurrell Froude was in temper a revolutionary traditionalist or a mediævalist agitator and unconscious Radical.

His posthumous influence indirectly promoted the ideals of the younger Anglo-Catholic clergy and laity.

He gave to the Church movement, at an early stage, a powerful thrust in a direction which sent it far from the original moorings, and the end of which is not yet. His line was not the "quietness and confidence" of the motto of Keble's *Christian Year*, but rather the tone of his and Newman's contributions to the *Lyra Apostolica*, fierce, tonic, severe.

Of those who imbibed his influence, personally and otherwise, some moved towards Rome, others learned from the Social Movement, none remained purely and solely High Anglican. His attitude of scorn towards the Erastian Establishment of his day made subsequently a sympathetic understanding possible on the part of the Oxford School of that social upheaval that was going on in the open outside the good Churchman's gentle garden plot of life.

Hurrell Froude had no patience with solemn, pompous humbug. While the grandeur of the Mediæval Church, which his ardent imagination saw in a one-sided way under the influence of the reaction against the Reformation, which was then beginning, appealed to him irresistibly, he was no mere clericalist. The "shovel

hattery" of dignified ecclesiastics left him cold, if not critical as well. His influence has left behind it, in the Church of England, a legacy of direct or indirect, conscious or unconscious disciples, the better type centres of salutary discontent, the worse type propagators of impatient scorn, but all bearing a certain resemblance to him in either the stronger or the weaker aspects of his general character and attitude.

His influence on Newman was attended with powerful consequences at first incalculable, and Newman repaid his memory by immortalising it in the deathless pages of the *Apologia*. No men could have been more unlike in the bent of their genius than Hurr  ll Froude and F. D. Maurice, yet the influence of both tended to make the younger clergy consciously or unconsciously susceptible to movements involving social change. The important developments within the Roman Communion in the direction of social reform, developments largely inspired by the late Bishop Ketteler of Mayence, and in America by Cardinal Gibbons, and encouraged definitely by Pope Leo XIII in his various encyclicals on Labour, are indications of the same tendency. A full and inspiring account of the social work and social study carried on to-day in the Roman Catholic Communion is to be found in Father Plater's *The Priest and Social Action*. The Nonconformist Churches also, as represented by their younger and more influential men, are largely moving away from the old doctrinaire Radicalism "of the chair" which seemed to be their inseparable partner, and are being leavened with the principles, in a general sense, of the Social and Labour Movement.

The subjects discussed continually at Brotherhoods and Adult Schools are striking instances of this, as has been pointed out above.

While, however, all this remarkable and instinctive drawing of Christians towards the higher type of

Democracy has been going on for some time past, and will undoubtedly increase, why is it that the Social-Democratic movement as a whole, and the Christian Church as a whole, appear still unable to thoroughly understand one another? The fact is, that the average Christian believer and the average Socialist or Labour man starts in each case from an entirely opposite view of human nature, and that the view implicitly held by one side or the other is inadequately regarded, in either case, in the light of the fulness of the facts.

The conception of human life taken for granted by the usual believing Christian, at least from the period of the rise of commercialism until the newer social movements among the Churches, was (and often still is) one in which the soul and character appear as if isolated from surrounding circumstances and unaffected by them. The soul is everything, the environment is of comparatively little importance. A soul can "be saved" with little or no regard to surroundings. This attitude from the Christian point of view is, however, becoming rapidly a thing of the day before yesterday, and as a consequence the taunts against the Churches from Social-Democracy are deprived of much of their sting and virus. The popular movements, if still outside the forces of organised Christianity, yet no longer can be captured by militant anti-Christian Secularism. Their leaders rather blame the Church generally for feeble indifference than hate her for active opposition to their advance. Even in France the days of the Gambetta and Ferry type of anti-clericalism seem drawing to an end. Meanwhile the kind of Christianity which acquiesces in that sort of inequality which robs human beings of any chance of developing whatever faculties God has given them by nature is a type that is surely passing away.

The social conscience of the Christian Church is not dead, although it may have seemed to sleep. It is awaking, and when it becomes fully alive, it will, in all

probability, mean new developments of the Christian spirit in its application to the problems of public existence, which to us now would appear at best dreams that though desirable are impossible of attainment. After all, if a creature which is a pig by nature, or has become one, is put into a cleaner sty than that which it has inhabited, will the sty *necessarily* change it into a cleaner animal? In the case of human swine, is there not an uncleanness which is more than skin deep, and which environment of itself cannot eradicate?

Is there no truth in Browning's poem, "Pornic," in the praise of that most optimistic of poets given to the Church of Christ for teaching "original sin, the corruption of man's heart" and not merely of his overcrowded dwellings?

Calvin's severe view of average human nature as food for Hell—as the Prussian temper views it, as cannon-fodder, as something at basis not worth preserving—is no doubt false in its one-sidedness, but it is certainly nearer to the truth than Rousseau's facile optimism with his "Man is born free—we find him everywhere in chains." At any rate, the chains are often of his own forging. "The people will be deceived," says the Latin proverb, "and it is deceived." The fundamental fallacy of Rousseau was clothed by Shelley with splendid poetry in the "Prometheus Unbound," but it remains, in the light of the facts of history and of everyday experience, a fallacy still.

The all-necessary moral renovation or moral discipline, the purgation and the building up of character from its inner roots, these things will not be effected simply by the Free Library and the Garden City considered by themselves, excellent as they undoubtedly may be.

The true ally of the carrying through of any social renovation that is drastic, deep-rooted, and permanent is the Religion of the Cross.

Nietzsche with genuine discernment perceived that

Democracy and Christianity are alike movements that have their deepest roots, not in anything that can be scientifically demonstrated, but in the social sympathy that he regarded as, by its preservation of the weak, so injurious to the development of personalities of the ruler type, personalities which cannot grow to their full height save in the exploiting of their fellows. "Christianity," says one of his disciples scornfully, "is the religion of all poor devils," as indeed it is. Christianity is, in real truth, the "Slave Religion." The Cross is the Slave's gibbet. The "lifting up" of the slave's Redeemer is also the lifting up of the slave. Yet this is only true in so far as the process called the elevation of the masses has its roots in the renewal of individual character, and as it involves dying unto sin. Christianity is a Revolution. But it is a Revolution which proceeds from the centre to the circumference. It grips and leavens human life by a fermenting process. There is nothing superinduced about it. A mere change of externals alone, leaving heart and character unregenerated, unpurged, undisciplined, is the ideal, not of Christ but of Barabbas. Still, we must not rest content with a purely internal change. The saying of Christ, "The Kingdom of God is within you," that sanction of Gospel Quietism, is not a complete, not an exhaustive, description of the Kingdom. Christianity is no doubt not pure Secularism, but neither is it pure Mysticism. In it, the inward and the outward meet, and thought weds fact.

The Socialists are right in insisting that environment *does* matter, and matter very much, although certainly this is not everything. Not every will can extricate itself from a coil of unjust circumstance. The purest, sweetest spirit may be stifled in its growth by evil surroundings, just as the morally healthiest environment may be unable to eradicate spiritual disease from a soul that loves corruption by a kind of natural perversity. When, after the war, hate has spent itself and love arises from the sepulchre, in the renewed effort for

the development of conditions adequate for all, in the quickened demands for the recognition of brotherhood as a fact to be accomplished and vindicated here and now—as a part of God's Will to be done “on earth”—there will be found a work for which the Religion of the Cross, with its storehouse of heroic and yet practical motives, can alone supply the adequate moral leverage. It alone “is sufficient for these things.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE TESTING OF DEMOCRACY AND THE TESTING OF THE CHURCH—(*Continued*)

1. SYNTHESIS, or in simpler words, Reconciliation of the divided forces of good, was, in the judgment of the late Father Tyrrell, the work *par excellence* which God is setting for the Church of Christ in the Twentieth Century, the problem which has to be wrestled with by her. But the problem must be subdivided, and, in his judgment, the Church needs reconciliation first with science, second with democracy, the two forces at once young and gigantic which have come to the front with rapid development in our age.

As to science, this need is not so great in regard to our own Communion, for the honest effort to find a reconciling method between science and the Faith, to see the Will of God at work both in Nature and Revelation—this search for synthesis in regard to these great departments of truth represents one of the best contributions of the Church of England to the work of the future.

But in regard to the other reconciliation, that with democracy on its more hopeful side, we Anglicans are still far to seek. The other of the older Churches of Christendom have exhibited more or less subservience to class selfishness. We have been a class religion.

This need not have been so.

There is nothing of itself in the English Church, as distinct from certain phases of Establishment (though these have largely contributed to it), to make it so. The sacraments and the other institutions of the Church

imply in their essence and meaning, as Maurice pointed out long ago in his *Kingdom of Christ*, a perpetual witness against the caste conception, whether religious or social.

Yet an attitude such as that of the good Hannah More and Charlotte Yonge to this big awaking giant of democracy and labour is even still in too many parishes representative of the Church of England. It is an attitude that, while it is that of refinement and piety, is, because of apprehension for that very quiet culture and ordered religion, nervous, timid, and wanting in sympathetic understanding towards the new advancing forces which express themselves often in rough language and unservient behaviour.

No doubt these forces seem rudely to call in question social conventions and arrangements which appear to the frightened opponents of change to be essential to the interests of religion as represented by a settled system in alliance with the conservative elements of the nation. Hence the old mistake is made of identifying Christianity with authority alone instead of viewing it as a synthesis of authority and freedom, of the static and dynamic elements of life.

No doubt, however, the insight of the best minds in the Church of England has, for years past, clearly discerned the inadequacy of a condition of things under which the Hanoverian attitude still reigns, in spite of all the movements and upheavals, in far more parishes than those who dwell in vivid centres realise. No one can deny that a really noble and comprehensive view of the Church's relations to the progressive movements of modern life has again and again been brought forward with keen interest and approbation at successive Church Congresses and at Pan-Anglican Conferences themselves. There has been no want of discussion.

A true standpoint has been taken, marked by discerning sympathy with regard to the signs of change. The

bringing as her Master directed out of the treasure of the Church by her wise scribes of "things both old and new" has been fearlessly and yet also with real wisdom fulfilled as far as the proclamation of what may be called the modern implications of the Catholic Faith and the Gospel Message are concerned. The utterances of the Bishops of our Communion in the Pan-Anglican gatherings in encyclicals and otherwise, not only on social subjects, but also in regard to the need of avoiding the propagation of mere local English Christianity in the foreign mission field, and of extending only what is of Catholic interest, and the claim for the Anglican position as an instrument, as touching both sides of Christendom, for the fulfilment of the hope of corporate reunion of the severed portions of the Church of Christ, have been altogether splendid, and leave little, if anything, to be desired, considered as the expression of the mind of a great Church in regard to these questions which touch the whole world so deeply both in heart and in intelligence.

These utterances have been, in fact, the expression of a noble type of Liberal Catholicism as the distinctive message of the Church of England, and they ought to make thoughtful minds thankful to belong to her. But the weak point is as follows: In the practical action of the Church of England (as distinct from some parochial oases, where prevails the spirit of prophecy or the idiosyncrasy of cranks, whatever way we explain the fact), what is really the direct immediate consideration, when the decks are cleared for action, is the interests of the Establishment. The bigger, grander questions, the ideals, shrink away into academic dimness.

These other problems, although deeply touching enlightened circles, including some of the Church's highest placed ecclesiastics, procure but a languid interest from the general clergy and laity, and the Pan-Anglican line would be opposed by the average Churchman if all that

it involved were perceived. The real object which unites in vehement cohesion the body of "great central sober Churchmanship" is the repelling of an attack on the Establishment. This fills "mass meetings" and gives fire and heart to those who address them. Here we come to bed rock.

This is practically the ark of the covenant. Other things have an academic importance, but this rouses living passion and vital interest. Reform making for the well-being of the common people, the maintenance of the marriage law of Christ, the revival of the spirit of worship—so almost entirely lost in the upper and lower sections of society—the advance of reunion with the rest of Christendom, the new opportunities of foreign extension of the Gospel—these momentous and some of them world-wide questions are indeed matters of keen concern to certain limited sections of Churchmen on one side or another, but the real thing which unites all—save a few, generally silent, critics—in grand united effort is the defence of our connection with the State. So it has been more or less till the present, and in a most disastrous way this involves opposition or indifference to any social change which is pressed by those who are against the Establishment, and tacit support of anything which is bound up with the Establishment. In order to point out this obvious fact it is not necessary, of course, to ignore the good as distinct from the weak side of the State connection. But this is admitted by all Churchmen.

Hence, talk as we will in congresses, we are again and again barred from the practical advocacy of any reforms involving a change in the existing English social system since it all hangs together, including the Establishment in its present conditions. It coheres. Unless, then, we are prepared to leave Establishment an open question, we must always be against the people.

To use a similitude, as in some shops the goods in the window represent a better and finer type of article

than those supplied to the customer, so (no doubt unconsciously) the window dressing of our present Church of England, that which meets the eye of an intellectual critic or inquirer, is of the Liberal Catholic or Catholic Evangelical description. The article, however, in actual supply is the limited class system, which has left the Church of England out of living touch with all the artisan and manual labouring section of the nation, save about 1 per cent., including even the forces of agricultural labour in country parishes, where the excuse of the population exceeding any reasonable proportion of the clergy at work cannot be made. The ignorance of the rudiments of religion on the part of such multitudes of the men who have enlisted in the army or navy since the war began from such parishes proves this to demonstration.

There can be no doubt that we need to adopt a bolder, more human, more sympathetic and hopeful line in regard to the social questions of the age. We need not necessarily assume the truth of a hasty identification of Christ's teaching of brotherhood with the cut-and-dry programme of Marxian Socialism, much of it of the day before yesterday—for Christianity is not a code or system so much as a life—but certainly a different attitude of mind, and consequently a different line of action, is necessary in these respects. Our outlook has been far too suburban and domesticated. Looking with puzzled bewilderment from our vicarage or vestry windows upon the movements that storm past, we have failed to grasp the true significance of an age of change, or to realise that evolution is the law of life ; that, in Newman's words, "to grow is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often."

We have yet to realise that the proof of vitality in an organism, of tough life force, is its capacity of vigorous adaptation to changing conditions. Catholic Christianity is, when at its best, incorrigibly conservative, yet also as flexible and startling in its power of

change as Proteus in the hands of his captors. It is in its capacity of assimilation and adaptation the chameleon among religions.

The Church of England has been styled by an enemy "the most ladylike of Churches." If it is meant by this that Christian womanhood in all its tact and tenderness is consecrated by us to the highest services, that the spirit of her whom Christendom honours as "Our Lady" is our spirit in all true delicacy, purity, and refinement, it would be a thing of which to be proud rather than ashamed. If, however, the phrase means, as it did on the lips of him who uttered it, that we have often a sort of false gentility of mind which prevents us from really touching in any helpful way the things that actually matter, that we shrink timidly from change and therefore from life, it marks in that case failure in that which is the most decisive and practical touchstone of a living Christianity, the power of sallying out to meet new conditions, of conquering by absorbing, of casting our shell, of welcoming experiments and risk.

But Democracy has, if it is wise, its confession to make as well as we have, for God is teaching the current Christianity and the current Socialism and Labour Party alike their defects and mistakes by very drastic methods.

The immense disappointments, the impotence both of organised religion and of organised labour before and during the war; the way in which both alike have proved themselves powerless to prevent the present horror; the fact that both have had to stand aside before the force of militarism and the factors of national instincts and passions—all this is, after all that can be said in explanation of it, profoundly depressing and disappointing.

It is humiliating alike to us and to them, to the Christian Churches and to the Social-Democrats, but to them as much as to us. In spite of all the boasts of Socialism that it would create that "Strike against

war" which it had accused, not altogether unfairly, modern Christianity, through the mingled worldliness and other-worldliness of the latter, and through its loss of influence over the workers, of inability to effect, it has as much reason to feel its powerlessness as has the least socialistic and most inhuman of the Churches or sects of Christendom.

The two Internationals, Christianity and the Labour Movement alike, have had to take a back place while the nations plunge into, or are driven to, the carnage.

Has Democracy, then, no reason for self-judgment, for searching of heart? Has its rather limited sounding line been able to plumb the ocean depths of human passion and human need? Is its commissariat adequate to satisfy the hunger of "so great a multitude"?

Is the spiritual view of life, after all, a negligible quantity?

Is it true that we have found at last, in spite of the Gospels, that man *does* "live by bread alone, and not by every word of God"?

The war may well cause such questions to mount, on both sides, to thoughtful minds. "A deep distress," wrote Wordsworth, "has humanised my soul."

We Christians need this humanising when we are too busy with the chatter of religious cliques and parties to hear the "still, sad music of humanity," of which every genuine social effort is the echo, and which penetrates this war as an immense sigh.

The Democratic Movement needs this, too, if it forgets that mere surface improvement leaves the root untouched, that the redemption which is worth securing will do but little unless it "unmake but to remake," that we must "die to live."

But the message of the time will be heard by "those who have ears to hear."

It is the unique characteristic of this war that the menace of the Germanic Powers is such as to rouse in their opponents two fundamental feelings—feelings which

often pull in opposite directions, but which in this case are combined. The first is the passion of patriotism, that "delight in the Fatherland" to excite which to fiercest glow in Germany was, we learn from the indication of his great but partisan history, the highest aim of Heinrich Treitschke's life.

In giving this passion full and unrestrained play, regardless of the rights, interests, and feelings of other nations, Germany has roused against herself an array of counter patriotisms as keen, as determined as her own, and more enlightened as to the facts of the causes of the conflict as far as the peoples are concerned.

Patriotism has asserted itself as a master instinct, primitive, original, the sense of one's country as a mother, her need as the call of the blood. France and Belgium have felt this the most, for a mother's wrongs make her sons' love flame into sacrifice. England feels it too, more and more, as the months go by, and the same sense that our mother soil is sacred which the attack of the Armada called forth is bracing the national spirit after our English fashion. England, without tall talk, and orations, and monster statues, and hymns of hate, girds herself none the less for a war in which can be no release until the menace is removed.

But along with this rises the love of liberty, offspring of the mountains and of the sea. The patriotism, the love of England which appeals to one section is blended with the fear for liberty, for the loss of the wider vision, in other minds.

This war as it develops is seen to be more and more a war against tyrants, a war for freedom against those who hate and fear it. The entrance of the Turk into the conflict, reeking and red from the Armenian shambles—the gang at Constantinople of Jews and Europeanised Ottomans acting as the stage ruffians of the piece—was needed to give the logical conclusion, and at the same time to supply an element of tragi-

comedy to the awful drama. Berlin and Vienna, hating democracy by instinct, are joined to Constantinople, hating Christianity by instinct as well.

Yet has England, in view of the Beaconsfield policy, and of her consequent pro-Turk sympathy, not even yet extinct, no grounds for self-reproach when she blames Germany for the latter's unprincipled use of the sinister gang at Constantinople? The writer remembers that at a public meeting in which he took part, relative to the earlier Armenian massacres, an objector connected with the Northumberland coal trade said that it was a great mistake for us in England to attempt in any possible way to interfere with Abd-ul-Hamid's murderous proceedings, as already the expressions of disgust in this country, and the withdrawal from Turkey of our former friendship, had seriously injured the Tyneside coal trade with Constantinople! To such base depths can Mammon, "least erect of spirits," sink.

Beneath the patriotic struggle is an even deeper and more elemental one, a struggle for humanity to develop under the form of national organisms, an effort to secure for every specimen of the latter, even if small, conditions of growth essential to its contribution to civilization.

If among the Allied Peoples the more conservative and *realist* mind, rooted in the racial instincts, is roused by the danger to its native land, the more *idealist* one, thinking of even wider issues, is thrilled by the universal danger, the menace to liberty and justice among mankind, to those august, irresistible forms the presence of which give to life its dignity and power.

The truth is that every new political and social development that deserves to live, as it comes to the front and becomes the ruling influence, needs two things in order to help it in the spiritual and intellectual order : the one is criticism, the other is sympathy.

We of the Christian Church cannot expect democracy and the Labour Movement to receive our criticisms patiently, even when these criticisms are just and inspired by goodwill, unless we show by courageous and practical sympathy that we regard the claim for equality of opportunity and improvement of environment, physical and mental, and for such an alteration in society as makes these things possible as a perfectly just and reasonable claim, and unless in these matters we fear not the "agitator" who rouses the people to question and criticise, but the complacency of the people themselves, their satisfaction with conditions unworthy of the dignity and worth of human nature, and the satisfaction of the Church with the people's stagnation.

Then, and not before, will criticism of the Labour Movement from the side of the Churches be likely to gain a hearing from those criticised.

In a true sense, however, religion under imperfect human conditions must always be critical of what is dominant and popular for the moment, always in opposition; a sort of permanent opposition to the base idolatry of the *Zeitgeist*, of the merely temporary watchwords which classes or mobs, whichever be predominant, allow none to question save at their peril, yet which must be and ought to be questioned, whatever the consequences.

The attitude of religion ought to be like that of the prophets of Israel, or like conscience in its continual rowing against the tide of appetite and self-will. Religion, in a sense, must be a perpetual note of interrogation put after vulgar complacency with low ideals and lower attainments. It must be the sting "that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go." It must be an ever-wakeful critic, making its presence felt, like the gadfly to which Socrates compared his mission to the Athenian State.

Behind criticism, however, must be disinterestedness,

wisdom, and severity to oneself, otherwise criticism is an hypocrisy and an impertinence.

The criticism of democracy that proceeds from the type of pulpit which only reflects the prejudices of the middle-class pew is too often neither wise nor disinterested, and therefore, even if it is in substance partially true, it falls on deaf ears. It has no prophetic ring. They only can point out to the people the mistakes of the latter, who show practically by living for and among the people, that they love them and are prepared to suffer for their good.

The rebuke of the folly of the crowd which could come with appropriateness from the lips of a Savonarola or a Mazzini, the remonstrance with the leaders of Labour in regard to some ill-considered method or short-sighted ideal which would be listened to with respect from such noble-minded friends of the workers as a Maurice or a Westcott, or, of a different type, a Stanton or a Dolling, does not come with the same force from some complacent ecclesiastic for whom the words "agitation" and "agitator" necessarily have, as they had for the high priests who condemned Christ for "stirring up the people," an evil significance.

Looking to the future, as far at least as the countries of Western Europe are concerned, it is plain that the chief practical problem of Christianity is, and will be in increasing measure, how to deal with those engaged in manual labour, especially the skilled artisan class in the great industrial centres, in regard to keeping alive, or rekindling among them, the Faith of Christ.

Hereditary religion survives to some extent in all modern countries, partly among what are called the upper and middle classes, and largely among the peasantry. This latter fact is as true as to much of what was till lately Calvinistic Scotland as of Catholic Bavaria or of Orthodox Russia. Everywhere the nearness of the peasant to the soil and to Nature's elemental

life seems to make denial of the unseen realities, or absolute indifference to them, practically impossible to him. Superstitious he often or nearly always is, though often in a very simple and innocent way, but Atheistic never, and however materialist in practice, not so in theory at any rate.

How far this is true of him whom English newspapers know as "Hodge" is a difficult question.

We wonder if it is underrating his amount of vital religious knowledge—i.e. knowledge appealing to the will—to say that probably a vague belief in Providence takes with him, as with so many in England, in his dim inner being, the place which in the case of his ancestors was once filled by Christ, His Mother, and the saints.

A devoted country priest, of long and wide experience, has spoken to the present writer of the "dull materialism" of the class alluded to. But we have no peasantry in the Irish or Scotch or foreign sense. Hence one of the strongest sinews of religion and patriotism is practically absent from England.

The present problem, and still more that of the future, is concerned with the attitude to religion of the great skilled industrial class in towns who are represented in these countries by the Trades Unions. In one of Mr. H. G. Wells' novels he introduces a pompous and patronising "churchy" lady, at a garden party given by a vicar of her own type, to whose parish she had been till lately a stranger, as saying, "Here you have the masses but not a Poor," and going on to express the opinion that "a Poor" would be much easier to deal with in regard to "parish work," as being so much more amenable and docile through their wants and expectation of help. This is the Church attitude of early Victorian days, and it is by no means extinct to-day. Meanwhile one of the wisest of the friends of the people, the late Canon Barnett, inspirer of Toynbee Hall, wrote as follows (in his *Practicable Socialism*): "The people

for want of religion are unstable in their policy, joyless in their amusements, and uninspired by any sure and certain hope."

The nobler enthusiasts of the Evangelical Movement, and afterwards those of the Ritualistic one, as the propaganda of religion in each case made its advance into "slum parishes" from its earlier stages at one or other of the two great English universities respectively, found that new methods, as compared with those of such as Mr. Wells' lady, would be necessary if real missionary work was to be done effectively in such places. The Ritualists in the effort, only successful indeed in some patches, to familiarise the working people with the type of religion of which they were the skirmishers and advance guard, finding no adequate precedents in the older Anglicanism for such a situation, partly because of the limitations of the Anglicanism of the past, partly also because of the enormous and rapid growth of modern town populations, began to look elsewhere for examples as to spirit and methods of missionary labour in such circumstances. Among other inspirations, they found suggestive incentives in the noble lives of several heroes of the comparatively modern period of the history of the French Church.

The career of S. Vincent de Paul, the methods by which Father Olier and his colleagues revolutionised for good the great parish of S. Sulpice in pre-Revolution Paris, later on the life and labours of that peasant saint, born at the Revolution time, the Curé d'Ars, Jean Baptiste Vianney—all these and many others supplied ideals of spirit and plans of evangelisation in overgrown, neglected parishes where religion had absolutely lapsed and the Church was ignored or despised.

But we are now faced with a very different problem. It is not the Christianising of a riotous or sordid slum, such as that which Dolling tackled at Landport, which is the real crux, difficult or wellnigh impossible, save through a miracle, humanly speaking, as thorough

slum reformation is, since slum removal is the real necessity. The great task which contains in its successful accomplishment the secret of the future of Christianity in England in the new age is not the Christianising of peasants, with a sort of religious conservatism, slow and atavist, yet at basis real, like the scent of the soil at the roots. Neither is it the getting a number of half-starved and overcrowded people to respect the religion of those who spend their lives among and for them, and even to give an occasional conformity, or in the case of a very small minority a genuine adhesion, to the Church of their friends and benefactors. For we fear, except in very rare instances, the above is all that has been attained in the way of direct missionary success in the slums, even where devoted expenditure of personal influence, labour, time, and money has been given for many years, so entirely has the instinct for religion gone in such places.

The real crux, the centre point of the battle, with a view to the future, is the gaining the confidence and adhesion, issuing in some sort of practical Church membership, and not merely in casual patronage of a Bible-class or church institute, of the skilled artisan, the type of man of which the great trades organisations are composed. He is in himself as a spiritual being no whit more important than the peasant or the unskilled casual labourer or the slum dweller, yet in regard to his influence in the State he is, of course, far more important, at least as far as this country is concerned.

Neither the early Victorian method of keeping by kindness "the Poor" from revolutionary ideas, nor the early Ritualistic method of "evangelising the masses," is really able to hit off what is exactly needed to-day, and will be more needed as time goes on. What is wanted above all, as the central spirit of such work, is the frank recognition that in refusing to be merely docile and amenable, and in regarding his manhood as a thing involving reasonable independ-

ence as the atmosphere of its development, the working man is perfectly right. On such lines the representatives of the Church of England must meet him. The spirit of Maurice and Kingsley (*Parson Lot*) and of their colleagues and friends—the spirit expressed in *Alton Locke*—the line of action of raising up the poor to manhood, not merely and only to enjoyment of improved circumstances, nor the too common ecclesiastical mistake of keeping them dependent that the saints may gain grace by exercising charity upon them, is the true method. In other words, we have to deal now with conditions absolutely different from those of any previous period of English or even of European history. The world has definitely entered on a new era, while in most cases we are ourselves as Church people living in the atmosphere of a past one. Not only the early Victorian but even the Hanoverian age in religious life and methods may still be studied in some English parishes.

What both Church and democracy ought to welcome is genuine criticism, discerning and disinterested. This is good for us all, though not always pleasant. It is good for every man, institution, and movement. None can dispense with it except at the cost of the self-complacency which precedes stagnation as stagnation does death.

Democracy needs criticism just as much as our conventional Christianity does. For democracy is old enough to have itself become conventional, and criticism is needed all the more by democracy if, as seems likely to be the case, the latter has come to stay.

Democracy is neither a divine dispensation, on the one hand, nor a mud deluge on the other. It is a fact, and a big one.

The description which Mr. G. W. E. Russell gives of the attitude of that greatest of critics, so searching and yet so kind—Matthew Arnold—towards modern

democracy is profoundly suggestive and well worth consideration both by those who view the latter movement as in itself and apart from its use of opportunities a new dispensation from Heaven,* or by those who see in it a temporary yet monstrous aberration of unintelligence and selfwill on the part of people whose natural rôle is to be guided by those who know better than themselves. "The movement of democracy," says Mr. Russell, "Matthew Arnold regarded as being an operation of Nature," and, like other operations of Nature, it was neither to be praised or blamed. He was neither a 'partisan' of it, nor an 'enemy.' His only care was, if he could, to guide it aright, and to secure that it used its predominant power in human affairs at least as wisely as the aristocracy which had preceded it."

"Religion is a good thing, and politics is a good thing, but they make a fractious mixture."

A world religion such as the Catholic Creed is in potentiality, and is meant to be in fact, must include the most conservative and the most progressive within her hospitable boundaries. She must refuse to allow her system to be narrowed down to being either on the one hand the prop of privilege, the asylum of everything of stupid reaction, or on the other a useful spiritual donkey engine in the service of a Radical caucus. Such provinciality of temper is the direct opposite to the really Catholic mind. It is the mistake of those who "to party give up what was meant for mankind."

The Catholic Church was meant for mankind. She ought to be and was intended to be all that, on its noblest side, Comte wished to convey when he described his "Church of Humanity," and also to be a good deal more "positive" in her inclusion of earth, more universal and less merely European, but also supernatural and transcendent in her reaching to the heights of Heaven. Her ideal is to be European rather than

* Matthew Arnold, in "Literary Lives" series,

merely national, but still more, international and broadly human than only European, while she claims to include the "choir invisible, the faithful dead," not only in the memory of them, but in their living and efficient personalities.

Hence she must embrace men and women of many kinds, whether conservative or progressive in their trend, of the static or of the dynamic type in their conceptions of life, provided that both are *homines bonæ voluntatis*.

For we need tradition and custom, on the one hand, initiation and experiment on the other. The Law and the Prophets, the official and the agitator, are, each of them, parts of a larger whole, to the ultimate perfection of which each is necessary.

Christ stands between Moses and Elijah and includes them both. Discipline and organisation, on the one hand, on the other vision and aspiration, initiative and change.

It is absolutely necessary that we who represent religion should be courageous in our criticism of the standpoint adopted by selfish comfort, and refuse to allow Christianity to be exploited as merely an obstructive agency to change, and the doctrine of a future life degraded by being used in the interests of contentment with inhuman conditions and of what De la Rochefoucauld admired as so wonderful—"the equanimity with which we bear the misfortune of others."

We ought, however, also to claim the right to point out certain important features in which democracy is lacking, and for the loss of which its ideal is, as usually presented, inadequate and unsatisfactory.

"These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the others undone."

The criticism of Matthew Arnold, one of the most wise and most truly liberal of minds, and certainly no mere reactionary, as to the lack of beauty, dignity, and

proportion in so much that calls itself "modern progress" is a criticism the influence of which has helped, though only of course very partially, to open the eyes of some of the more intelligent progressives to the faults indicated.

The mere fact that the so-called "cultured" are often conceited faddists, and really ignorant of life in its deeper, broader aspects does not cancel the other fact of the indifference, till very lately at least, and even largely at the present, of so much that calls itself "progressive" to the necessity of beauty as a vital element in the education of mankind. The lack of graciousness, charm, distinction (word hard to define, yet how significant), the contentment with mediocrity—all these are unfortunate features of much in our modern democratic civilisation in the Anglo-Saxon countries, although no doubt a wholesome discontent with these mental limitations and consequent efforts at improvement are increasingly manifest.

The truth is that if the Church, on the one hand, needs a *heart*, needs, that is, to become in a greater measure than before at any earlier period the inspiring agency of social altruism and the uplifting force of the "enthusiasm of Humanity," democracy, on the other hand, needs a *soul*. As regards art and religion alike it needs redemption from materialism and vulgarity, it needs in the widest sense to "walk in the Spirit."

It cannot be denied that the Middle Ages cast an atmosphere of distinction around the lives of the poorest. In the great Free Cities of Europe such as Nuremberg or Bruges, the masses were in contact with beauty at every turn.

Whatever the violence, the faction fighting, the hot blood stirring, the atmosphere physically and spiritually was not akin to mediocrity. Religion represented by glorious churches still walked the earth with the mien of a goddess, and was felt to be a thing that mattered.

a thing august and important, not shrinking away from observation, but even when represented by a shrine at a street corner, never mean and paltry, like the tin tabernacle that in some back street of a provincial town in England jostles the public-house and the co-operative store. Colour, light, movement, splendour, were a common heritage. Commercial and municipal life expressed itself in art, in the mundane ritualism of the early Renaissance.

Doubtless ignorance, fanaticism, unhygienic conditions, plagues, internecine warfare, represent the other side of the medal.

Doubtless modern democratic advance is on the side of salubrity and health. But there is something lacking—the value of and sense for distinction, for those aristocratic values in the higher and spiritual sense of the word “aristocratic” which democracy ought to learn to appreciate and to claim as part of the great heritage on which the common people are to enter.

Even on the side of health and decency and humaneness, what headway we have to make with regard to our slums and “publics” as compared with so many cities abroad! When one reads Walt Whitman’s dithyrambs of genius hailing the democracy of the United States of America as a splendid young and athletic force, breaking out into unfettered existence with a shout of strength, and rejoicing “like a giant to run his course,” and then when one takes up the average newspaper of the United States of America or reads Upton Sinclair’s *Jungle*—the picture of the social conditions of the up-to-date city of Chicago—the feeling that arises in any thoughtful and candid mind is likely to be a sense of disillusion in regard to triumphant democracy.

It is not a complete gain to get rid of the worn-out injustices arising from the remnants of feudalism in the Old World if in their stead we have too often in the social order merely a free field for triumphant exploita-

tion of human life and labour, under the pretext of economic liberty, and in the spiritual sphere of thought and feeling, vulgarity of mind *in excelsis*, vulgarity thoroughly intolerant also, like the vulgarity that triumphed on Good Friday, that day when hatred of distinction, and slavery to mediocrity and the commonplace reached their climax in the long history of human vice and stupidity.

It is no gain to exchange caste and feudalism for the reign of the Average, for the dislike of littleness to believe that anywhere in the world exists anything except the tame and the mediocre, for the resenting on the part of the small in mind of all height and depth, of range and mystery, as if all this were unreal and non-existent because it is above or below our mean level—the golden mean as we believe it to be—the expression of the dull hate of the commonplace for variety and distinction, for adventure and experiments, as in truth it is.

All great things are, after all, conceived in the minds of the few, even if ultimately realised by the many. Whether we accept as true in its general application to life the saying of S. Augustine, *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*, or its opposite, *Securus delirat orbis terrarum*, will no doubt depend largely on the optimism or pessimism of our natural temperament as tinging our theories, but at least it must be admitted that democracy's own leaders and prophets have experienced at times an immense feeling of disillusion. The promised land recedes, even though the people have escaped from Egypt. "Neither hast Thou delivered Thy people at all." Again and again, like a blind giant, democracy strikes out, now in one direction, now in another, feeling, in a stunned, dim way, deceived and perplexed, but unable to discern the true path of advance. More often it eagerly follows, towards its overthrow, the steps of the charlatan or the fanatic, or else refuses to move at all, preferring a few present advantages to the tension of any onward march.

If any Nietzschean has chanced to glance through these pages he may say, "Here you are admitting the truth of those anti-democratic criticisms on the part of the master which have furnished you with reasons for disagreeing with him in an earlier chapter."

There is another mode of interpreting Nietzsche no doubt than that which makes him merely and absolutely an apostle of force—selfish and unscrupulous. He can be interpreted, as he is by his more sane disciples, not as the prophet standing by the Beast, the "Blond Beast" of the new Apocalypse, but as the preparer of the way for the coming race-rulers, or at least of rulers bound to come if wisely prepared for—as the evangelist of Aristocracy and Eugenics. The ideal of such a race is that they are to be rulers who tame the multitude with a hand unchecked by any feeling of pity, "licking them into shape," as we may say. Here, though not in the exaltation of the State, Nietzsche and Prussianism would be entirely at one. Whether he was purely a militarist or not—and many of his interpreters deny that he was—at any rate, his contempt for any self-governing capacity in the multitude easily lends itself to the view of them as having no other function when a war is towards than to prepare to act as cannon-fodder at their masters' bidding.

Theirs not to question why—
Theirs but to do and die.

A working-class woman, an Irish Catholic, alludes to this war as follows in a private letter seen by the present writer, in words full of simple wisdom: "But, oh, worst of all, the tremendous slaughter of human life. Those who have caused *the image of the great God* to be ruthlessly sacrificed in this manner will assuredly receive an awful punishment at His hand." Here we have, implicitly, the Christian temper and principle, the spirit by which alone, in the last resort, war can be effectively antagonised. It is the spirit that can

give fibre to the opposition to war, which can nerve that opposition with something stronger than mere sentiment or financial apprehensions, which can fill it with the energy of a high ideal instinct with the driving force of a Faith. That Faith is this, that every human body shattered by shell or pierced by bayonet is a temple of the Living God, and not one more item in a heap of cannon-fodder, expended as a political necessity. Long ago the Church of Christ, as a whole, ought to have driven home more deeply this view of things, this sum of the guilt of those who cause war as the guilt of sacrilege, of the waste of what Christ came to save, this war against war from the standpoint of righteousness, not of comfort, into the hearts and consciences of all who profess to follow her Master, bidding them to take Him at His word when He says, "I am not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

Nietzscheans would base the obedience of the masses on the conscious or unconscious conviction that only in acknowledging Nature's choice of Supermen as autocratic leaders lies salvation from anarchy and from the decline of all civilised life worthy of the name. The Superman in this conception is a Hercules bearing the new world on his shoulders, not a mere Colossus straddling over it.

This view may be called the higher Nietzscheanism, the gospel of uncompromising but at the same time strenuous and disciplined aristocracy. It no doubt represents the more lucid phases, as far as their message can be reduced to practical politics, of that storm-swept genius.

In the hands of his able group of disciples in this country, this view forms the inwardness of a propaganda, furnishing a philosophical rendering of a sort of aristocratic and intellectualist Tory programme, an ideal of blue blood combined with vivid brain, scorning the mere Conservatism of the present commercialist and conventionally Christian type. It regards as the

two supreme forces to be antagonised, though both, indeed, dying of their own inherent decadence, Democracy and the parent with which the latter has fought, but which is none the less its parent—Christianity. Certainly Nietzsche's message has a sharp edge ; the alcohol of his teaching, its fiery spirit, tastes like a tonic when we are sick of the mild gruel of benevolent mediocrity, of the comfort ideal of the less educated type of Liberalism, its alliance (often one-half unconsciously hypocritical) with a kind of invertebrate Puritanism. This type easily allies itself with not over-scrupulous commercialism, teaching the latter to salve its conscience by profuse benefactions. It talks much of equality, but has little or nothing of its true spirit.

From the type of Christianity congenial to it, all the *vis* and power of the genuine Puritanism of history, the Puritanism of a Cromwell or of a Milton has died away. It is the later Puritanism, less fanatical no doubt, because in a dim way less sure of itself, but also vulgar in mind, which the older, greater Puritanism was not. It has succeeded, as far as its influence extends, in almost hopelessly vulgarising the religion of Christ, the romance of the ages.

Among the characteristics of this comfort-loving, domesticated type are its often unconscious but none the less deeply rooted and instinctive dislike of mental and spiritual distinction, its degradation of art to the laureateship of the commonplace—its poetic Olympus being one in which the shades of Martin Tupper and Eliza Cook reign supreme—its fear of all ideas that are touched with audacity and power. In such an atmosphere the spirit of soaring and adventure beats its wings in vain. Such a spirit is as much at home in it as a hawk would be in a hencoop.

But, as against the spiritual and social reign of commonplace Liberalism, Nietzsche, to do his strange genius justice in regard to its attitude to organised society and its practical problems, was no advocate of

a type of aristocracy like those which made possible in Western and Eastern Europe respectively the Revolution of 1789 and the Partitions of Poland. Spartan discipline for themselves, a sort of "naturalised asceticism," to use his own words—and Nietzsche was in his own personal habits, in the main, as spartan almost as a Hebrew prophet or a Christian monk—is the condition of the ascendancy of these new Samurai. Hard to others, they are in the first place to be hard to themselves. They have points in common, as described by Nietzscheans like Mr. Ludovici, with the Guardians of Plato's *Commonwealth* or with Mr. Wells' *Engineers*, though the conception which underlies their existence is the opposite of social service. They antagonise the corruption of muddle induced by such forces as commercialism, and in order to do this they keep their own blood pure from any contagion by marriage of the mercantile taint. Like Shakespeare's *Richard III*, "they are themselves alone." Like their Renaissance prototypes, "the giants that were on the earth in those days," they are masters of toilfully acquired and much varied culture, not merely of one-sided knowledge gained for the purpose of "getting on." They justify their jealously guarded position as a ruler-caste by exacting self-discipline. It is true that, as Nietzsche tells us in one of his gusts of loathing for the Christian temper, they will scorn the motto of chivalry, *Ich dien*, for they will not stoop to flatter the masses by pretending that they, the Samurai, are their servants. On the contrary, in so far as it is necessary for their own development, they will exploit the masses, and that pitilessly, through no absolute cruelty, but by the law of self-expansion innate in their being.

The slaves ought to feel, however, that the splendid vision of their masters' existence is worth their own toil, and is, in a sense, reflected in their own consciousness of contributing to its possibility.

What element of truth underlies this audacious trans-

valuation of the ethics to which most of us yield at least conventional deference? The *few are called*—Nietzsche is right so far—but they are called to the service of the many. In so far as he rejects this and makes their call one to self-assertion rather than to self-sacrifice, he is antagonising not only Christianity but the hidden, irresistible trend of life's deepest forces. But when the comparatively poor results so far of democratic advance—for instance, of universal elementary education—have made many thinkers distrust not merely existing methods of working-class education, but the possibility of an educated democracy at all, it is no wonder that disillusion and impatience combined lead to reaction among political thinkers. In such a mood Nietzsche seems, after all, more practical than Shelley—Nietzsche with his recognition of Will and Instinct as the underlying driving forces of life, than Shelley who, in spite of his Romanticism, was a child of the *Aufklärung*, with his conception of Intellect and Ideas as constituting the inner springs of the machine. Yet Shelley was, after all, no mere Ariel, all wings and no feet. "Ineffectual angel," as one of the greatest of critics, Matthew Arnold, has called him, his letters show him, more and more, as treading *terra firma*, a sane and reasonable being. His mistakes, serious as they were, were not merely due to an unreasoning optimism, begotten in the land of dreams.

No wonder that current democracy, which was some time ago the indignant accuser of Church and aristocracy, is now itself at the bar of an impartial criticism, that its slavery to its own formulæ and its obtuseness to any ideas outside the power of scent of its own nose, are found quite as bad as are those of the parties or forces to which it has succeeded.

The truth is that the enthusiasts for political and social democracy have idealised "The People," just as the Oxford Movement idealised "The Church," or Con-

servatives of the better type have idealised "The British System," opposing all criticism of oligarchy or commercialism. The shock of finding that "The People" can drink too much, and gamble, and be lazy, and tell lies as well as their so-called "betters," though in a plainer, blunter fashion, is such a blow to the amiable illusions of some or to the passionate enthusiasm of others of the believers in democracy, that the result tends to be, in several cases, an impatient swing round to an opposite attitude, or at best to an increasing indifference to political and social questions, at least in their present phases.

Moses was not the last of the prophets who had to create that taste for freedom which he sought to satisfy, and who was tempted by the inward suggestion that the people for whose sake he was giving up his life were not worth the sacrifice, and had better have been left like swine at their hogs' wash.

Boldly considered under the influence of a trenchant reaction (though not so much in this country because of its spirit of compromise), Christianity and democracy appear, as Nietzsche saw them, to be the two great sentimentalisms of history—the one the parent of the other—which have misled mankind, and seduced political and social thinkers from the hard upward path which involves submission to scientific fact and the interpretation of history in the light of biology.

So considered, S. Francis and Rousseau alike are seen to be two of the greatest betrayers of man, by unconsciously encouraging him to prefer sentiment to truth, the soft fallacies of the heart to the hard facts of experience and of life, and so to check and frustrate, instead of assisting, the true trend of human evolution. So far is the swing of the pendulum against "sentimentalism" carrying some of the most acute and candid minds.

Is not the feeble and commonplace manner—the expression of the practical materialism of the comfort ideal

—in which the average types both of Christianity and of democracy have presented themselves in the life of to-day, especially in this country, partly at least to blame for the weariness and disillusion of some and for the impatient scorn of others of these their critics?

But the true remedy for disappointment with existing Democracy is not to be found in reaction, whether to the Sixteenth or the Thirteenth Century, to Elizabethan or to mediæval feudal ideals. Nor is it to be found in Nietzsche's reaction to the brute struggle, the exploiting, no longer by fang and claw but rather by brain and will, of the weak and ignorant many by the strong and capable few.

The remedy, after all, so far as man is concerned is complex and gradual. Its chief feature will be genuine education, including as its main and central element moral and spiritual training and growth. The spiritual training should be supplied by the home and by the Christian Church. There is need for searching of heart in regard to the present state of both of these in England to-day. The moral training should underlie all the teaching in school, for moral training is the true end of education; this and not merely any lust for knowledge of facts or even of theories, as a mass of matter thrust into the mind, still less the desire for learning not in itself but as a preliminary to "getting a post."

The object of the teacher, says Ruskin nobly, should be to train the scholar "not so much to know what he would not otherwise know, but to behave as he would not otherwise behave." The common failure to wake the intelligence is bad enough, the absence of any attempt to touch the will and turn it in a right direction is the most fatal of all.

By example and mental environment the boy or girl should learn, in the words of that noble prophet to England in the passage already quoted, "the perfect exercise and kingly continence of body and soul." They

must be taught this, he goes on to say, by "kindness, by precept, by praise, but, above all, by example."

They must learn "the instantaneous preference of the noble thing to the ignoble." Those who lead the common man to do this are, in Ruskin's view, the knights of a great adventure, which is the redemption of the people from the dominion of the base. They are the true Samurai, like Heine's Knights of the Holy Ghost. They are the aristocracy of noble service, unlike Nietzsche's Superman. In Him, whom an old writer quaintly and with truest reverence calls the "First true Gentleman that ever breathed," they will find their highest and at the same time most practical ideal. Such are the lines for our elementary school teachers, for instance, to follow, and that they have the capacity to do so is proved by the blood of so many of them poured out at this moment.

But the true ideals of education are as yet in the desert. They raise their voice in vain as far as the great majority of the English people of all classes is concerned.

The prime need of all in regard to political and social democracy is the development of what may be called the collective mind, not as a mere reign of the commonplace, of slipshod substitutes for thought, but as the ever-growing central body of wise experience to which every individuality that is worth anything makes direct or indirect contribution.

To this work of developing a central body of sane and wise instincts the Christian Church in general, and especially the historic national Churches, such as the Church of England, ought to be able to make essential and invaluable contributions. The path of redemption for ignorant and stumbling democracy, exploited when it is devoid of a right general purpose and ideal, lies along the line of the collective life, but that not of the crowd with what has been called the *crowd-mind*, but

of the organism of society as a whole, of the Body with many members—the root idea of the New Testament conception of the Church, “the Body of Christ.”

A wise collectivism, recognising and using individuality while avoiding individualism, is the aim to which the best tendencies of the age point, alike in Church and State. It is the recognition of life as an organism, and not as a collection of atoms, which is the strength and attraction of both Socialism and Catholicism, whatever the perversions of either, and it is the non-recognition, the practical denial of this master truth which makes both sectarian Protestantism and economic Individualism, in spite of the honesty and goodness of so many of their adherents, so thoroughly unsatisfactory.

The Prussian obsession of militarism as the brain and backbone of the nation is not to be met effectually by having no collective ideal, no conception of the State as a common life or corporeity. The way of avoiding it is not to leave individuals in supposed freedom to be exploited by the money power, Mammon, the evil genius of unorganised democracy, as in the great North American Republic, as Moloch the war-god is of the disciplined military State, as in Germany to-day.

The ideal of modern civil society is not to be a creature all sting, like Prussia, but neither is it to be a sort of social jelly fish, without clear distinctions of parts or organs, all softness and “muddle.”

Prussia took the wrong turning during her wonderful revival after Jena, not in accepting Hegel's view of the State as an organism with real claims on its members, and superior to and something more than the sum total of the individuals that compose it, but in making Force the State's characteristic feature.

The arraying of the nation which is called for to-day ought to be the sign of the growth of a true collective temper, a realisation of Edmund Burke's splendid ideal of organised society as “a partnership in all science, in all art, in every virtue, in all perfection.” The goal

to aim at is neither the Prussian conception of the State (the perversion of Hegel's idealism of politics), as practically the bureaucracy of a militarist caste with drilled and docile subjects, nor the middle-class English and still more the American notion of the State as consisting of a voluntary consensus of independent individuals concurring, as far as they do concur, in certain objects, but at basis claiming the right for each one to do as he likes, rejecting any idea of standards of universal acceptance based on a body of wise and central and well-used experience.

This conception having till recently, and largely even still, its stronghold in the Anglo-Saxon middle-class mind, has had the result of glorifying muddle, or at least of justifying and acquiescing in it, as the inevitable price of freedom. It is largely the product of two forces, commercialism and Puritan Protestantism, for it is to the instincts of both of these, rather than to the reasoned arguments of a great school of economists, that it owes its strength. Arguments, here as everywhere, may explain or defend a view or methods of life, but the real roots of the latter are found in the instincts, the temperaments, the innate preferences, the "humours" or mental twists of nations and classes. Some are born Individualists, some Socialists, just as some are born Catholics, some Protestants, and many Pagans. Now, Puritanism, both in its strength and in its weakness, is essentially Individualist, and that not only in religion. The efforts of some historians to explain the Reformation solely by economic changes is, of course, entirely inadequate; still, it is quite certain, and increasingly realised, that the rise of Protestantism in the Sixteenth Century coincided with, and was supported everywhere in Europe by, the advent of the rich merchant class to power in the State, and by the change from corporate to individual ownership, by the break-up and often, as especially in England, the seizure of corporate property in the interests of

wealthy individuals. The robbery from the common people of land, guild property, and educational opportunities, formed the seamy side—and a very seamy one it was—of the English Reformation. Here Cobbett and Thorold Rogers are at one with Hurrell Froude. The rich middle class, whether rulers or clients of Puritanism, mounted into power by the strength of religious and social Individualism, the latter the very antithesis to either the Catholic idea of the Church or the Platonic one of the Commonwealth.

The Individualism which honours successful money-making, but has no value for ideas, art, or learning, is bound to appear increasingly unsatisfactory as these two forces, Puritanism and the commercialistic instincts and interests of the middle classes, cease to dominate English life, as they have done in the past; as the kind of social existence, intercourse, and atmosphere described by Mr. Arnold Bennett in his books about the Five Towns is seen in its intellectual and spiritual meagreness, and, from the point of view which recognises art and beauty as essential factors in any social life that is worth living, in its ungraciousness as well.

The true ideal towards which to aim is that, in the noble phrase of Burke quoted already, of a "partnership," a joint sharing in a common life, richer, deeper, and wider than that of any mere collection of individuals, regarded as separate atoms working together by voluntary consent, the life of the State as the embodiment of that of the entire people, and not of any class or clique, in the great firm of the nation, but this as essentially a partnership into which we are born, and in which we grow up as limbs, a body of which we form a part, a political and social Ecclesia, a fellowship antecedent to ourselves.

It is true that in so complex a matter as the well-being of humanity one principle can never be cultivated in a sort of arrogant isolation. Mere worship of the

State with negation of Humanity, the obsession which has helped Prussia's perversion, the cult of an abstraction, is no solution of the highly complicated questions involved in human society. The Individual also has his right of development, and, in a true sense, the State exists for him ; it supplies the atmosphere and nourishment which makes vigorous individuality possible.

The cult of the State has a tendency to be devoid of glow or passion, except perhaps, as has been said, at the meetings of the Fabian Society. Bureaucracy is the State's sacerdotalism, in the bad sense of that word, and over-centralisation is its Ultramontanism. Its organism to be healthy and vigorous should be loosely knit. The variety and the vividness of the life of great cities, for instance, as in the Middle Ages, is a strength to the State, and should be encouraged by it with generous tolerance.

But what is the relationship of the less wealthy citizens to the State, of the democracy with a small "d"? Is it that of "masses" so called, dependent on paternal patronage, the State meaning something outside themselves, oppressive it may be at one period of history, or kindly it may be at another, as generally at the present, but never themselves, the body of which they are organically part?

The State, rightly viewed, is the firm of which all the members of the nation, by the very character of race and birth, by the assurance of the blood circulating in their veins, have by right incorporate membership, "citizens of no mean city."

Therefore all exploiting of some by others more favourably circumstanced is an offence against this common life, and it is the business and interest of the State to render impossible such exploiting in the interests of its own well-being, which means that all its citizens should be the best possible in mind and body, and none merely used as instruments for others' good. The realisation of a noble public and collectivist spirit—the

spirit of membership and corporate coherence—ought to be a chief aim of the Christian Church, as, in ideal, the conscience and the soul of the nation in each country.

Next to this moral and spiritual influence of the Church, acting as a unifying and reconciling rather than disintegrating force (though, unfortunately, as things are at present this remains an ideal), must come, to allude again to what we have written above, the more general diffusion of a true spirit of education, and that in the sense of enlarging and liberating the mind, stimulating the intelligence, and creating a noble discontent, as distinct from mere peevishness and envy, with the existing muddle.

Nor need we fall into the old Greek fallacy that Knowledge and Virtue are identical, that to know what is right is to will it, in order to realise that the full harmony and the moral and intellectual import of life, for which a real education gives us an appetite and of the appreciation of which it makes us capable, are religious things. This is why the noble aims and labours of the Workers' Educational Association in England to-day are so worthy of support and sympathy from all who hope, as one issue of the war, for a democracy disciplined and purified, and therefore hopeful and strong. For what is real education? Is it not expressed best of all in the language of S. Paul? To love "whatsoever things are true, are elevated, are just, are pure, are amiable"—this is at once education and religion. Of course there are facts of history which lie at the roots of our Faith, a Faith which, unlike the Germanism which would supplant it, is essentially historical, the eternal manifested in time.

Without this side Christian teaching is in danger of losing its meaning in a fog of platitudes and sentimentalism.

No Churchman, however liberal-minded, can make truce with the attempt to represent undenominational

religious teaching as satisfactory for the children of the Church. Yet the teaching of historical Christianity by itself may become dry and hard unless it is taught in such a way as to flower forth naturally into ethical and social Christianity.

This is a thing which some champions of "definite religious teaching" are in danger of forgetting. The Sermon on the Mount is not the whole of Christianity as Liberalism would represent it, but it is a most important part of it, and this the opponents of Liberalism sometimes forget.

In allying religion with the extension of real education among the people, with the growth of interest in ideas, with the power of reflection, with the desire to live, in Goethe's words, "in the good, in the whole, in the beautiful," an atmosphere is created in which mental and spiritual vulgarity, the contentment with the mediocre, the envy of distinction, tend to die, while true culture in being, "in widest commonalty spread," becomes increasingly virile and healthy, the nourishment of noble citizenship.

"Where there is no vision the people perish."

Spiritual and intellectual vision are both needed for our people at the present crisis of our history and of that of Europe. Lord Haldane has lately justly pointed out our inability to reflect.

"The Englishman," said Bishop Creighton, "has no ideas, only inherited prejudices; and when he sees an idea he hates it." A great change in this is necessary if democracy and the Anglo-Saxon race as well are not to go under in their struggle with an enemy whose fault is not that he has no ideas, for he has them in abundance, but that the ideas which he has undoubtedly acquired are perverted and misused.

In leading our people out of the morass of complacent ignorance and apathetic indifference moral and spiritual guidance, wise and disinterested, is needed above all. There are two sets of blind guides, though

each offering their services with often the best intentions—i.e. those who are content to starve the heart and those who are satisfied to starve the intelligence. The former are those who, like the anti-religious or purely secular reformer generally, have no adequate sense of the need and strength of spiritual motives, and no means of supplying them. The latter class are those who, like the average well-meaning religionist, have no eye for the movements in the world at large of a living God, who fail to realise that He has made the body, and the intellect as well as the soul, and the race or nation as well as the Church, and that every genuine and humble-minded advance of man in the mastery of knowledge, in the seeing deeper into the heart of things, is the unfolding of a revealing medium, a fresh advance, if the adventure is made without arrogance and rashness, in the discovery of God.

To both of these classes of blind guides, secure in the pride of science or the pride of faith, in their self-satisfied liberalism or in their self-satisfied religionism, the terror and the wonder of the war speak in vain.

It has been said by some of its critics that the ultimate future of Christianity is to survive, as far as it survives at all, as a peasant cult, as, indeed, we might reply, it began.

Again, as at the first, the harried peasants, the patient women, take shelter by the broken altars in the churches, all shattered save the cross and the crucified. All this is a symbol of the Christian message in its descent to-day into the tomb, stripped of all save its barest elements, yet having in it that which defies decay.

How will it rise on the third day? Through the voice of some prophet of God, a herald of the Kingdom, summoning it from its tomb?

Through the stirrings of spiritual needs in the "dim common populations," as the Church refinds her heart and Europe refinds its soul, its instinct for God awaking, "deep calling unto deep"?

Through some giant strides of missionary advance among the vast Asiatic peoples, the secular-minded China, the mystical India, turning to that "Desire of all nations" whom Christian Europe has gone so near to rejecting?

Who can tell?

When the Resurrection of our religion comes, it may well be that the manner of its *Parousia*, as was Christ's to Magdalene, will be not from the grave of the past over which faith is poring, but in the fresh spaces of the morning, unexpected, full of suddenness and wonder, changed, yet the same.

CHAPTER IX

THE RE-CHRISTIANISING OF THE CHURCHES

ONE of the many questions of the most intense practical interest in regard to religion which the age after the war will have to answer will be, Are Catholicism and Ultramontanism absolutely and permanently inseparable in essence? Are they but two sides of one and the same thing, so that the idea of any possible distinction between them is merely a theoretical dream?

So far as modern times are concerned, since the Conciliar movement of the Fifteenth Century, various attempts made from within, as Gallicanism, Jansenism, the projected reforms of the Emperor Joseph II, the Old Catholic Church, derived as to its episcopate from the Church of Utrecht, the latter historically connected with the school of Jansenius—all these have only ended in riveting more closely on the main body of the Western Church the curialist system, and of identifying the former more entirely with the spirit of the Counter-Reformation, the uncompromising Latin temper, at once the strength and the weakness of the Communion which it possesses. The Old Catholic Church may have possibly a much greater significance in the future. Up to the present it has failed to develop a popular side to its life, though it has entered into friendly relationships with the Anglican and Russian Churches. Like the Oxford Movement, it was largely "made up out of books," and connected with the name of one great

scholar, Döllinger, as the English Revival was with another, Pusey. But circumstances did not favour its extension in the way that they did the latter Movement, though both were originated and fostered by men of learning rather than, like most powerful religious upheavals, by men in direct touch with the needs and difficulties of the lay mind. The nursing also of the Old Catholic revolt by Bismarck as an instrument in his *Kulturkampf* against Rome was no real benefit to it, but the reverse. The Prussian spirit and a Church vitally alive have nothing in common. The fact that the Orders of the Old Catholic episcopate and priesthood are acknowledged by Rome as valid, even though exercised schismatically, makes this small Church of great potential importance with a view to possible future developments.

Of later un-Ultramontane or anti-Ultramontane elements in the Roman Communion, "Americanism," on its spiritual side, largely the outcome of a remarkably powerful mind, that of Father Isaac Hecker, has kept itself within the boundary line of obedience, and has not, to use the language of Father Faber, "strayed under the shadow of condemned propositions," although its spirit has a certain Yankee touch about it, which is unlike that of the absolutely Latin type, and is largely due to the American-Irish element. In point of numbers the Roman Catholic Communion ranks probably first of the Churches of the United States. "Americanism" has kept itself distinct from "Modernism" largely because of the unspeculative character of the Yankee mind.

The last, and in some ways the most serious, attempt to reconcile Roman Catholicism with the modern spirit has, it must be admitted, ended so far in disappointment. Modernism, which at its beginning was distinct from the Germanism which eviscerates Christianity of the Deity of Christ, and was antagonistic to Professor Harnack's reduction of the essence of Christ's message

to the Fatherhood, finding on the contrary the germ of the Catholic development in the apocalyptic element, the Gospel of the Kingdom, has more and more given signs of a tone and temper to which the historical character of the assumed facts at the foundation of Christianity appears to be of relative unimportance, their symbolical values as representative in reference to spiritual experience being the one thing needful. To discuss this question would take us too far from our general subject. The present writer believes that there is the possibility, and, indeed, the necessity, of a true Modernism by which the Church can come to terms with really ascertained Biblical criticism—as distinct from that based on a priori negative assumptions—and also with science and democracy, and by which revelation can be recognised as in its nature progressive in the Bible and in the appreciation of meaning and implications of the Faith. He feels also, however, that the word “Modernism” has now been so appropriated by the religious school of which in this country Mrs. Humphry Ward is a leading advocate in the world of letters, and has on the lips of popular speakers and writers both for and against it been so identified with a kind of semi-mystic, semi-rationalist Germanism of a practically Unitarian type, that its avoidance rather than its use is the wisest policy for all for whom “Liberal Catholic” or “Liberal Orthodox” would be a suitable appellation—for all, that is, who while fully acknowledging the reality of our debt to modern thought and modern scientific investigation, yet refuse to bow the knee in that idolatry of the *Zeitgeist* which would sacrifice belief in the historic character of the facts which are bound up with Christianity as an essentially historic faith to the intellectual fashion of the hour. So for the present, at least, Rome has triumphed over Modernism, and that conquest includes the tightening of Rome’s hold over the Church of which she is the head.

Still, in spite of the closeness of the connection between Vaticanism and the Catholicism of the West, an increasing number of thoughtful Roman Catholics in the countries of the Allies, especially in France and Belgium, may be inclined to think that there is something in such a saying as that of the South German Catholic philosopher, Baader, in the early Nineteenth Century, that "Catholicism is the strength of Popery, as Popery is the weakness of Catholicism," when they consider the silence of the Holy See during this war as far as any public and official rebuke or remonstrance in regard at least to the planned violation of international law, as well as other accompanying crimes, is concerned. The plain truth as to the lost opportunity of the Papacy is that the mere prudence which refrained from public utterance when moral interests called for vindication cannot afterwards claim to act at the final settlement as a moral arbiter. Such a claim must have something more about it of risk incurred by the claimant in order to justify it.

The facts of history with regard to the Papacy as an instrument of righteousness among the nations are, after all, the material for an impartial judgment as to its utility in this respect. They certainly do not bear out the popular Protestant or anti-clerical view that this mighty institution is the product of selfishness and fraud. A lofty idealism and a real disinterestedness of aim and purpose have distinguished at more than one crisis of history those occupants of the Chair of Peter to whose genius, as well as to the concurrence of favourable events, and to an apparently inevitable, and, no doubt, in its way, providential trend of circumstances is due the gradual ascendancy which it gained over the minds of men. The Papacy, in its best days, was a magnificent witness to the International Idea. It was a thing of the centre. But allowing for the great qualities of a Leo I and of a Gregory I in the days of the youth of the Popedom, or of a Hildebrand at its

zenith, the fact remains that the kind of witness which the recent crisis has called for has, on the whole, seldom proceeded—and hardly ever, if at all, since the climax of its influence in the Thirteenth Century—from this great institution, in spite of its unique position and unrivalled opportunities. Its very greatness materially has helped to silence its voice by the creation of a network of conflicting interests.

Those who execrate the Papacy as in all ages a curse to mankind are put out of court by fair historical investigation ; but so also are its idealisers, those who see in it the external embodiment of the voice of God, the objective counterpart of conscience, the prophet of God without as conscience is within. The idea is splendid, but the facts do not correspond to it, any more than they do to the anti-Babylonianisms of the Puritan attitude to it, or to the bitter *odium anti-theologicum* with which it is viewed by French unbelieving fanaticism.

The fact in regard to the Papacy is that this extraordinary institution, great as is its capacity of versatility of adaptation to new conditions, is out of its *métier* when unexpected and vast forces of a popular kind thrust aside the more delicate and obscure processes in which its diplomacy is at home. Amid the struggle of titans in which Europe, or, indeed, the world, is now involved, the "idea ever young to which the future belongs" wrestles with the immoral conception of the militarist State, owning no law above its own lust and will. That is the real struggle, as of elemental beings in the air, behind the visible forces.

The Popedom stands amid all this at heart realist rather than idealist, diplomatic rather than prophetic. In spite of that clangour on its lips of Christian ideals in which its generalising utterances take shape, the Papacy is an institution worked by the caution of age rather than by the spirit of initiative.

It may be said, however, that the pontificate of Leo XIII was distinguished by a noble tendency to

recognise what that Pope conceived to be the just and permanent elements in the demands of the European Labour Movement, and that he made a genuine effort to come to terms, as far as possible, with the French Republic, thus departing from the older *non possumus* policy of war against 1789 principles in every form. All this was characteristic of that wise and far-seeing Pope, even if he was more of diplomatist in a good sense than of prophet, of statesman than of seer. At any rate, his personality and influence gave the modern Papacy a dignity and spaciousness not so apparent subsequently.

It has been said that "elderly common sense," the temper of the Athenæum Club rather than "prophetic afflatus," characterises the pronouncements of high ecclesiastical authorities in the Church of England. But the Papal policy also in modern times has not always displayed gifts of leadership amid the forces of an age very different to those which have preceded it. It is among the latter that the Curia in the past has gained its expression and learned to shape its line and mode of action.

Nor are the interests which Rome ought to have publicly upheld at the present crisis merely those of an expectation having its roots in sentiment, a dream of the future.

The mind of Rome, astute rather than idealist, is not likely to follow what may possibly prove an *ignis fatuus*. The Papacy may have been at times as the Old Man of the Sea to the Sindbad of Christendom, but seldom or never has it been the latter's Don Quixote. It is not for nothing that the Curia does not comprise young men in its membership, nor is it at all likely that it should allow itself to be rushed.

The principles, however, which the Vatican might have been expected to publicly uphold are principles of international right already acknowledged by the mind of civilised Europe, and no mere dreams of a few

utopian thinkers. Prussia herself, though with a very bad grace, has formally acknowledged them, as by taking part in the Hague Convention, although they have been practically the objects of her dislike and contempt, since the Frederician tradition, which is the Prussian *ethos*, knows no law save the interests of its own power and being.

The principles which Prussia has outraged by her conduct towards Belgium, as in Frederick the Great's time by that towards Poland and Silesia, are no mere pedantic theories, but universally admitted rudiments involved in any idea of international law, and however slurred over or openly spurned in practice they may have been at various times, yet in theory they have been maintained by Europe from that very period of history, the Middle Ages, when the Papacy itself was acknowledged as the supreme moral and spiritual voice. They are, in fact, in outline and theory the simple principles of natural honour and right applied to the disputes of nations.

The Pope has had at the present crisis a unique opportunity of uttering, not, indeed, a decision, but a protest in favour of the supremacy of moral principles in public affairs. The idea of international law as restraining nations even when at war from certain excesses, an idea which falls far short of effectual arbitration as hindering war, is still a tentative effort towards the latter. It is an idea European rather than local, human than patriotic. It might naturally have claimed to look for an attempt at its vindication, even if ineffectual, for a deliverance of the soul from him who is still acknowledged by millions as Head of a universal and not merely of a local Church, and not to have looked in vain.

But interests had to be considered as well as principles. To seize the great opportunity would have been against certain immediate interests. It would have been a bold and new venture, and it was not made. "Deliverance will come from another quarter." Yet

for the present all Christianity, and not the Papacy alone, is the loser. The trend of feeling in certain quarters towards the Papacy as the best existing instrument of reconciliation among Churches and nations has received, in the minds of all non-Roman thinkers, a put-back or a reversal. For even those outsiders to her fold most susceptible to the influence of what may be called the "setting" of Rome, the grandeur of Catholic circumstance which still clings round her and appeals alike to the imagination and to the historic sense—the atmosphere of her worship, touching and subduing the heart—must feel, wellnigh against their will,^c if they allow judgment as well as imagination to have its voice, that the spirit of Rome is not equal to the setting.

They will feel that the *Papa Angelicus* has not yet come, and that it is best to remain outside.

After all, the open air has its compensations.

The true genius of Rome, at least and especially since the rise of the all-powerful influence of the Jesuits, has always been one which values discipline of a militarist type and regimentation as if for its own sake, or at least as essential to the Church's existence during these latter centuries in which she has only seemed to be able to hold her own as a city besieged, and within whose bounds martial law has been proclaimed. It is a sort of ecclesiastical Prussianism, of which the driving force is the Order of the soldier saint, Ignatius Loyola, the militarist character of that Order having increased under the immediate successors of that most extraordinary man. Just as Prussia has got its talons into Germany, and through that grip has given the latter power and efficiency, knitting together the forces loosely compacted before, so has the Jesuitised and centralised Vatican system shaped to purposes of disciplined efficiency all that remained to Rome of mediæval Christendom after the great Teutonic revolt. The Roman Curia and the Jesuit spirit have been to Western Catholicism as Brandenburg to Germany, or, as in

classical times, was Macedon to Hellas, the force that draws together in order to strengthen for warfare, the energetic principle of cohesion, which however involves to the substance in which it has fixed its tentacles serious losses—losses likely to be more serious as time goes on, losses to be balanced against the obvious immediate gains of decision of judgment and rapidity of action, the organism “moving altogether, if it move at all.”

When we consider Rome's spiritual imperialism in its bearing on European politics, the fact meets us that she makes but little account of national interests as compared with the general aims of her organisation. This is, of course, natural to an international body of a highly centralised and bureaucratic character. Small nationalities have not derived much benefit from any support on Rome's part, even though the Poles and the Irish have been among the most passionately devoted to her system of religion. She has, indeed, defended their religious interests, including rights of religious education, but beyond this their national aspirations have derived little help from the action of Rome as distinct from that of their own clergy. It is to the Irish priests, not to the Curia, that Nationalist Ireland owes a debt of gratitude for defending the instincts and traditions of the race. The genuine Papalist in these islands is rarely a keen friend of Irish nationality in itself as distinct from its bearing on the interests of the Church.

The fall of the Empire of Austria, should this be the result of the war, or at least the breaking up into separate self-governing nationalities of its highly composite and discordant elements, will mean some things unpalatable to Rome, and, in the long run, hostile to her interests. The main fear which must be now felt at the Vatican in regard to the south-eastern portion of Europe—that in which the effort of Austria, supported by Berlin, to gain further power in the direction

towards Constantinople has been the immediate cause of this war—is that of the revival and extension of Slav influence and of the Slav spirit. For, in spite of the ardent Roman Catholicism of one Slav race, the Poles, as well as the fact that the Czechs of Bohemia are now of the same religion as their Polish neighbours (though in the Fifteenth Century they were the pioneers of Protestantism) and also of the presence of Uniat Slav Churches amid Eastern Christendom, the genius of the Slavonic race is, in the main, bound up with the Holy Orthodox Church, that Communion which has ever been, in spite of its ceremonial, its sacramentalism, its monasteries, its invocation of saints, the unbending antagonist of Popery, in the strict sense of that word, throughout the centuries.

Should the cause of the Allies triumph and should Constantinople be wrested from the Ottoman—for no matter in whose hands that city will be left, its traditional association with Orthodoxy as its central spot and seat of its chief patriarchate cannot be ignored—there will lie, after the war, a unique and splendid opportunity before Eastern Christendom to prove that it is not, as Roman controversialists represent it, a petrified fragment, a mere offshoot, however large, from the main stem, from which life is slowly departing through the centuries, but that it has a message and a mission distinct from that either of Protestantism or of Rome. If by such reforms as the better education of her clergy, and the promotion of higher spiritual culture throughout her whole system, the great Orthodox Communion, with the Church of Russia at its head, can display awaking strength, while life stirs manifestly beneath her ritual and liturgic forms—the majesty and splendour of which, as the expression of the moving drama of her worship, make the setting of the Roman Catholic cultus appear meagre in comparison—she will then present to an increasing number of Western Christians great attraction, above all to a powerful

school in the Church of Russia's ally—England. To some students of Church history Catholicism appears but as the necessary extension of Rome, inseparable from it even in idea. To others Rome appears but as the chief see of Catholicism, favoured by circumstances, till through the Roman legend, both Imperial and Petrine, it rose to the hegemony of Western Christendom, a hegemony which is, however, no more necessary to the realisation of the idea of the Church than was the Holy Empire of the Western Middle Ages to the permanent character of European civilisation. To so wise a mind as that of Dante, Christian Europe without the Cæsar, the theocratic Head, would have been inconceivable. If Europe can live as a federation of nations (the ideal of the future) without a visible headship, why might not the Catholicity of the future realise its intercommunion through a federation of national Churches, without a visible Papacy? If Dante, in his *De Monarchia*, was mistaken as to the necessity of the one theocratic Head, why may not S. Thomas, the companion master mind to Dante, have been as to that of the other.

No fear could strike more severely at the heart of Rome than the extension of the influence of a revived and regenerated Orthodox Church in Russia, gradually gaining a greater independence from political management as Russia becomes de-Germanised and therefore less Erastian, developing its teaching office to an extent unknown at present, advancing in importance as the vast Russian Empire and people advance, while the Communion of which it forms a part becomes again enthroned at Constantinople—Byzantium—by that time Christian in a better sense than before, the “New Rome.” What a swing of the pendulum in retribution for 1204, when, two and a half centuries before the horror of the Ottoman conquest in 1453 fell upon it, Constantinople was sacked, and S. Sophia, the glorious Church of Justinian, defiled by the outrages of the Latin Crusaders, during that pontificate of the great

Pope Innocent III when the Roman See was at the burning zenith of its greatness. With Constantinople again the centre of Orthodoxy, and Russia touching the West in multitudes of ways, Rome would no longer be able to present her system as the sole alternative to Protestant divisions, and, as far as it is distinct from them, to what appears to many the local compromise of Anglicanism.

There would be two suns in the firmament. Rome would have a powerful rival, whose ministerial Orders she has never ventured to question, in her own ecclesiastical line, a rival which, as represented by its most rigid school, condemns the Pope as being but the first of Protestants, the pioneer of religious individualism as against collective authority.

To the host of Russian peasants this war presents itself as a crusade, in which Russia bears the banner of Christianity in its only genuine form against the forces of the Turkish and Lutheran tyrants. In Petrograd, when the news arrived that England had joined the Allies, the great ikon of the Mother of God of Kazan was carried out of the Kazan Cathedral, while thousands in the Nevski Prospekt, the famous artery of commerce and fashion, invoked the blessing of God the Saviour upon our own country, because she "had come to the help of the Lord against the Mighty."

As has been already pointed out, the future advance of Russia in civilization, liberality of mind, and contact with the West as a whole, and not merely, as in the past, with Prussian politics and French unbelief, means, as is manifest, as great an opportunity for the Orthodox Church as the rise of the Frank power—its monarchs the eldest sons of the Roman Church—did for the Petrine See in the earlier mediæval period. Whether Eastern Christianity can display awaking life and use the new openings that will lie before her, is a matter within the womb of time. It is from Russia that such a movement will come, if it does come.

Already there are indications in the attitude of the Russian Church towards ourselves of a desire to learn more of the Anglican position on the part of Russian Churchmen interested in things outside their own boundaries. The informal visits of eminent theologians of the English Church, who have delivered, by special invitation, lectures on our history and position in Petrograd, have increased the sympathetic interest of a section of Russian clergy and laity friendly to our Communion. On the other hand, lectures in England lately, in many places, on the Russian Church by several of our own Churchmen interested in Russia and its religion, have helped to dispel a little the thick clouds of ignorance and misconception so usual in regard to this subject on our own side.

In spite of certain important features which they have in common as a hierarchical constitution, a married clergy (as far in Russia as the parochial priests are concerned), close connection with the State, and resistance to the Papal claims, it would be hard to imagine two Churches less likely, in their present condition, to understand one another than those of England and of Russia. The good points of each respectively are entirely opposite, and the same is true of their faults. The temper of healthy-mindedness, to use Mr. James' expression in his well-known work on religious psychology, is perhaps the best feature of what we call the "mind of the Church of England." Among the priests and religious laity of no other Church in Christendom is there, after all, such a sane, clean-minded humanism, so sensible a recognition of nature as having its part to play as well as grace in the production of a really good man and woman, and of nature as well as grace as the work of God, in contrast with that Dualism which would set one against the other, and which has been the evil genius alike of mediæval and of Puritan Christianity. It was said of that typical English Churchman of modern times,

Charles Kingsley, that the secret of his charm and influence for so many people who were not, most of them at least, among the naturally devout, for people such as soldiers, sportsmen, and actors, lay in the fact that "no natural man had in him so much of the spiritual man as had Kingsley and no spiritual man had so much of the natural man." This is characteristic of the English clergy at their best, although the Kingsleyan parson without religion, of the loud, noisy type, advertising himself as "good with men and boys," preaching "Empire" rather than the Gospel, and oftener on the tennis-ground or golf-course than discharging pastoral duties, is a poor legacy of the "muscular Christian" movement which claimed Kingsley as its apostle, and which with its open-air breeziness and athleticism had a deeply spiritual side to it as well.

To apply this fact of the congeniality of healthy-mindedness to the *ethos* of the English Church to the question of a drawing near to one another of that Church and the Russian—if the central and solidly English type of Churchmanship in this country be of the kind of which Kingsley is a distinctive specimen, allowing, of course, for other and often deeper types, as, for instance, that of Dean Church or of the great Evangelical Simeon, allowing also for the fact that Wesley and Newman were products of the Church of England—it is plain that the ideal of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, cultivated for God's service, and for the fulfilment of His Will, is rather than the saying of S. Macarius to the sportsman, "I hunt after God as you hunt after game," or the idea underlying Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*, the conception naturally received with sympathy by the good average English Churchman, whether cleric or lay. Even in mediæval times, the broad Chaucerian element must have rendered the growth of *ecstaticas* such as were so often to be found in Italian and Spanish convents less frequent than

abroad, if not very unusual. As to the noblest type of sane Catholic mysticism, that of a Richard of Ham-pole or of a Juliana of Norwich, it was not absent, for its entire absence would have meant the drying-up of the springs of the spirit, but it is probably true that English piety has always had a sort of common-sense air about it, an affinity for Martha rather than for Mary. Matthew Arnold's comparison of the *Imitatio Christi* with Bishop Wilson's *Maxims*, and his conclusion that the latter is more expressive than the former of the type of devotion natural and congenial to the English mind, is full of truth. The piety of our race, certainly of our Church, at least since the Reformation, has had a sober pedestrian air about it. It is alive to the dangers of raptures and keeps them under restraint. Hence natures at once passionate and religious, in spite of such instances as Christina Rossetti—Italian by race and temperament yet Anglo-Catholic of a mystical type by conviction—have had a tendency to break off from the Church of England. Crashaw and Bunyan left her in opposite directions. The truth is that all this healthy-mindedness in religion, excellent as it is on one side of it, akin as it is in its avoiding of the flamboyant to the sober majesty of diction of the English Prayer Book, needs, as its complement, a more soaring attitude, the "careless raptures" of the saints. It needs what F. W. Robertson rightly called, as distinct from arm-chair piety, "the grand abandon of Catholic penitence." It needs depth and range, in a word, the mystical element which can in rare moments

Dissolve us into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before our eyes,

and makes possible the vision and the gleam in the light of the remembrance of which the drudgery of darkened days is lightened. It is this Mary rather than Martha conception which is

congenial to the soul of Russia. Hence, if the Russian peasants may need to learn from us English people that "cleanliness is next to godliness" and scrupulousness in regard to truth and to honesty is important as well as humility and kindness, we need to learn from them as well the lesson that Russia and its organic religion can teach—the necessity of vision, the calamity of the atrophy of the worship instinct (one of England's greatest losses), and the fact that the sense of duty, even when most splendid, is the basis of religion but is not necessarily religion itself. Ethics in England are always present, but they are often the ethics of the nobler paganism. The ethical standard of Russia, though of course never fully conformed to, is distinctively and absolutely Christian. Sympathy, patience, obedience to the Will of God, sense of the unseen as greater than the seen, are its keynotes. So true is this, that the Russian nature, assimilating, however imperfectly, the evangelic temper, has influenced profoundly the spiritual atmosphere of its own Church, by origin Byzantine, so naturally a Communion in which, as in Greece itself, the racial element predominates over the mystical, and has suffused its ritual splendour with the tenderness and unworldliness of the Gospels. Now, it is precisely this mystical spirit, to be found alike among the crowds of poor people in the hospitable churches of Russia, the homes of the poor, or in the smaller gatherings of the Russian sects, which witnesses to the supernatural character of Christianity, and it is just this aspect of our religion which we in England as a rule, and especially in the Church of England, tend to forget. Hence we do not feel the need of worship, whereas in Russian religion worship is the essence of the whole thing, worship rather than philanthropy. In the Russian Church, whatever its defects, God's house is essentially the house of prayer. Several places of Christian worship in England seem to be mainly used now for "Talks about Citizenship," or as adjuncts to

a number of social congregational organisations, but not as mainly the means of entering into communion with the unseen and the eternal—this as the heart of the whole business, the object for which it exists.

After all, the English middle-class religion, largely in the past at least, of the type created by the union of Puritanism with the Anglo-Saxon commercial spirit, has, with all its salubrity, domesticity, and industry, something to learn even from the unwashed and half-starved crowds of peasant pilgrims who throng the great monastic churches of Russia.

For middle-class English Puritanism, in spite of its many sturdy and solid virtues, in spite of the fact which must be admitted, even by those who like this type of religion and civilisation the least, that it has been, in the main, a force altogether for clean and wholesome living, and has stood again and again for political liberty, yet has never realised to any degree the truth that money-making is one of the perils of the soul.

The English middle-class temper, with its love of comfort and its strong sense of the sanctity of personal property and of every man's house as his castle, has little or nothing in common with the Franciscan spirit, that spirit which had little delight in "having," but was essentially joyous with the freedom of the birds of the air and the lilies of the field—of "joy in widest commonalty spread." S. Francis taking poverty for his bride would be an unintelligible interpreter of Christianity for such as Samuel Smiles with his Gospel of Getting On. Indeed, the Celtic Catholics of the West of Ireland, or the Russian pilgrims tramping to Jerusalem, would have been more likely to understand S. Francis than the English or, still more, the Lowland Scotch citizen, even when sincerely religious. It is a shock to the latter to realise that the idea that if a man reads his Bible and keeps the Sabbath, and is at the same time a keen man of business, he will gain a sure reward by being "blest in basket and in store" is in no sense an

idea of the Gospel at all. The truth is that, at its very best, the notion in question is old Jewish. It is of the atmosphere of the Old Testament, and not of that at its ideal heights. The instinct of the saints is against this view of religion. "If thou wilt be perfect, sell all that thou hast," and "How hard it is for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom"—these "hard sayings" of Jesus are difficult to reconcile with the conceptions which underlie the works of Samuel Smiles. They do not call to our mind the picture of a successful merchant and of a comfortable domesticity, even though family virtues, honesty, and integrity have, of course, also a real Gospel value.

The setting and also the soul of the evangelic story, that great adventure of the spirit, is hardly ever understood and appreciated except by those who have experienced some touch of privation and of pain, as sacraments of God received with fitting dispositions. It is not antecedently probable that such heart-piercing events as the Incarnation and the Passion would have taken place merely to order to make people a little more decent and respectable than they would have been had these events not occurred. The manner in which the poor and children are at home in the Russian churches is a splendid contrast to our stiff ways, and ought to outweigh misunderstanding of much on the other side that seems to English minds as petrified and needing to be changed at the touch of life.

It is hard to realise what a source of unconscious refinement, civilisation, and courtesy, to consider only the earthly side of it, the people herded in the poorer quarters of our cities have lost by the fact that the old Catholic atmosphere, expressing itself in all sorts of ways, has gone to all intents and purposes. The one universal touch of poetry has been withdrawn. We have got a sort of unconsciously unreal homage to respectable convention—a vicarious homage often—instead. When the more vulgar-minded type of

Puritanism still held under its control the spirit of the middle classes, it might have been said that Mrs. Grundy had assumed the position of the presiding genius of ideal womanhood *vice* Our Lady deposed. This characteristic is undoubtedly one of the reasons for the mental vulgarity of the English masses, a mental vulgarity greater, on the whole, than in other countries, in spite of the English good nature, good humour, and integrity. At the best, their idea of religion is too often a negative one—"not drinking and swearing"—the atmosphere of worship is unknown to them, and hence also the instinct of worship, long since killed. Religion and dulness are associated together, while art and beauty are at the opposite pole, and not quite safe. The effort to restore a truer instinct, whether its promoters are æsthetic or ritualistic, bears too often a sort of contingent and superinduced character. Religious feeling of the more tender and gracious kind does not grow in England generally out of the roots of the soil as with the Russian and the Celt, serious as are some ethical deficiencies of both the latter races. Russia and India are the two countries in the world the races inhabiting which are the most organically religious. England and China are predominantly ethical in sentiment, Russia and India predominantly religious, in the more distinctive sense of that word. The spiritual build of the first two is that of the mind of Martha, of the latter two of the mind of Mary. China Christianised would probably develop on lines of the sense of duty, of loyalty, of family affection, India Christianised on those of mysticism and of the contemplative way. The defect of the one type would be the danger of Christianity being tamed and domesticated, yoked to the interests of the Family and of the State; and of the other of its getting off the lines of sanity and discipline, and in its efforts to soar forgetting to serve. In the one case it would tend to be reduced to the position of an instrument and accessory of parts of life lesser than itself; in the other

to stand in no practical relation to life as we know it in any sense at all.

Doubtless England has a most genuine regard for certain virile qualities, as honesty and truth-speaking, though much of this regard is often only in theory, and the "religion of healthy-mindedness" is in the main, when not priggish, a wholesome and often a noble thing. Doubtless also the Church of England has influence over a large number of the upper and professional classes, while many of those classes in Russia are total unbelievers. Upon the professional and upper middle class the influence of our Church appears to be at its best. But the *ewig Weibliche* in us refuses to accept truth-speaking, honesty, and courage, admirable as these virtues are, as a complete presentation of the Gospel spirit, nor can we acquiesce in the regarding of good citizenship and philanthropy as an exhaustive account of the work which the Church of Christ is intended to perform, to the obscuring of the union of souls with God, with the unseen forces of good, with "the powers of the world to come." Certainly if other Churches can gain by contact with us, as they can in certain respects, yet we ourselves are bound to gain by every experience of other types of Christianity that saves us from complacent insularity and arrogant provinciality of mind.

Any contact is good on our part with Churches which do not make respectability, or even academic culture, the climax of virtue, which realise and honour Christ's preference for poverty, and regard adversity rightly used as sacramental, a brand mark of God's favour, a scar which signs its bearer as an initiate of the freemasonry of the Cross. To the eye of faith, in spite of the religious backwater in which so much of Christian life appears to be at present confined, there is, after all, no evidence of the exhaustion of the boundless possibilities of Catholic Christianity when true to its ideal as the wise scribe of the Gospels, "bringing forth

things new and old " out of its treasures. " There are no grey hairs upon the head of Judah." The Church of Christ is never at the end of her resources. " When the bricks are failing, Moses comes." Like a sort of untamable Proteus, defying death by capture and analysis, Christianity while one in essential substance, yet changes continually the accidents of its forms, and the Rationalism which, ever on the hunt after this omnipresent enemy, now thinks it feels at last the life force of the Church of Christ ebbing away under its clutches, awakes to find the influence and the vitality which seemed to be expiring again elusive, triumphant, riding the blast, enveloping life on all sides, and springing up in the most unlikely and unexpected quarters.

In spite of all the incidental disappointments, the frustrating of the ideal, the constant contentment with the meagre actual, of the story of the Church of Christ, it is true of that Church in a better sense than that in which Shakespeare used the words to describe his mistress of enchantments, that

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

Catholic Christianity is, as in the Second Century struggle with Gnosticism, in the main stream of the life of the spirit. Theosophy, Christian Science, and other modern Gnosticisms, are not " of the centre." They are Idiosyncrasies.

It must indeed, however, be freely admitted that an unevangelical, illiberal Catholicism is a contradiction in terms.

A waspish, nervous clericalism is to the real Catholicism as the parasite that has taken possession of an organism is to the organism itself.

The most dogmatic of Churches can be, in a true sense, the most liberal, if her dogmas are the pulsations of vital heart-truths, if they are valued as the protective rampart securing the central shrine—that is, " the

taking of the Manhood into God." Without this rooted at the core dogmas no doubt are petrifications, but so also without this are immanence ideals phantoms.

With this truth of the Incarnation glowing at its centre, the Athanasian Creed itself, with its threatening thorns, can be rightly regarded as the unfolding in all its beauty and fragrance of the rose of Sharon.

The possible opportunities and new openings likely to be presented to the great Churches of Christendom after the war are, of course, only of importance in regard to the re-Christianising of Christendom in so far as they stimulate and provide environment for new departures in the efforts and adventures of the life of the spirit.

Yet this life of the spirit does not merely operate *in vacuo*. It works along channels which God in history has cleft out for it, even if at times it overflows its brim, at other times with some fierce turn pierces for itself a new and unexpected course, breaking down the obstacles of centuries from before its onrush.

Are we at the eve of a new Pentecost—a white dawn after the night of war's red rain has passed away?

Will this world war be as the flame of a dread purgatory, a *κάθαρσις*, cleansing by pity and terror the old Christendom, burning out its rottenness?

Will it so clear away dead complacency and pride that out of their ashes can spring to life a new Christendom of penitence, forgiveness, and reconciling love?

Or, as a terrible but not impossible alternative, is it true that, as "Satan cannot cast out Satan," so the methods of the arm of flesh, the appeal to the sword, however justifiable in the last resort in the political life of nations, in regard to the spiritual condition of Europe and of the world can never be instrumental in bringing things nearer to the mind of Christ? When peace is proclaimed will the divisions of Christendom be more stereotyped, the ruts in which the Church lives and works be as deep as ever, the inconsistent following of Christ as inconsistent or more so than in the time that now seems so far off—the time before the war?

CHAPTER X

CHRISTIAN REUNION—DIFFICULTIES AND HOPES

IN regard to modes of presentation of Christian truth and life in Western Europe, the time may be drawing near for realisation of the fact, to the truth of which a candid study of history bears witness, that neither side in the great controversy of the Reformation has been without fault, and that most of the one-sided polemical books for and against that event might safely be consigned to the flames.

The desire for reunion of Christendom, visible and organic, yet without mechanical uniformity, ought to grow and strengthen all round. But an essential preparation for any reunion movement must be severe self-criticism and corporate repentance on every side. If Rome persists in denying that any sins lie at her door, and that she can answer to no approach that is not made as by a rebellious child to an insulted and injured mother, the calm and impartial study of history is not likely to bear out the truth of this claim. As education advances the reiteration of uncompromising statements in defiance of ascertained fact, or even of statements true in themselves, yet perverted into practical falsehoods by the *suppressio veri* of the facts on the other side, will fail to have the vogue which they might have had in a more ignorant period.

Looking at its moral and spiritual condition as a whole, the truth is, as to the Church of the Middle Ages,

that it was probably neither the paradise which Cardinal Gasquet would have us believe it, nor the inferno disclosed by Mr. Coulton's controversially used learning. The magnificent idealism of the Thirteenth Century could not long sustain itself. Even Innocent III was more secular than Gregory VII, while in Innocent IV, the Pope who was man of affairs *par excellence*, we have the beginnings of an unspiritual process which at last made possible the Renaissance Papacy and the Reformation as its consequence.

Taking it *en masse*, clergy and laity together, the Church of the Middle Ages was, in fact, as Newman said of S. Cyril, neither white nor black, but whitey brown; or rather, the extremes existed side by side.

Protestantism must be candid enough to admit that it is itself not the whole but a part of Christianity, and that the full significance of the life and message of Jesus to the world is incomplete without the truths which Catholicism witnesses for, in however, at present, one-sided a fashion. But Catholicism will also have to admit that if Protestantism is not the book but an attempted correction in the margin, yet that the immense note of interrogation which we call the Reformation can only be erased by reconsidering the entire text with its implications and foregone conclusions in the volume so marked, even if the note of interrogation was put with violence, bias, and self-will. In fact, if there is the Protestant legend there is also the Catholic myth. The Church of knaves and hypocrites, the great spiritual imposition of Protestant imagination, is a lie. No such body could have produced Rheims Cathedral and Westminster Abbey unless artistic feeling and ethical perception are hopelessly contradictory. But the Church of none but holy Popes, hated by the wicked secular world because of their wisdom and disinterestedness, is also a dream, though a less repulsive one. Both views shrink at the touch of facts when the latter are candidly ascertained.

It is hard, no doubt, for sincere Roman Catholics to make any admission of non-agreement of preconceived views with the experience of history, but the inevitable pressure of facts will force them more and more to admit it if they wish to be listened to by reasonable and intelligent people. It is, of course, difficult for Catholics to allow that Revolt is sometimes as necessary as Authority, and Criticism as salutary as Tradition. It is hard, on the other hand, for religious Liberals to realise that there is a danger of shallowness as well as of narrowness in religion as in everything else ; and that minds of a feeble commonplace order will still be feeble and commonplace, even though they may adopt the conclusions of advanced New Testament criticism, call themselves "Modernists," and talk glibly against "obscurantism and reaction" ; that if they are originally feeble and shallow this kind of cant of heterodoxy, as bad as that of orthodoxy, does not make them any less so. It may be added that a good deal of so-called "Liberalism" in modern Christianity consists in the process of cutting off the branch on which you are sitting, or, when the Liberalism is of a milder type, of trying to steer your boat broadside on.

The truth is, though Liberals have not yet learnt this, that while Liberalism is an ingredient in religion, as in all life—a modifying and necessary ingredient—it can never compose the entire dish. For this something more positive and substantial is demanded. The Eighteenth Century, with its apparently final severance of the English poorer classes from the English Church, was the century *par excellence* of religious Liberalism ; mystery, dogma, sacerdotalism (in its better as well as its worst sense) were scouted, and ethical and rational Christianity was supreme. The result was, as always after such a process, and as in Protestant Germany largely to-day, empty churches, with the labouring people outside. For all experience proves to the hilt that the masses are held to religion by events and per-

sons, the concrete, not by theories and abstractions. Hence the Eighteenth Century, the *seculum rationalisticum*, on its religious side meant the complete divorce—except for Wesley's movement, which was anti-Latitudinarian—of the Church of England from the common people.

Both parties in this conflict that has dragged through centuries, unless, indeed, the only progress is to be always by antagonism (and this may be so, though it is not ideal), need to learn that while synthesis is the goal to aim at, and while we ought not to acquiesce in any lesser aim, yet that any result of synthesis can only, speaking generally, be attained through analysis, and reconstruction through disintegration, and hence that tradition and criticism have each a necessary place.

For God's way, in the long irony of history, is not to foreclose complications and difficulties by a sort of *Deus ex Machina* intervention, but to pursue the *ad absurdum* plan, giving mistakes, errors, and perversions, whether authoritarian or liberal, time enough and rope enough with the inevitable result.

The word Liberalism in relation to religion is, after all, a question-begging appellative, as other words of a similar kind are also.

Just as there are "Evangelicals" without a tinge of the Gospel spirit, and "Catholics" who are in mind and temper hopeless sectarians, so there are many illiberal "Liberals." Writers of the latter type in the Church of England are often, with an almost ludicrous inconsistency, engaged in the task of exciting old-fashioned Protestant feeling (as far as it still exists) against what they call the "Neo-Catholic party," on the grounds that the latter presumes to exceed or evade the teaching of the Thirty-nine Articles, while the virtuously indignant Liberal critic welcomes, or at least tolerates, a practical denial of a considerable part of the Nicene or even the Apostles' Creed on the part of ministers of

the Church and candidates for her Orders. The case is not unknown of the diocese of a "Liberal" prelate in which unsoundness about the Virgin birth and the physical Resurrection of the Lord appears to be almost a recommendation for high preferment, while vestments are sternly suppressed as far as possible as being "disloyal to the Reformation Settlement."

On the lips of this type of theologian the Reformation Settlement is capable of elastic extension in an almost Unitarian direction, but is rigid in its Protestant orthodoxy where the erring Ritualist is concerned. It is as if it had "a nose of wax."

But the process of making the flesh of English Protestantism creep, as the fat boy in *Pickwick* did that of Mr. Wardle's mother, is every year less successful. The shock does not come off, nor is it at all clear that the Liberals are the persons who have any right to administer it. Meanwhile the Liberal Protestants go on writing essays and articles, while the "Neo-Catholics" go on altering the parishes. Neither school can understand the other. They fight from opposite planes. The average "Liberal" is donnish, and knows little of the human nature of a parish and of the practical work of the priesthood. The average "Catholic" is ignorant, and regards the appeal to intelligence as unnecessary when "the Church has spoken."

When they do encounter, it is as in the manner in which Newman described his duel with Kingsley, a fight as if between a dog and a fish. Neither of them really gets at the other. There is no atmosphere common to both. For the chief difficulty, as in all Christendom, so also in the Church of England, as to any understanding between "Catholic" and "Liberal," between the school of tradition and authority on the one hand, and that of criticism and new light on the other, between the sacramentalist and the prophetic, the institutionalist and the rational ethical interpretations of Christianity, lies in the fact that each school lives and moves in a

different atmosphere, and cannot thrive or, apparently, even breathe outside of its congenial environment.

Every big movement, like the earth, brings its own atmosphere along with it as it pursues its course through history.

"The Oxford Movement," said Father Dolling impatiently, and yet to a large extent truly, "was made up out of books." Certainly if the school of religious thought it represented was at its start academic, the pendulum, in the case of the mass of the younger representatives of its later developments, with the exception of some not engaged in parochial work, has swung in the directly opposite direction. The healthy, open-air boy of the best sort, who seeks Holy Orders and has learnt his religion practically at an advanced "Anglo-Catholic" Church, has often many first-rate points. Men of his type, as indeed of widely opposite schools, are redeeming the Church at the present moment of her judgment by their splendid work in the trenches—splendid in its simple faith and courage and love for the "dear fellows" as he calls the soldiers, who give him a thousandfold their love and trust in return. In ordinary times he is content to slave in the slums. There is no sacrifice too great which he will not make for his lads. He is eager to present the Church of England as a living force for the social redemption of the poor. He longs to see her clothed in glorious ceremonial and yet having beneath this outward splendour the *stigmata* of discipline, labour, and sacrificial love. But his weak point lies in want of appeal to the intelligence. As a rule, he is unconscious of the momentum and diffusion of the new ideas that are penetrating everywhere, and percolating down through every strata of society, and by which even the least thinking class will in time be indirectly affected. He has neither the opportunity nor, it must be added, the inclination for reading. He seems sometimes unaware that there are bigger subjects than either

ritual or the Boy Scout Movement, and that religion, if it is to win to-day, must have a message affecting the whole of life.

The same criticism can be passed about the personnel of many churches also of the religious complexion alluded to above, where the unceasing claims of practical labour among a poor and ignorant population cannot be pleaded in excuse for neglect of cultivation of intelligence—though in reality there is no excuse anywhere for blank indifference to subjects that are the A B C of all modern thought and that are bound to affect life and to “go far” in doing so. There are Church centres where indifference to ideas reigns supreme, accompanied by a hasty scorn of any aspect of truth not already provided for in the textbooks “made up” before ordination, or familiar through the weekly Church newspaper, and that without any excuse as to lack of time for reading by virtue of the claims of strenuous “practical work,” for little of such work is done.

Hence follows hardness of mind—crude and hasty dogmatising taking the place of mental alertness and the discipline of intellect and spirit—or a sort of emotionalism and nervous feminine scrupulousness about minutiae, the very opposite of the seriousness and depth, the range and sweep of the Gospels, representing the type of Christianity cultivated and encouraged. The result is the kind of neophyte, generally female, who seems to think with Father Tyrrell’s pious client “the Gospels are so dry”—dry, that is, in comparison with a certain type of devotional manual.

We have not as yet reared as abundant a crop of this description as a sister Communion has in some other countries ; but there are places, of the religious hothouse description, where the process goes on gaily and daily, and it is invariably accompanied by that ignorance of and contempt for all the living thought of the present to which we have alluded, by a sort of insolent laziness of mind.

Hence follows the feebleness and inefficiency of the pulpit, the latter an instrument which when rightly used is even still one of the greatest assets of religious and ethical propaganda in the best sense of the word.

When we turn, however, to the Liberal camp we find an opposite type of colour-blindness, and a hasty scorn as unjust, though in an opposite direction. If the Anglo-Catholics are in the world of thought decidedly weak in proportion to their numbers and their zeal, the Liberals are correspondingly behindhand in the world of religious activities of the evangelistic and pastoral description. There has been no purely Broad Churchman of the type of the "Catholic" Dolling or of the "Evangelical" Watts-Ditchfield—although men of that school, such as the late Canon Barnett, have done splendid social work.

If the pastoral activities of a poor and populous parish do not lend themselves to the keeping ahead of the thought movements of the age, neither does the usual atmosphere associated with a cathedral close or a university fellowship assist the perception of the best methods of grappling hand to hand with the sin and suffering of the "dim common populations." Zeal for redemption as distinct from culture—in a word, the Gospel idea of the salvation of sinners—is not the strong point of the Liberals. The weakness of their school is an inadequate sense of sin, a tendency to the old Greek error of confusing sin with ignorance. It is only a tendency, but it exists, and it is a real weakness, in the face of facts.

Both schools, indeed, touch life ; for if Liberals lay stress on thought, yet thought is a part of life, even when we allow to the full for the Bergsonian restoration of instinct or for the Pragmatist insistence on will.

The starvation of intelligence, whether Ritualist or Evangelical be guilty of it, is no advantage to religion, but on the other hand, provokes by reaction the rejection

of the latter. This must be fully admitted as a point on the Liberal side.

But thought, articulated and rational, is not the whole of life, nor even—and here the latest efforts of psychology would agree—its deepest and most central portion.

If the activities, spiritual and social, of a parish in a poor district worked by keenly religious clergy, a hive of self-sacrificing labour, are not a complete presentation of the Faith of Christ, without some message for the intelligence, neither does the range of interest of the *Hibbert Journal* embrace the entire world as the object of Redemption. The deanery has its limitations as well as the slum. God only is Master of the full-orbed vision of truth. He only in the highest and completest sense "sees life steadily and sees it whole." If there is the pride of religion, there is the pride of criticism. Spiritual colour-blindness is the monopoly of no school. Prejudice and bigotry are all the more dangerous because the less suspected when they are found linked with "Liberalism," up-to-date theological culture, and the German theories before which, until the war, Broad Churchmen bent with such profound docility, than when they are found in unison with the mental processes of men of the opposite type.

In comparing the "Catholic" and "Liberal" we have thought specially of present-day Church of England conditions, although we are dealing with the preliminaries necessary if ever Christians of opposite types and sections are to learn to receive each other's witness and to correct their own mistakes. The Church of England, however, is useful for studying within limits the operation of conflicting tendencies and convictions which mingle or wrestle within her, and which outside her are only found isolated from one another.

Protestant Liberalism has to reckon with one absolute certainty which stands out amid the most thorough-

going and scientific investigation of primitive religion. This is the fact that the idea of a church, as involving that of collectivist and sacramental membership in a sacred community, is of the original essence of natural religion. It is no late appendix made by a designing priesthood to a simple, rational Faith. That eminent scholar, Miss Jane Harrison, writes in a review in the *New Statesman*, October 23, 1915, of *The Elementary Forms of Religious Life*, by Professor Durkheim of the University of Paris, concentrating the main conclusions of the author's thesis: "Everywhere by a pardonable paradox the worshipper antedates the god; the church not only fosters but positively engenders the god; without a living church, as Protestants are sadly learning, the god dies down or shifts into the barren devil of scepticism." However objectionable may appear this critic's mode of expression in the above quotation, yet even if, as seems likely, she implies an Agnostic innuendo, the substance of her statement appears amply borne out by all the available evidence. Nor is it really inconsistent with Theism as a gradual and progressive revelation through Humanity. Instead of a primitive Deist putting to himself teleological considerations and arriving at a simple monotheism of the reason, we have totemism, the totem not as yet a god, rather a tribal badge, but with this the community with its rite of initiation—the incarnation, in a sort of germ form, of the first stirrings of religion. Religious Individualism, whether of Reason or of mystical Intuition—whether of the intellect, as the Eighteenth Century thought, or of the inner depths of the personal soul as a certain school of Modernists seem to believe—is in no case the historical cradle of primeval religion. The latter has its start in Collectivism, and in so far as it has an inner root of mysticism at all, it is collective not individual mysticism.

The social, the Catholic element, is of the very bone

and structure of religion as it lies in its dim primeval cradle.

The subjective and individualist elements, though destined to appear afterwards full of power and grandeur, yet emerge later in the evolution process, and alone they can never constitute religion. It is true that we must not judge the nature of religion, any more than art or science, exclusively from its dim beginnings. The totem and the taboo do not exhaust its meanings. The cathedral is more characteristic of it than the joss-house, the prophet than the medicine-man, the saint than the fakir. It can disengage itself, without ceasing to be a religion, from what may be called the lower supernatural. The magical vesture of early religion formed but the baby clothes which its grown limbs can dispense with. It is not what it has been, or even what it is, but what it is becoming which reveals the inmost and truest character of its essence. The centre of it, the main stem, displays itself the last as husk and envelope fall away. Yet the essential elements of developed religion are to be found in embryo in its cradle and its swaddling bands. Their beginnings are rude prophecies of their future. The fact that religion commences in the clan idea, and not in solitary intuition or ratiocination, that it is in its essence and inmost fibre social, proves that the idea of the Church, the clan spiritualised and universalised, is one of the most important of its rudimental and permanent factors, and that it cannot be reduced, without tenuity and serious loss, to two root elements only, God and the individual soul.

German Protestantism is affording us practical experience of this, which the study of Comparative Religion and the history of primitive beliefs proves to the hilt. Without a cult and a church, religion is a thin, disembodied thing and always aristocratic in a bad sense, shifting and fading from faith into phil-

osophy, receding into the brain from the broad human life, and in the brain maintaining a rather forlorn and desperate existence against the inevitable difficulties which the Theistic hypothesis, when detached from any idea of a Revelation in History, suggests in view of this, as far as Moral Sovereignty goes, apparently God-forsaken world. Nor is the appeal to conscience taken alone or to spiritual experience, severed from Christianity, a whit less aristocratic. The cumulative effect of many experiences inhering in an organic collective life, and not the hermit-like witness of the solitary soul, supplies the atmosphere of faith and makes possible a people's religion.

My praise shall be of Thee in the great congregation.

The primitive worshipper was not a being like Rousseau's "noble savage." He did not gaze into the starry heavens, or into the depths of conscience, like an anticipation of Kant, and, discovering God, say afterwards to his fellows, "Go to, let us form a church and start institutional religion." No "Social Contract" like that which the Eighteenth Century imagined in politics preceded in religion cult and community. They sprang out of the social nature of man from the inherent, organic elements of his life of kinship, quickened, as Christians believe, by an unseen Power. Nor is the relation of institutional religion to spiritual religion merely as that of astrology to astronomy, only preceding it as the husk in a sense shoots forth before the kernel and yet afterwards falls away. The experience of all history of religion goes to prove that in some form, though varying in detail, the institutional element is of its essence, that when religion ceases to be public, social, and externalised, when it loses its power of knitting men in one—its healthy objectivity, its capacity of being touched and handled—it ceases to be, in any broad and effective sense, religion at all. It may remain

in certain souls as an aspiration, or an ideal, or an intuition, or a *résumé* of the supersensuous, but it ceases to be religion in the sense in which—

The wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.

It no longer summons or constrains by a common appeal. It becomes academic and intellectually aristocratic, rather than simple and humane, a Faith of the millions. It is unintelligible to those common people who heard Christ gladly. The air it breathes is too thin and rarefied for them to move in. The herd are at first its despair, and after a time the object of its contempt. After all, although there was plenty of unChristlike corruption in the Church of S. Cyril of Alexandria, that of the Fifth Century, yet Kingsley, "Broad" as he was, shows us in *Hypatia* that S. Cyril's religion, with its "doors open all day to the leper and the slave," was in the main stream of progress while Neo-Platonism, the Liberalism of his time, was in a side eddy.

In a recent number, of all places, of the *Hibbert Journal*, that organ in the main of advanced religious Liberalism, we read the following in a remarkable article headed "Why we are fighting":—

"In fact, the world tragedy which we are witnessing to-day is the death of Protestantism. Not for a moment do I imply by this any rejuvenescence of Catholicism." [By this the writer evidently means the present Jesuitised system, that which is still mastered by the spirit of the Counter-Reformation.]

"I mean that the great world-phase which began with the Reformation is nearing its end—in unspeakable holocaust, in vast dissolution; and yet, like the labouring ocean in the sublime language of Schiller, 'as if striving to bring forth another sea.'"

The truth is that Teutonic Protestantism—as a spirit, and not merely a set of dogmas—is closely connected

with Teutonism, and that therefore the fall of the latter from its pinnacle of exclusive predominance in the mental estimation of English people of the educated and at the same time strongly ethical type—the type to which Carlyle appealed, on the whole successfully, for Prussia in Victorian days—must bring with it also the passing away from out of its solitary pre-eminence of the stark, distinctively Protestant temper regarded as the only representative of the *anima Christiana* that is worth considering by the English race.

The discovery for the average Briton of the splendour of the French spirit, and the still newer discovery of the generosity and depth of the soul of Russia, cannot but detach the more thoughtful people in this country from the idea that the kind of temper celebrated by Kingsley is the final and complete presentation of Christianity for the Anglo-Saxon, however real its excellences undoubtedly are.

This war will justify the way of looking at European religion, as to its spirit and setting, of Matthew Arnold, rather than that of J. A. Froude, in spite of the former's misunderstanding of Biblical and Christian theology.

The educated English, their sympathies now thoroughly anti-Prussianised, and the eyes of their intelligence opened after the Carlylean drench, are learning to burn what they have adored.

They are learning that "sweetness and light" are better methods for the promotion of thought and life in Christian civilisation than the *Sturm und Drang* element in which J. A. Froude revelled. Our religious sympathies are becoming de-Germanised as those of our forefathers became de-Romanised, and in both cases alike by the practical logic of facts.

Yet even if Prussian theologians have openly approved about Belgium and the *Lusitania*, it is also true that the splendidly courageous Cardinal Mercier, whom all that is just in Europe honours, held his

tongue when the reality of the Congo atrocities and the responsibility for them of King Leopold and his dividend-hunters was proved and exposed, denunciation proceeding from one or two Belgian Socialists alone. The clergy of Belgium, now suffering a martyrdom, some of which recalls the story of the Congo, preserved a judicious silence.

King Leopold, responsible up to the hilt for that ghastly business, was a "good Catholic" though a very bad man, and the austere and saintly primate who has now stood forth as the champion of the Belgian nation preached a glowing sermon at the burial of the royal personage in question.

But the condition, as regards public life, to which a thing which has been in many places and times so virile and effective for the ethics of good citizenship as Protestant Christianity has been reduced in Germany, ought to open the eyes of reasonable intelligent laymen to the fact that clericalism is not the only evil, though no doubt an evil it is, that a Church spiritually timid and tamed under the State may be an even worse evil—that if the first may be mediæval and reactionary, the second may be consistent with a State practically pagan in a hard, anti-moral sense. For the first perverts the Kingdom of God on earth to a Kingdom of this world, the second makes the Kingdom of God a thing of purely interior sentiment, while public life is conducted on principles from which all ethics except a perverted patriotism, swollen up with *ὕβρις*, are logically excluded. The Christian Church in such a condition, even where direct ethical issues are involved, has lost prophetic utterance. It speaks with bated breath and "cringing humbleness." It is no *Domini Canis*, or Watchdog of the Lord.

The war, in this as in other respects, may help us to learn that error is manifold, and that the State can go wrong as well as the Church—in fact, that we are all fallible, including the laity.

We have seen in the tragedy of Germany's moral blindness the outcome, among other things, of what that eminent ethical and literary critic, Mr. T. R. Glover, who is no ecclesiastically minded writer, justly calls in his *Christian Tradition and its Verification* the "policy of a tame cat clergy and a mailed fist State."

Dr. Döllinger said of the Protestant Church of Germany that it was "born of a connubial alliance between professors and princes." This is true entirely of the present Church, formed by the State-made junction of Calvinists and Lutherans, but, if we substitute "preachers" for "professors," it is also true of the older Lutheranism.

It is becoming plain that Erastianism and Ultramontaniam do not constitute between them a dilemma on the horns of which the religious mind of Europe must be tossed, but that there is a third alternative better than either—i.e. the ideal of a "Free Church in a Free State," an ideal acceptable neither to Erastian Berlin nor to clericalist Vienna, but none the less that towards which the new Europe is likely to move.

The decline of Spain and of the Hapsburgs marked the passing of the political and coercive power practically claimed by the mediæval Church, or exercised on its behalf. The exposure of the Prussian spirit and of its dominion over Germany marks the end of the attempt to combat ecclesiastical domination by reducing the Church to a tame chaplaincy. It marks the discovery of what may be called the Latitudinarian fallacy, the view that religion is purest when its embodiment, the Church, is docile and complacent, that it can soar highest when its wings are clipped. This fallacy, which is very congenial to English political philosophy and to the English legal mind, and has been held by writers as different as Macaulay and Hallam, has received a crushing blow to-day in Germany, its congenial nursery and first home. We are learning that a really spiritual Church should be no

tame cat of the State, but a thing of power, and of that as based on freedom, though it is the power of a prophet, not of an inquisitor.

The question of the Reunion of Christendom has suffered in general interest partly because it is often considered to be the expression of a purely utopian aspiration, incapable of realisation on this side of Heaven, partly because unity is popularly but mistakenly identified with uniformity, but also because reunion has appeared to be a question of an exclusively ecclesiastical nature. "What connection is there," it might be asked, "between this ideal and the issues of the war?" There is, however, a very powerful connection.

After the war the international aspect of European life and of human society generally will be brought forward in connection with the regulation of difficulties between nations by some better method than that of settlement by slaughter.

The idea of a Family of Nations dwelling side by side with a common understanding, as distinct from a jungle in which beasts of prey roam with the intention of making a meal of the weaker creatures, will be, or at least ought to be, the conception of the condition of Europe, chastened and brought to a true view of things by the consequences of the war.

Whether it will be so or not, at least it represents the direction in which the best men will wish history to develop. Every good man is bound to labour, after this horror is past, for the extirpation of Moloch, not only in Prussia but everywhere. His reign of centuries must no longer be taken for granted. This grisly idol is no inherent necessity of things.

Now, the greatest assistance and incentive to this would be a Christendom in which intercommunication and fraternal intercourse between the various parts of the Church of Christ and the possibility of her organic

united action on great questions of a moral nature was at least the goal aimed at.

The nobler pacifism, the pacifism of the Prince of Peace and of the *Beati Pacifici*, demands as its best vehicle and instrument a Christendom, and not merely, as the Kikuyu policy would have it, a Protestantism "that is at unity with itself," not indeed by external mechanical uniformity, but by an inward life that, though interior in its wellsprings, yet, by the law of the religion of the Incarnation, cannot rest until it has sought embodiment in a visible and reconciled Body, the Body of Christ.

It is this aspect of religion as an international, socially reconciling force which Comte rightly accentuated and which Protestantism in its exaggerated assertion of exclusive claims of the individual soul, and in its national limitations, as well as the Roman reaction against the Reformation, in the concentration of interest by the policy of the Curia on the oiling and working of the ecclesiastical machine, alike tend to ignore. What an unhappy evidence of the perversion of what ought to be the unifying work of religion is afforded, to take a glaring example, by the history of Ireland for past centuries; Christianity, at least among the conquerors, becoming the vinegar keeping a sore inflamed, or the knife turned in a wound; religious strife ruining art and dividing society.

We have alluded to Ireland, and here we may be allowed a not altogether irrelevant digression.

The truth about the sister island is that before she can reach a type of Christianity that teaches men to love rather than to hate their fellows, before she can get out of the religious ruts in which the past English policy of ruling that country by dividing her has left her, she may probably pass through a zone of religious indifference. Before Belfast and Cork can come to understand one another their distinctive types of religion, the Boyne-water creed of a tribal Yahveh, occupied with

the interests of Ulster Orangemen, on the one hand, or the religion which would keep the southern Irish in a sort of clericalist nursery on the other, must, both of them, loosen their grip on the intelligence of young Irishmen and Irishwomen. The fact that Irish lads are fighting together in the trenches may begin this emancipating process ; the effects of the approaching self-government may continue it.

There need not be, and ought not to be, a rejection of Christianity, and there certainly will not be, since Ireland is one of the few countries in Europe, Russia being another, in which the Christian religion is in the soul and temper of the people.

Rationalism and the Irish spirit are radically incompatible, in spite of the lucidity and curiosity of the Celtic mind. But there will be, we hope, and certainly there ought to be, a rejection of those modes of working Christianity which make the latter a thing which has embittered the heart and fettered the intelligence, and which hinders the youth of a country from a common sharing in sympathetic interests. By a dreadful perversion of Christ's law of love religion in Ireland has been the barrier reaching to heaven (but not let down from heaven like the uniting sheet of the apostolic dream) which has prevented the young Irish Catholic and the young Irish Protestant from joining hands and hearts together. Religion in Ireland has soured the very milk of human kindness. It has been the enemy of frank comradeship, of common patriotism, between all Irishmen. Mephistopheles in Goethe's poem describes himself as "the spirit I, that evermore denies." Irish religion might describe itself as "the spirit I, that evermore divides." Belfast needs to "emerge" from the Sixteenth Century and the South from the Fourteenth. The clergy need also to be confined to their proper business—ministering, not "bossing." A healthy, not anti-religious, sense of the importance of human life in the present, a frank recognition of the beauty

and humour of existence, an apprehension of the irrationality of the attempt to make human beings into bad imitations of angels instead of clean-living men and women—all this is bound to come. But before it comes Irish religion on both sides, with all its keenness and eagerness, must undergo a "sea-change."

Irish Romanism and Irish Protestantism alike will enter, no doubt slowly, into the crucible. The things that unite the members of the young and new Ireland will be found to be greater and more important than those which have divided their elders into hostile camps,—and still partially hinder fellow-feeling between the younger people on both sides.

Ireland will not go back absolutely into her ancient ruts after the war. The tribal god of North Ireland and the clericalist god of South Ireland will neither of them satisfy minds that will inevitably begin to thaw and to be on the move. Influences making for solidarity, European and international, will trickle into the young Irish brain, and still more into the young Irish heart. Education will get restive within its leading strings. This will mean in the North a more humane, less Book of Judges type of Christianity, though at first among the more educated and less partizan. The god who will march at the head of the Ulster Covenanters, the stark tribal North of Ireland Yahveh, will become gradually unbelievable. So also will the god the future of whose religion in Ireland stands or falls with Maynooth, and who has given his cause into commission to the Jesuits to look after—the head of the clerical interest in Europe. We may hope, with some chance of success, that the God of Humanity revealed by Christ, God who is the Father alike of Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants, will be seen to be a Being more worthy of belief and of love than these misapprehensions, these idols of the mind. But the desert of unsettlement may have to be crossed before young Ireland reaches the promised land, and an intel-

ligent and large-hearted Christianity is more prevalent in her borders. In Ireland, as elsewhere, the war marks the deathbed of an epoch. It may be the opening of a new door into the unexpected, into a wider world. Will young Ireland have the strength and resolution to open that door and keep it open, whatever its religious advisers on one side or the other, and their respective political abettors, may think or fear?

To return to the wider issue, it is at any rate certain that, whatever the sins of Rome, no so-called "Settlement," coming from the troubled Sixteenth Century should, or need, bar the way towards the realisation of the splendid and practically fruitful aim of the Reunion of Christendom. If the *Roma locuta est, causa finita est* of S. Augustine is not true in the sense in which modern Rome applies the saying, neither is it the case that *causa finita est* because of the opinions of the intolerant Luther and Calvin, or of the rationalistic Zwingli, or of the vacillating and Erastian Cranmer. Whatever their virtues, or whatever the excuses for their failures, what right had these men to say practically, in Newman's words, "Time to come will think with us"?

The Reformation era had no mandate to lay down the law for all the Church's future years. Even on Protestant principles the open Bible counts, but not the Reformers' opinions about its meaning. There is no reason why we should follow Rome's mistaken example by hesitating to revise, and if necessary to alter, any self-satisfied position on our own part which would oppose the *non possumus* of prejudice and self-righteousness to the demand for deepened penitence—individual and corporate—as the preparation for the goal to which we should set our faces, the reconciliation of the whole of Christendom as the best step towards claiming the kingdoms of this world, both those nominally inside and those outside the covenant, for the rule of the Redeemer.

It is a regenerated Catholic Christianity which humanity, however unconsciously, needs. It is Christianity in action, the social Christ speaking with the Galilean accent. And it is a reality—at once the *Mysterium Fidei* and also a human fact. Hence, too, many good men and women feel towards the great Church which claims to embody this Catholic spirit a real drawing and attraction. They cannot bear to hear the coarse caricature of it which exaggerates its faults and ignores its virtues.

But side by side with Catholicity is another system, implicated with it, possessing it—a system not, indeed, as a rule seeking earthly luxury, but far too much influenced by what old theologians have called *libido dominandi* (the lust for “bossing”), a spirit lacking in veracity, in simplicity, in the Christ-like temper, a spirit of an earthly court rather than of a heavenly Church. It is, in Father Tyrrell’s words, the hawk holding the purer Catholicism, as the dove, in its clutches.

Hence, on the other side to what has been said before, so many good and Christ-loving men and women are profoundly repelled by the Communion of which Rome is the head. They regard its agents as seeking to deprive souls of the liberty which the Redeemer’s blood has gained for them. They are filled with astonishment that others, as good as themselves, can allow themselves to stray within, or even near, the enchanted air.

Sometimes in regard to the great Communion of the West feelings of attraction and of repulsion—attraction towards some elements or features of her system, repulsion towards others—coexist in the mind of one individual. This is the case more often than at any previous period in the history of religion. This divided sympathy is a phenomenon of the present day not confined to religious questions alone. The mental and spiritual type of Falkland during the English Civil War is one more common by far now than then. “We are torn

asunder," as De Lamennais once said, "no longer between two horses, but between two worlds."

The need of spiritual fellowship, the value of religious collectivism, on the one hand, on the other the necessity for individuality and personality in things of the spirit, as in all else that is worth doing, draw the souls of men and women of the present in opposite directions. Hence come spiritual utterances of one kind or another from quarters from whence the respective messages would be the least expected. It is an age of surprises. Voices are heard crying for liberty of spirit from amid the ranks of Rome, and expressing discontent with Protestant dryness and anarchism from the centre of the Protestantism of America. Drift and counter-drift are characteristic of the age, in spiritual as in all other matters.

The able author of *Father Ralph*, an Irish Roman Catholic, and writing, from within, a novel which has all the marks of being an autobiography, presents to us a repulsive picture of the present-day Catholicism of the land of S. Patrick. Mental vulgarity, provinciality, and spiritual sordidness, in his view, fill that Church in Ireland in every corner of its life. On the other hand, we read *The Lady Next Door* of Mr. Harold Begbie, and we find the latter—an English Protestant to the backbone, abhorring Ritualism, and an enthusiast of the eager modern humanitarianism of the latest Free Church and, above all, Salvationist developments—going to Ireland and being fascinated by the *Gemüthlichkeit*, the courtesy, the good humour, and the tenderness of feeling of Irish Catholics, especially of the peasant type. He stays with bishops of the Roman Communion, he laughs with priests (not *at* them), he jests good-humouredly with mother superiors as they show him over the institutions of their Order.

Probably the truest estimate lies somewhere between the conception of the Irish Roman Catholic Church as mentally sordid and vulgar, as seen in *Father Ralph*,

and the rather too roseate glow in which she appears to the author of *The Lady Next Door*, an author who is a little too like Mr. Broadbent in *John Bull's Other Island*.

Even the instinctive shrinking of such writers as Mr. Begbie from the Mass is overcome by the sight of the worshipping multitude meeting, as they believe, Christ there under that form and in that way. Visitors to Ireland have noted the crowds in the poorer quarters of the cities standing in the streets outside the churches hearing Mass on Sunday mornings because there is no room for them within, since the building is full to the doors. All they can see are the twinkling lights, all they can hear is the little bell as the action at the altar goes on swiftly to its close.

At such sights an observer of Mr. Begbie's stamp, however puzzled he may be, becomes softened in heart in spite of himself. Subjectively at least he is at one with the believing crowd, yet his line of spiritual ancestry is apparently from the Puritans, who looked on Irish Catholics as Amalekites to be exterminated, who sold the Celtic boys and girls of the West as slaves to the Barbadoes, and stigmatised their religion as "a lie and an abominable superstition."

But to revert to *Father Ralph*. Does that remarkable book or do Mr. Begbie's sketches give the true inwardness?

All goes to prove that we live in a shifting age as to religion, from which, indeed, only certain approximate conclusions can be gathered. Some fairly reasonable judgments about the whole question are as follows :—

That Protestantism in its foreign, more non-Catholic or anti-Catholic and also logical and scholarly form, especially in Germany, is working itself out into a system of religious thought, in which the Faith of

the Incarnation is a negligible factor, if not a disappearing one.

That in this form of religion abroad the belief usually regarded as the Christianity of History is now something which you can "take or not, and still be in either case a member or official teacher of the Protestant State Church, but which an increasing number of intelligent members, including clergy, of that Church have no use for, since their spiritual experience, which is a genuine one, does not testify to any need for it, and the "lowered estimate of Christ" serves them quite well.

Another conclusion, also not unfairly arrived at, will be that the large human element in the older, or Catholic, form of Christianity, whether Western or Eastern, is of growing interest to all who realise that only through the human can we know the divine, and that for this purpose the human element when most simple and natural, and when least sophisticated by any attempt to give exclusive supremacy to intellect, is the most serviceable. The philosophy of Bergson is giving to instinct a new importance, here as elsewhere.

The above, however, are not the only elements of the problem.

It is also true that the Catholic system in union with Rome has, especially since the Reformation, evinced a certain inability to develop the freer elements of the Christian life, at least in a large and ungrudging way—the prophetic as well as the priestly, the charismatic as well as the institutional—and that this failure is mainly due to exaggeration of external elements, and to the non-educative character of the type of authority in which the system has expressed itself.

The Roman form of Catholicism in its strict, disciplined character—since the Council of Trent—is lacking in elements necessary to the full perfection of religion—elements which are as truly present in the Gospel

record as are even the best of those which Rome encourages in her children. Some of these elements the East could supply, others of them England.

The end of the war will probably see, through Russia, Eastern Orthodoxy making an impression upon the imagination of Western Christendom in a way which that Church has never done before, and brought visibly before the eyes of the world by its fully restored connection with Constantinople, its ancient seat. Increased intercourse between the non-German West and Russia and the more sympathetic understanding of the latter will tend the same way. At the same time, the type of Western Catholicism that will have justified itself through heroic fortitude and patience under appalling trials will be the martyr Churches of France and of Belgium, not the diplomatic Curia sitting on the fence.

But the renewal of Catholicism is not necessarily that of Latinism. The heart, the reason, the imagination cannot fail to acknowledge the greatness of the Catholic Idea. The Roman malaria is repellent to all three, although, of course, a certain constitutionally regulated primacy of the Roman See is of arguable advantage for a reunited Christendom as a centripetal force, in spite of the lately missed opportunities, which prove Rome lacking in long-sighted wisdom.

Just as the social conscience becomes enfeebled when individuality is crushed, so also the richness of the Church's life will only be rendered possible by the variety and spontaneity of the tributary streams which pour themselves into the central river of her collective and Spirit-fed experience.

But Reunion "lies on the knees of the gods," or, rather, since we think of it as Christians, in the mind of the Spirit. All we can see are opportunities, immense and inviting, suggesting possibilities in the most varied directions, opportunities from which lines stretch out into a land of dreams.

And yet it is possible—we must never doubt it—that

thought may yet wed fact, descending among men, and that what—

Is in hours of insight willed
May be in years of toil fulfilled.

6

But first the vision must be seen in the *specular mount*, if afterwards all things are to be built according to its celestial pattern.

The duty of Idealism is as much a duty as that of Realism. The Dream must precede the Business.

CHAPTER XI

CHRISTIAN REUNION—DIFFICULTIES AND HOPES—(*Continued*)

THE merits of the Sixteenth Century Reformation were those of a period of analysis, of breaking up much that needed demolition, of the letting in air-currents upon conditions of atmospheric closeness. It was a "Day of the Lord" for judgment and change, a time when the eagles flew to the carcass. But it was a time of breaking up rather than of building up. It was little fitted to be an example of reconstruction, of synthesis, of edification in the original sense. Its significance is still great, but it has no direct message for an age which cries out for principles of fellowship.

The lack of constructive and social instincts in the case of Luther's movement, and the inhuman and arbitrary sectarianism of Calvin's reorganised Christianity, rendered the Reformation as a whole but little fitted to be a religious settlement for all future time.

It did not constitute, in its phase in this country, the origin of the Church of England, though she was sharer in the extrication from Papalism and the Latin Scholasticism, both of which had seen their day. This deliverance the Reformation accomplished with drastic force. The legend of the Church of England, the wisdom of the main actors on that stage is now found out to be a legend.

The Reformation was, as a movement, lacking in love. Even at the best—

Light without love dawned on the aching sight.

The Reformation was no mere detail in the history of religion, but the turning over of a new page, even with needless violence and impatience. It cleared out much rottenness and stagnation, but the stream of the onrush of the theological revolution was, especially in this country, stained deep with mire and blood.

The cruelty of the Renaissance and Reformation period, terrible as it was in regard to Rome and Spain, was not monopolised by the Papal side. There were martyrs not in Foxe. If the Calvinist Netherlands were harried, so also was Catholic Ireland. On the whole, the Reformation was powerful rather as a clearance than as a construction. The work of "edification," building up, in the original sense of the word, was its weakest side. Anglicanism is not merely its product, however deeply shaped by it. Where it was constructive—i.e. in the logical system of Calvin—it built into the new religion much that has for a long time past been crumbling to pieces. The distinctive theology of the ultra-Reformation is one of the causes of popular unbelief, and is, we may be thankful to see, going to pieces everywhere.

In the reign of King Edward VI we no longer behold an example of an era when the new-found Gospel under the young Josiah shed light and peace throughout the land. We know that it was really about the most disgraceful reign in modern English History.

The Protestant legend has gone. The Romantic legend—its opposite, the idealising of the mediæval Church—is going. We are learning to judge the Reformation fairly. But never again will it remount the pinnacle on which English middle-class Puritanism had placed it. To ignore it will be impossible, but equally so to adore it. It will take its permanent place as a series of historical events of the first importance, but not as a divine dispensation.

Is the Church of England to complete the work (a work begun in 1662) of righting herself after the

lurch she got from the hands of the German and Swiss Reformers, or still more from their influence, as Cranmer moved closer to Zurich and Geneva in Edward VI's closing years? Is she, by doing this, to become more fitted to be "the Church of the Reconciliation"?

The strength in the past, at times that of a giant, of the mighty religious movement of Protestantism—a movement full, when at its best and purest, of a noble sense of personal responsibility in answer to a divine call, of the conviction, ever to be honoured, ever invaluable, of looking up into God's Face with the confidence of a son, rather than approaching Him through multiplied intermediaries with the fear of a servant—has been rendered less and less powerful because of its degeneration into something lacking in healthy objectivity and in corporate life. Purely Protestant theology was originally an exaggeration of the most fatalist side of S. Augustine's teaching, that side which is least in accord with the general mind of the Church of Christ, and, we may add, with the best instincts of humanity. With all its nobler features the religious school of which Wyclif, who may be called the grandfather of Puritanism, if Calvin was its father, was the starting-point—the Protestant School *par excellence*, the school of ultra-Augustinianism, itself the backbone of the whole individualist revolt, meeting Sacerdotalism by Predestinarianism—is vitiated by a non-recognition of the common, or "Great Church" (to use primitive language), of all baptized people. On that Catholic Church the Calvinistic Puritan, when logical, looked with the scorn expressed by Browning's *Johannes Agricola in Meditation*.

Even Wyclif, who was, in spite of larger sides to his influence, the progenitor of this school, recognises in his writings the ordinary Church of all christened folk, of the common run of mankind, but as the "Church of the hypocrites," as distinct from that of "the Elect," known to God and selected out of the rotting mass of

reprobate humanity. The Elect became practically identified with the separatists and the protesters, rather than with ordinary christened folk, the herd in the parish churches. Puritanism became thus, in its way, more exclusive and aristocratic than any sacerdotalism.

To "the Elect," in Wyclif's view, and in that of the stark, strong school which continued his influence until and after the Reformation, the Gospel promises alone belong. The "Invisible Church" view—a view as taught by this Predestinarian school, at once anti-Catholic and anti-democratic—was the mistake which diminishes from the many noble features of the Protestantism of history.

The "Invisible Church" of Protestantism is not the same as the Church of the New Testament, for the latter is essentially a visible organism. The line of Colet and Erasmus, on the other hand, that of a purified and reasonable presentation of the Catholic Faith, a presentation of it capable of reconciliation with sound learning and with social righteousness, is the line which the Church of England will find most congenial to her best spirit. This is the problem which God has set before her, and on her action in regard to which the greatest issues depend.

The Catholicism which Europe will wait for, consciously or unconsciously, after the war, will be a Catholicism free from Cæsar, untainted by political intrigue, reconciled in spirit to a Christianised Democracy. It would recognise also the claims of physical science in the latter's own sphere; such science no longer regarding materialism as the only reasonable explanation of life, but respectful, at any rate, to the idea of a spiritual world.

The vital question for the Church of England in regard to religion in Europe after the war is this: If so unexpected and yet not impossible a thing as a change in the direction alluded to towards a develop-

ment of a purified Catholicism less autocratic and more progressive than the present Ultramontane type were to take place in the great Western Catholic Communion, whether generally or in some special part of it, would she (i.e. the English Church) be in a position to be an example or to afford any spiritual help to those engaged in such an epoch-making movement abroad?

Would she be too paralysed by her own divisions, and too fixed in her own insularity, to co-operate with effect, even indirectly, in such a movement?

Would such a crisis, were it ever to arise, find any echo or touch any thrill within our insular 'souls'? Would it find us and leave us still busy with dilapidations, the punctuation of collects, and the various other hardy annuals by which the valuable time of our Convocations is either occupied or abused, while outside resounds the challenge to heart and brain, to feeling, thought, and action of a changing world?

There are two directions in which opportunities present themselves for a kind of advance towards unity which, on reflection, will be found unlikely to effect the object which they seek to achieve. One of these consists in the secession of individuals to the Roman Communion, the other in that Pan-Protestantism (as distinct from the wider reunion of Christendom) towards which Kikuyu is the facile slope.

Every such secession to Rome is an encouragement to the policy of absorption, and an accentuation of that spirit and temper which, in the long run, will be found to permanently alienate all minds and wills outside the Roman fold not of the absolutely docile type.

Spiritual scalp-hunting will gain in zest, but the main body of English life, even of English Church life, will remain at heart as opposed to Rome as ever. Nor is it likely that any large body of laity, even of the school in the Church of England to which the title "Pro-

testant " is most distasteful, will find refuge in falling over individually to the rival Communion.

The prevailing temper of the party most susceptible to Rome's attractions is, in spite of externals or even of doctrinal approximation, too restive and critical to allow its possessors to be " good Catholics " in Rome's sense. It is, after all, temper and bent of mind that really are the deciding factors far more than arguments or even tastes. Agreement with Rome in practically her whole doctrinal system would not necessarily involve the temper demanded by Ultramontanism, the exaltation of absolutism, unqualified and unquestioning obedience to human superiors as the crown and climax of all Christian virtue, without which all other virtues are nil. Ultramontanes themselves know this well.

Professor Pares, an old friend of the late Father Dolling, has told us that, in spite of all the latter's unhesitating adoption of many things in method of teaching and worship that are generally associated with the Roman Church, and his value for much which is usual in her as devotional and evangelistic instruments, especially in regard to the popularising of religion, he (Dolling) held a deep-rooted conviction that between the Roman system, as it is, and English instinct there is a profound and unpassable barrier. Before any kind of intercommunion can be effected between Rome and ourselves, such as is so sorely needed for united Christian warfare against the enemies of Christ, no doubt we must abandon provinciality of temper and the spirit of timid, feeble compromise, but the Roman Church must learn to exchange the spirit of autocracy for that of service. She must learn to value freedom of spirit, when combined with faith and charity, as a thing to be cultivated.

It is the presentation of absolute external authority from above as beyond and over all criticism, and the demand for the extirpation, on the part of those below, of the critical faculty from their minds as the root of

all evil, the psychological Satan appearing among the other qualities, which is the fundamental reason why England can never be reconciled with Rome as the latter now is. Given the crux of muddle versus tyranny, and the English mind will always, and by instinct, choose muddle as the least pernicious horn of the dilemma. A theologically untidy Church is better than one tidied up at the point of the bayonet. After all, life is full of ragged edges and loose ends and tangled knots.

Ultramontanism will undoubtedly be strengthened by each secession in the belief that its policy is the wisest and best for the great Church over which it holds the reins. As this policy and temper are hopelessly irreconcilable with the very structure of the English mind, it follows that individual submissions, however inevitable from the point of view of the conscience of the individuals convinced of their necessity, will by tending to develop the proselytising, dominating temper in the Church into which the seceder is absorbed, in reality put back the great consummation of a permanent reconciliation, in which each Communion should give to the other some quality in which the latter is naturally weak. That the Roman Church is weak in certain qualities will only be denied by those in whom theory overrides the observation of facts.

Of the three trends of the life of the Roman Catholic Church in England—i.e. (1) the Irish, (2) that of the old Roman Catholic families and districts, and (3) the propaganda, largely against the Church of England, due in its first impetus to the Oxford converts—the last is obviously the one which secessions encourage, and it is the only one to which tolerant English Churchmen need find serious objection, for the whole theory of schism with regard to geographical considerations cannot be settled in the cut-and-dry manner usual with the early Tractarians. We ought to be glad that hereditary Roman Catholics, or at least the Irish in England, are served by the often devoted labours of their

own priesthood. They certainly have, as a rule, no desire to join the Church of England, nor would they be at home if they did so, and there cannot be the virus of schism in the claim of their own Church to minister to them, in the face of the conditions of modern times, so changed from those of Primitive Christianity.

This is not, of course, Rome's line. Her uncompromising religious imperialism is certainly clear and logical. None need approach her except with a *miserere* of penitence on their lips. Her imperial mission in England is the taming of an imperial race. So far, however, the secession from time to time of a certain number, mostly of one type of mind and largely clerical, gives little hope of the recovery of the nation, or even of the entire High Anglican school. The droppings have arrived, but the thunder-shower does not come off.

There is a hitch somewhere, and there will always be as long as Rome's temper is as it is and John Bull's nature is as it is. It is a matter much deeper than doctrine or ceremonial. It lies in the world of will and instinct rather than that of reason and argument. The mental "humour," in the old sense of the word, the twist of the mind, the make of the intelligence, of England and Rome is fundamentally different. Even in the Middle Ages, when John Bull, as represented by such a mind as that of Chaucer, was a fairly good Catholic, he made but an indifferent Papist. He was not keen about the

Pardoun come from Rome al hoot.

At the English Reformation it was not so much the throwing off of the Pope by the State as the pulling the parish churches to pieces by the Reformers which disgusted the mass of the people.

Are we, then, because reunion with the great Church which Rome directs appears to be so hopeless, to abandon all sympathy, all stretching out of hands of

fellowship towards the older Churches of Christendom, and become contented promoters of the Kikuyu policy, or at least passive acquiescers in it? Are we to turn our eyes from entrancing dreams to sober realities, and to help to create the kind of religion which reaches its full expression in the average American city, the religion of healthy, bustling, common-sense Protestantism, the creed congenial to a state of things resembling "English Society with the top and bottom cut off," a religion in which "all the Churches"—that is, exclusive of the apostate and benighted millions in communion with Rome and with Eastern Orthodoxy—take tea spiritually in each other's parlours?

The fact that a considerable number of English Churchmen are determined to proceed to the extremest lengths sooner than allow this question to go by default, in spite of the Primate's opinion, is not likely to give pause to the driving force of the Kikuyu policy. That impetus is the conviction of the Liberalising party in the Church that the Church of England, after the triumph of Kikuyu, and, if necessary, the excision of the few fanatics whom they believe to be all who are prepared to seriously oppose the latter, will become an easy field for their own operations, a second theological Germany, with English Harnacks and Schmiedels filling possibly its episcopal positions, and non-miraculous Christianity, the religion of the "reduced estimate of Christ," carrying all before it.

The Puritan Party, or what remains of it, will be praised by the Liberals for its sound Protestantism, but its chief merit will be its capacity for being so short of sight as to act as the proverbial catspaw in the extrication of the chestnuts for theological Liberalism.

Hence the hounding on of the simple-minded Evangelicals to greater lengths of intercommunion with Non-conformists by those who are severed from Evangelicals *toto cælo*. Hence the taking up of Kikuyu by the Hereford school as a main plank in its revolutionary

programme. For it is evident to any one who thinks that the victory of Kikuyu means the final vanishing into the land of dreams of "The Movement," the Catholic revival, revolt, or evolution in the bosom of Anglicanism ; or rather that it will mean the demonstration that the basis of the Movement was from the first a dream, however noble and ideal in many of its aspects. It will mean the last act in the drama of the Catholic development so far as the Church of England is concerned, for it will mean the collapse of the principles involved.

Yet before this occurs other things will probably occur in the process of eliminating the Catholic position—such things as Disestablishment, and even disruption. Some may be prepared to say that the expulsion of the spirit that infests the very veins of the Church of England is worth the risk of the rending of the organism as the *daemon* quits the body of the possessed. It is well, however, to face facts as to the price which must be paid. As the Catholic Movement goes out the Establishment may fall in. Hence to those who are behind the scenes the seriousness of the present crisis in Anglicanism is not to be measured by the Man in the Street's indifference to it. To the Man in the Street in the Constantinople of A.D. 325 the Homoousion controversy was a "much ado about nothing." Even the shrewd Emperor Constantine seems to have thought it so. Yet the whole future character of Christianity, in the profoundest sense, hung on the issue of the apparent squabble about a diphthong. The angry insects had, after all, something worth fighting about as the object of their strife. Carlyle came to see that Gibbon, the Olympian Man in the Street, was wrong as to the unimportance of the object of contention. That is certainly true whether we side with Athanasius or against the latter. Gallio's attitude is only reasonable from Gallio's standpoint—a standpoint, however, which is not shared by religious minds. A movement

which in its origin could almost be counted as to its active promoters has now to a large extent taken possession of and altered the character of the clergy of England. Some will accuse it of making them too professional and fussy, less genial and human than before. Others will agree with the wise historian of the Oxford Movement, Dean Church, that it involved a noble protest against sober worldliness and secularity in the tone of the ministry, against the ideal of the episcopate as existing "to put enthusiasm down," to quote an encomium pronounced on a Hanoverian bishop. After all, as Matthew Arnold's voice reminded his fellow-Liberals, who dreaded a Church spiritually strong, "from our men of religion we expect the truths of religion." A considerable section of laity in all classes of life have been attracted by the Movement. Nor are these all of the "ecclesiastical layman" type. It cannot now with any justice be estimated by the mild wisdom of the Athenæum Club as mainly the work of a few dreamers. The bulk of the clergy outside the towns are no longer content to be regarded simply as amiable country gentlemen. They have not, in most cases, the means to keep up such a reputation. The conception of the life of the priesthood as that of a ministry, the ideal of which is discipline and consecrated service, has taken hold of the best of the clergy everywhere, the Erastian Latitudinarian temper is increasingly foreign to them, and this is true of men of more schools than one. The devout Evangelical incumbent, for instance, will not hesitate to describe himself as "the parish priest." That the priest who believes in his priesthood need not, and does not, cease to be "a man among men" is proved by the careers and characters of a Stanton and a Dolling and of many more. It is the Broad Erastian to whom Kikuyu most appeals, for he knows that modern Nonconformity is rather on the slope of German theological Liberalism than on the old narrow height of Puritan belief. Kikuyu means

ultimately, however little the Evangelicals realise it, a great opportunity for the breaking of the barriers, not merely of Reformation Articles and Settlements, but of the Creeds of Christendom. Considering, for instance, that the line between Unitarianism and "Broad" Nonconformity is now of the thinnest, as evidenced by the friendly presence at Unitarian conferences, from time to time, of other Nonconformists—a recent sign of the times—it is plain that, as was pointed out in a previous lecture, far more serious matters than even the *esse* or *bene esse* of the episcopate are involved in Kikuyu.

While the triumph of Pan-Protestantism will mean, if it takes place, the certain break-up of the Anglican Communion throughout the world, it does not follow that those who oppose Kikuyu should have nothing better to offer to their Free Church brothers than a hard, forbidding ecclesiasticism.

We owe it to them as well as to ourselves to face the fact—a fact which the Latitudinarian school is unconscious of or evades—that between a convinced and religious Churchman, as distinct from a mere establishmentarian, and a convinced and religious Nonconformist, are differences that go down much deeper than the question of *esse* or *bene esse* of the episcopate. They are questions as to the nature of the Church in itself and as to the nature of Christianity. To the one the Church, as the "Body of Christ," is essentially and organically visible, as far as her members now on earth are concerned, and includes all the baptized, and not Protestants alone. On this point, the Church's visibility, her capacity of extending the Incarnation in actual embodiment, touching the world of sense as well as the world of spirit—her sacramentalism, in a word—there is no difference whatever between Catholics whether of the Roman, Orthodox, or Anglican folds.

On this view, the historical view of Christendom till the Sixteenth Century, the ordinary way of salvation is by membership with the covenant people, the new Israel,

the flock of the christened, that which, on the side of it presented to the world, history knows as the "Catholic Church."

The other view—that which, with some exceptions, mostly in the present, is that of Free Churchmen—is in its origin Augustinianism eviscerated of Augustine's sacramentalist and Catholic elements. It is Augustine Protestantised, if we may say so without an anachronism, via Wyclif and Hus, Wyclif's Bohemian successor, for both of whom the real Church was not the visible *Cætus Fidelium* of christened people, but "the Elect," known ultimately only to God as distinct from the corrupt visible body, the Church of the average multitude. Wyclif, with his mingled depth and narrowness of mind, at once himself a Schoolman and the arch-enemy of the Schoolmen, is the real progenitor of Puritanism, alike in his uncompromising logical idealism, his isolation of Scripture as a sort of standard *in vacuo*, and his curious apparent obtuseness to the charm and utility of the symbolic and æsthetic externalism of a religion of deep historic roots and at least European extension.

When the English Church steadied herself after the Sixteenth Century storm had passed, it was rather on the lines of the theology of the Greek Fathers and of such Catholic reformers as the great Gerson—on what may be called conciliar lines—than on those of the ultra-Augustinianism which started from Wyclif, that her *Via Media*, half-unconsciously and by English instinct, tended to settle itself, after the plunge into the trough of the waves, first of Calvinism in Edward VI's reign, and then of the Counter-Reformation in that of Mary.

It is useless to ignore all this in regard to that most desirable object, the attainment of better relations between Anglicans and Free Churchmen. It can be, and ought to be, threshed out in friendly Christian converse, but to treat it as non-existent, and the whole controversy as one about some pedantic point of Church

government, is to do violence to history. It is not fair either to the great Anglicans or the great Puritans of the past, who knew, in each case respectively, that their differences were about the interpretation and embodiment of Christianity, and only about bishops as part of a larger whole.

The necessity of the celebration of the Eucharist as the central act of worship and communion by a presbyter, episcopally ordained, as the guarantee for the act being that contemplated as the Eucharist by the Church universal from Apostolic days, is the irreducible minimum which no one holding Church principles can surrender—and, indeed, the Archbishop's Kikuyu opinion does not surrender it, although, to the mind of many differing from that opinion, the latter tends, unconsciously no doubt, to undermine it. Yet many things not generally admitted by High Churchmen of the more rigid school are gladly allowed by an increasing number of those among Catholic-minded Anglicans, who are learning to understand and appreciate the noble and good elements in their Nonconforming brothers. Four of these are of the greatest importance.

1. The first is that the word "invalid" in respect to what Nonconformists regard as the Lord's Supper (for instance) should, if used at all, not be used in any sense implying necessarily an absence of grace in or through participation by devout Nonconformists in such an ordinance, but only the absence of the historical guarantee or security for such grace being given in that way.

2. The second is that, whatever may be said as to the possession of an official priesthood by the Nonconformist ministry—and, as a rule, that ministry itself disclaims any such idea—the fact that many Free Church ministers are prophets of God, used by Him to give a message of power to His people, may be, and ought to be, ungrudgingly granted; also that their success in converting souls is a sure proof that

God has used and blessed a ministry of evangelising of which they have been the means.

3. That the "historic episcopate" in its universal form does not necessarily involve *diocesan* episcopacy; for instance, the ancient Irish Church had not got the latter. Bishops are universal from the Second Century, but not diocesan bishops.

4. That if a Free Church minister and congregation should seek inter-communion in the true Catholic sense—i.e. organic incorporation, as distinct from mere absorption of individuals—with the national Church, as representative of the Church Catholic, such incorporation should not involve the loss by them of their distinctive existence as an associated fraternity of Christians with its own spiritual idiosyncrasies, though needing to unite in the Breaking of Bread under the security and pledge of unity of a ministerial priesthood representing the entire Church. If such a case occurred their pastor could receive the priesthood, and the characteristics of the worship to which he and his flock were accustomed could be preserved, subordinate to the liturgical Eucharistic celebration being on a line with that everywhere and always of the Catholic Church.

The above qualifications will appear to some rigid Churchmen to be only Kikuyu in a Catholic disguise, but in reality, when thought out, they will be found to involve no surrender of vital Catholic principles, since elasticity is a part of the true genius of the Church at its best as well as coherence. They are on the same lines as the admirable irenicon recently put forth by an advanced Churchman, Father Kelly, founder of the Kelham College for Training Candidates for the Anglican ministry. No doubt they will seem mere diplomatic trifling to the advocates of Kikuyu. On the other hand, they will savour of disloyalty to principle to the same type of Churchman—and of this there are several survivals—as an aged vicar, of uncompromising Tractarian principles, of whom the present writer has

heard on good authority the following story, that the old gentleman, on being introduced to a young Wesleyan minister who had just come to take up work at a chapel in the parish, felt bound to ask him seriously, "Young man, why are you an impostor?" We may be thankful to think that such a remark—and it could be paralleled by utterances as bad on the other side—strikes the present-day mind as a laughable anachronism, the sort of theological compliment that used to be hurled across the trenches of ecclesiastical warfare.

On all hands theories are being broken by the impact of facts. The Protestant de-Christianising of the French and Belgian Churches, for instance, and of the mighty Church of Russia, will not permanently survive this war among a large number of thoughtful Christians. The eyes of the latter will be opened to the fact that the Churches which so nobly inspire and console the soldiers and peoples of our Allies are not Protestant Churches, and that, in the words of the old proverb, "there are people beyond the mountains," and so also Christians full of the spirit of the Cross who are ignorant of Luther and Calvin, or who totally reject them as spiritual authorities. But, on the other hand, the High Churchman's view needs readjustment when we consider the fact that a theory of the Church, such as what may be called the "Three Branch" one, when held too rigidly and frigidly, appears to involve as a logical consequence that while the Bulgars, for instance, are within the Christian Covenant, the Scotch Presbyterians are not.

High Churchmen rightly insist that no theory of the Church is satisfactory which excludes as apostate the vast groups of Churches in communion with Rome and with Constantinople respectively, and that Protestantism is not an equivalent for Christianity as a whole, but only represents a part of it. They are, however, bound, on the other hand, freely to admit, and to be thankful for the fact, that all baptized believers are members of the

Church, and so far within, not without, the Covenant, and that therefore, in a general sense, the associations of such believers can be called "Churches" in the sense of associated groups of persons having membership with Christ. This means, of course, a reconsideration of the whole question of "schism" in face of the facts of the situation, and of the changed condition of Christendom since the primitive period. But in the New Testament times within the great *Ecclesia* were *Ecclesiæ*, some of them House-Churches. It is the sectarian *spirit*, whether as exhibited by the older Churches or by later formed associations, which is really the hopeless virus, antagonistic to reconciliation. Persons holding the true Catholic *conception* of the Church as a matter of theory can be sectarian in temper and conduct, and there are many, born into what is technically sectarianism, who have, as exhibited by their spirit of love and reconciliation towards other Christians, the *Anima Catholica*. On both sides wise love and charity will mean insight, not surrender of principle. The real difficulty is, in this matter, from the Churchman's point of view, the steering between the Scylla of merely relegating to the uncovenanted mercies such a body of Christians as the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, with their splendid contributions to Christian learning and to the extension of God's Kingdom among the heathen, and the Charybdis of a sort of facile Undenominationalism in which all idea of the Church disappears. A view, such as the old Tractarian one, which would practically heap together the position of Sir George Adam Smith and that of the latest leader of freak sectarianism in Chicago, for instance, under a common condemnation is not a just view. The facts do not fit into the theory, and we ought to be glad that they do not.

We ought to look twice at this geographical theory about schism, now increasingly inapplicable to present-day facts. We may still be told by those High Church-

men who hold the rigid view of Palmer's *Treatise on the Church* that the Communion of the Anglo-Irish, the branch of our confederation known as the Church of Ireland, is the only legitimate religious body in the sister country. If this be so, S. Patrick, that Catholic of the Fifth Century, were he to appear again, retaining his former principles, would find his ecclesiastical home and centre mainly in Orange Belfast, and would denounce, as a schismatic intrusion into his green island, the Communion which the non-theological world knows as that of Irish Catholics. The plain man's view is that Ireland, considering the temper of her people on both sides, could not, as long as Christendom is as it is, except by a miracle, dispense with either of her Churches. The same geographical theory will find itself in a hopeless tangle when applied to such a question as to which episcopate, Roman Catholic or Anglican, is the rightful and which the schismatic in the United States of America. The plain man will say as to Ireland and as to the States that both Churches have a right to exist for their own adherents, and his realism has a good deal to be said for it, let canonists and ecclesiastical antiquarians stick to their theories as they will.

The truth is that when we free our mind of cobwebs the open air of fact is one in which theories of the study are generally shattered to pieces. Probably many a storm of facts and experience must knock the pedantry out of our heads on all sides before we can arrive at the attainment of the recognition of diversity in unity—neither sectarianism nor autocratic mechanism—as the goal of God's way.

The really just objection to the Kikuyu policy, as we have pointed out before, does not, however, lie in any attempt in it to recognise the manifold character of the manifestations of the Spirit in all true Christians everywhere, for that is what all ought to do, but in the implication involved in that policy that Christian

Churches are necessarily "Protestant"—that is, in the unchurching of three-quarters of Christendom.

Certain outstanding results appear from a candid comparison of the two types of existing Churches, using the word "Church" in a wide general sense for associated groups of Christians, and comparing the two classes in regard to the centuries of their respective developments. Two great admissions, in the writer's opinion, must and ought to be made, one on one side, the other on the other.

Members of any of the Protestant Churches, and adherents of that school in the Church of England which holds practically the same conception of Christianity, ought to acknowledge the fact that there is something in the older Churches, those to which the name "Catholic" is congenial, which has a power of conserving and transmitting with absolute security the central and historic Christian position, the unique Divinity of Jesus in the strict sense of His sharing in the nature of Deity, the Incarnation as the centre fact of history, the Jesus-Worship, the believing *in* Jesus, and not merely, as with the Liberals, believing *with* Jesus.

The essentiality of the Jesus-Worship, as compared with anything not necessarily involving the Incarnation, can be seen, one has said, by substituting for a line of a well-known, much-loved hymn, the following:—

How sweet the name of *Logos* sounds,

and imagining the effect of the dryness of the word compared with the name "Jesus."

All this is undoubtedly held, and passionately, enthusiastically held, in the Protestant Churches, but the farther these Churches are removed from the Catholic norm, from sacraments, creeds, episcopate, the Catholic type of worship and life, the more contingent and pre-

carious is their hold, as corporate bodies, on these central truths. Christology recedes, and a Theism in which, according to temperament, a mystical or an ethical element predominates, takes its place, gradually, imperceptibly, but none the less surely.

The Jesus-Worship becomes in such Liberalised Communion a sort of pietism retained by the old-fashioned; the driving force is Liberalism of the type which evades or denies the unique Deity of Christ. Now, this process, whether it be welcomed or feared, never takes place with Catholic Churches. They may be encrusted with *Aberglaube*, they may allow themselves to be possessed by needless reaction, they may be autocratic and hostile to freedom, but they do not cut the heart out of Christianity, as up to this time the world has understood the latter. They may allow other mediators to be raised too near to Jesus, and so justly cause Evangelical fears, but, at any rate, they never depose Jesus, nor try to supplant Calvary by the ethics of the Mount of Beatitudes, the God in Christ by the rustic Socrates of Galilee.

The supremacy of worship in the older Churches is also an outstanding fact, and, besides its other splendid merits, a continual witness against the semi-Rationalism which is ever making inroads on the purely Protestant Communion. Catholic worship is inconsistent in its *ethos* with the watering down to a mild ethical standard of the fire and power of our creed of wonder. Liberalism, left to itself, tends to do this, while it lays the main stress on Theism, which is, after all, the greatest difficulty of all. Theism is assumed to be almost self-evident by the average religious Liberal, while in reality it is, in a world like this, the paradox, mystery, and surprise which meets us at the threshold, inevitable, no doubt, from one point of view, but beset with apparently hopeless difficulties from another—the object of faith's most daring adventure.

Whatever may be said against the Mass, its position

in the older Churches is a standing witness for the supremacy of the Incarnation and the Passion in the Christian system of belief. It may, no doubt, on the one hand, be capable of perversion to magic, but on the other it essentially involves that naturalness of the supernatural which is the very essence of the Christian religion.

Inside the garden walls of the older Catholic Churches, if there are many weeds, yet there are fruit-trees of a mellow flavour, and in the midst the Jesse Tree, the Tree of Life, remains unravaged through the ages. After all, security is needed for the celestial pasture if souls are to gain refreshment there at their will.

Protestants have to face the fact that exaltation of the Bible in lonely isolation, apart from the Church, having become impossible in the light of the history of Christian origins, some theory of the Church, is necessary which does not leave the latter as an invisible abstraction, or confine it merely to the limited, and in some respects shrinking, area of definite and orthodox Protestantism, that Catholic Christianity is too old, too big, and, in spite of all its failures, too fruitful a fact to be ignored and left out of count, as if it were some disreputable member of the Christian family, the existence of which is best passed over in silence.

Catholics, however, on the other hand, need to open their eyes to the fact of the vigour and virility of Protestantism, or Northern, Scandinavian and Teutonic, Christianity, when at its best. If it is not the whole Church of Christ, at any rate it cannot be fairly treated purely as an outcast and an aberration. If its individualism has lost the corporate view of Christianity, which is of the essence of the latter, and is only a one-sided interpretation of S. Paul, ignoring the splendid Catholicism of his teaching about "the Body of Christ," yet its individualism has been a stage, humanly speaking

necessary, since the older Church would not develop it, towards the fuller Christianity of the future. In that Christianity corporate life and organic coherence will evolve, and render fruitful, strong, vigorous, and in a nobly ethical sense, audacious personalities, not an anæmic, docile mass, moulded by priestly fingers.

In the history of society the caste system has in the past been broken up by revolution, that personal freedom might extricate itself from a mould that, however necessary for its time, had become hard and deadening, and yet this attempted extrication is only a stage towards something better, analysis as a step towards a higher synthesis, individuation towards a richer, fuller incorporation.

So in the history of Christianity we may be on the eve of a period in which the tough, masculine, and, when at its best, splendidly adult religion of Protestantism may, learning its own limitations and imperfections, become reconciled with a newer and better type of Catholicism, the latter no longer the suspicious sentry over the spirit of freedom, but the very womb and environment of the latter, supplying the channel bed along which the waters of the Spirit may rush with power and definiteness, no longer aimlessly losing themselves for want of any disciplined way.

Catholics, however, must freely recognize the genuine prophetic power of what is noble and Christlike in Protestantism, its recognition again and again of a living God at work even in the desert, its bold witness for righteousness, however stark and inartistic, as the thing that matters most.

After all, in the Old Testament the most ritualistic books are those of Chronicles, and, whatever their merits, we miss in their incense-laden air the tonic mountain-winds of the prophecy of Amos, "the gatherer of sycamore fruit," the man out in the open rather than in the royal chapel of Bethel, with the immense and exhilarating reality of his message.

In the Apocalypse of S. John—the great rose window, the climax of the sanctuary's glory, of the cathedral of the Bible—we find the reconciliation in one of righteousness and worship, of the celestial liturgy and "the testimony of Jesus, which is the spirit of prophecy."

Here below, however, this unity is seen only in gleams and fragments as truth works itself out by conflict. But if the Petrine age passed in the Sixteenth Century into the Pauline, so the latter, as several Russian theologians hold, may be about to enter upon the Johannine stage, the era of Love, in which Priesthood and Prophecy, Moses and Elijah, will be fused by the Spirit, as at the Transfiguration, into one unified and unifying splendour.

The ideal may be unattainable, and probably in perfection is so in this world, but, at any rate, along the path of effort to attain it lies the resilience of an awaking Christianity breaking through the meshes of historical hatreds—the baneful legacies left each as a sore heritage from some theological leave-taking—and finding, in the resolve to understand through sympathy, the spring of power.

While we rejoice at even the distant prospect of the vision of a restored, reunited Christendom, let us always remember the true methods by which to help towards such a result. How little can mere ecclesiastical diplomacy do to promote Christian Reunion! The history of the Church is strewn with its failures. The saying of Christ that, as has been finely said, has ever watched the Church like a reproachful eye, "My Kingdom is not of this world," is fulfilled by the impotence of these efforts. The spirit of reconciliation may well echo the words *non istis auxiliis*. Nor is reunion to be advanced by the readjustment of doctrinal statements by learned theologians on one side or the other. The failure to lead to anything of the famous Bonn Conference, between Old Catholics, Easterns, and Anglicans, is an instance of this.

The original divisions arose from causes deeper than intellectual ones, and certainly the intellect alone can supply no salve for their wounds. Least of all, as we have urged above, is mere proselytism on any side the remedy. The absorption of all Christians by one Communion by the gradual multiplication of individual surrenders, till at last the separate drops become a torrent, is the least likely and also the least desirable of all steps to unity. This method has, in the background, the belief that the larger body has no sins to repent of, and that the smaller ones have no truths to witness to. "The Church" (i.e. of Rome) said, we think, the distinguished Ultramontane zealot, Louis Veuillot, "listens to no prayer except a Miserere."

The truth is that long before any negotiations can take place between the severed Churches of Christendom a gradual thawing process must melt, on all sides, that ice about the heart which makes our prejudices so inveterate and our judgments so unjust.

Genuine understanding is impossible without sympathy, and of sympathy love is the secret. To love is to know, for love lies at the root of that intuition which is the best kind of knowledge, and without which mere contact with facts leaves the mind ignorant and the heart cold.

Much spadework has to be done on all sides before the forts of bigotry crumble to pieces, before we learn by criticism of self and by love of our brother to understand one another.

Few more admirable utterances on this subject have been made than those headed, "Our Brotherhood in Christ: a Plea for Mutual Understanding," by a Roman Catholic writer, Mr. Joseph Thorp, originally printed some years ago in the *Guardian* newspaper.

Out of this we quote the following words, which ought to fall like music on the ears of all *homines bonæ voluntatis*, no matter what their Christian Communion may be:—

"Schemes for reunion have failed and will fail ; most of all the controversial spirit has failed. There is but one radical solution of the world's doubts, of our dissensions—the fulfilling of the double great Commandment—a love of Christ which so abunds as to flow out on to our brethren, a love of man so abounding as to extend and perfect our love of Christ. He comes to us over troubled waters indeed, but of gentle aspect, 'Be not afraid.' There where love is, most shall we soonest find Him.

"We shall not in a day put aside our bitternesses. There will always be among us zealous, uncompromising men, ready, for Christ's sake, to cut off the ear of the high priest's servant. We can respect them for their sincerity, yet withal pleading that perhaps a truer, surer way may be found in the putting of the sword into its scabbard. . . .

"And the one means that should above all others commend itself to those of us who have unshaken belief in the reality of the brotherhood of man in Christ, in the fulness of the promise, 'if two of you shall consent upon earth' is corporate prayer.

"Every Sunday, at least, we are gathered together in His name at the same time, and only not in the same place—again let it be said—*because we mean the same*. . . .

"And if this be so, as, thank God, it is, how shall we only see the dividing barriers (granted their height and breadth and depth) and also, not chiefly, the strong uniting bonds?

"How shall we only look askance at each other as we go our several ways, at best indifferent, at worst thinking evil in our hearts, and not rather send up a heartfelt prayer that all of us of this brotherhood in Christ, now so sadly fallen apart, may grow nearer in heart, and when it be God's will, in faith, according to that word, 'that they may be one'?

"We can all pray together, and of set purpose,

that what is pure, what is sincere in all beliefs other than our own, may ripen to a more perfect fulfilment under the fostering hand of God.

“ . . . Can God not reach to the spirit of a prayer? Is He tied to the letter?

“ . . . What, then, shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall prejudice, or calumny, or politics, or the quest of self, or annoyance, or doubt? ‘For He is our peace, who hath made both one.’ ”

Such is the only temper in which reunion can be either desired, prepared for, or accomplished. No reconciliation of Christendom is possible which has not love at its heart, and which does not grow out of the spirit of prayer. Only by learning to know one another by the method of loving one another, by burying the evil past on all sides in the oblivion of that forgiveness for those “who know not what they do,” which Christ breathed from His Cross, can the reconciliation of Christendom—

Reconciliation, word over all, beautiful as the sky—

ever pass out of the land of dreams into the world of embodiment. Competition in loving and forgiving most, and in praying most, is the royal road by which East and West, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Anglican and Nonconformist can draw nearer to one another, as all alike draw nearer in faith and communion to the divine Heart laid bare in Christ, that common centre in which hatred dies, and love is born anew. Pursuing this road of forgiving charity, and shunning that of angry, noisy dialectic, we gain the Master’s blessing—*Beati Pacifici*.

But most of all those who are, as we all ought to be, enthusiastic for the reunion of Christendom, need to learn that *reunion in spirit* is the primary and most important thing, and that it *must come at home first*. Nor is this impossible, for what is positive in both

schools, the "Catholic" and the "Evangelical," is in no sense contradictory, but rather complementary to the apparently opposite principle. What the Catholic pure and simple needs to learn is that order is a mere dead tyranny unless it is ensouled by love, and what the Evangelical pure and simple needs to learn is that spirit requires to externalise itself and become accessible by form—in fact, that sacramentalism is another word for organised life.

Separate from all Evangelical elements, Catholicism is but formalism. Separate from all sacramental elements Evangelicalism is but pietism. The Catholic Church needs an Evangelical soul. The Evangelical soul needs a Catholic embodiment. The importance of the Church of England for the future lies in the fact that in her both elements are vigorous, as they were in the mind and teaching of S. Paul, and also that although at present their common progress is by antagonism, yet that it need not necessarily be so, that, as in the Pauline mind, they can be reconciled. What has distinguished the Evangelical leaders of the past has been a deep sense of sin, and a sincere conviction of Christ's sufficiency as a Saviour. This is the very heart of religion. It is probable that the reason of the vogue of Luther as compared with that of Erasmus arose from the fact that while Erasmus was incomparably superior in culture, in sanity, and in breadth of intelligence—"the last great European" as he has been called, not without justice—yet that Luther was superior in what seemed to troubled humanity, and rightly seemed, the *unum necessarium*, the sense that sin is the thing wrong with man, rather than ignorance, and the conviction of the centrality of the truth that on the Cross, and not only on the Mount of Beatitudes, God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself—that this, and not merely the ethics of Christ, was the instrument of redemption. Erasmus, no doubt, held this also. He was no mere Theist like the Italian

Platonists of his time. But the thought of sin and redemption was not the passionate burden of his message. Hence Luther revolutionised the Religion of Western Europe and Erasmus did not.

The truth is that the Catholic, Evangelical, and Liberal elements are all true parts of the Gospel, but that its inner heart, the heart disclosed to sinners for salvation, is that which we mean when we speak in a sense deeper and wider than the party one of Evangelical Christianity. Still, all are needed for a full Christianity—the institutional, the mystic, and the intellectual elements. Taken alone, as Baron von Hügel has taught us, the first tends to magic, mere ecclesiastical mechanism; the second wastes itself in sentiment and emotions; the third loses touch of mystery and wonder; each alike falls short of the deep simplicity of a truly Catholic Christianity. It is as a witness to such a Christianity that the Church of England has been spared from extinction. She stands for a synthesis, unrealised in herself and only approximately reached so far through internal antagonisms. Yet she does stand for the hope of something which the world will want in the new age. In a kind of stumbling way, a sort of half unconscious instinct in her, or at least in her more thoughtful members, reaches towards a future for Christendom of reconciling love.

In a good sense, and not merely in the bad one of a character in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, she "faces both ways." Her instinct is against hasty breaks with the majestic heritage of the past, against the substitution of the abstract for the concrete, and of theories for life. It is also even more against the habit of seeking Christ in the charnel-house. Therefore with all her failures and limitations, in spite of them, and because of something in her which if faithfully conformed to can overcome them, she is in promise and in potentiality most precious to the Christian world.

CHAPTER XII

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE CHANGING TIMES

UP to this we may have seemed to dwell too much on the probable fortunes of religious organisations or Churches in the age after the war. Some may say, however, "It is the *spirit* of religion alone that matters ; let the Churches sink or swim as they will ; their day is done." But those who think or speak so display a great blindness to the striking fact that the collectivist ideal, that which seeks embodiment in a social form, is closely akin to religion—in fact, that religion is in its essence social. As against Harnack's reduction of the essentials of Christianity to "God and my Soul, My Soul and my God," or even Newman's "two luminous realities"—i.e. God and his own soul—we may set the profound saying of the Danish Bishop Martensen, "Corporeity is the goal of God's way." In that brilliant volume, *Studies of Modernism*, by Rev. A. Fawkes, one of the ablest advocates of Liberal Protestantism, we read as follows : "Protestantism without Germany, Catholicism without France, here as there the soul would lack its embodiment." One would think at present the Protestant soul must be a little restless in its German skin. The de-Germanising of Liberal Protestantism is now as eager a preoccupation with the English advanced Broad Churchman as is the vindication of the Pope's silence with our Roman Catholic magazine writers.

The attempt or tendency to explain Christianity as

mainly or exclusively a religion of subjective idealism has broken down, both when investigated by historical criticism as to religious origins and when practically applied to life. The inward and the outward are alike necessary, and external religion has its use, and that a vital one, as well as its abuse. The fall of Mediævalism marked the end of a period of religious history in which the external element had had an undue preponderance. The collapse of Germanism is the discrediting of the attempt to disentangle the Christian Idea from the social embodiment which the Bible and history know as the 'Church,' and to change Christianity into Idealism independent of history.

This searching time is one when, to the eye of faith, Christ is seen, as in the Apocalypse, walking up and down among the seven golden candlesticks, which represent His Church. The attempt to create a Christianity consisting of two factors only, Christ and the individual, without what S. Paul calls "the Body of Christ," is as thoroughly unscriptural as it will be found to be, in the long run, ineffectual. The great Protestant theologian Schleiermacher, in spite of the fact that he was the spiritual father of so much of German religious subjectivism in modern times, insists, and rightly, that "religion abhors solitude," that the social element is of its essence. *Unus Christianus est nullus Christianus*, says truly an old Latin proverb. In spite of the crimes and follies of which the Churches, since they are composed of sinful men, have been guilty, we cannot throw the Church overboard, even though we can make allowance for Swinburne's cry that he could accept Christ if the Crucified came to him without "the leprous bride." Yet all this violent reaction against organised Christianity contains in itself an error as great as the ecclesiastical perversions which cause the revolt. If Christianity is spirit and not machinery, yet it is also in its origin body and not a ghost. The startling paradox of its being is that it is *σῶμα*

πνευματικόν—a spiritual body, neither carnal nor phantom-like. It can say, like its 'Master, "Handle me and see." If it is a foundation truth that they who worship God must do so "in spirit and in truth," it is also a foundation truth that "the Word was made Flesh." Neither of these truths can safely be regarded in isolation from the other.

The one-sided spirituality of pure Protestantism with its invisible Church, its disparagement of sacramentalism as magic, and its fear both of imagination and of the senses in regard to the presentation of religion, reaches a logical climax in the deposition of the Incarnation from its central position, or its denial altogether, in the Liberal German religion of to-day. Therefore in considering the Christian Religion we rightly persist in considering it as embodied, while avoiding the consideration of it as petrified. But if it is not a stone, neither is it a vapour cloud. It is at once elastic and tangible, flexible and fixed, charismatic and institutional—an organic life as distinct from either a sentiment or a machine. If, however, the Church of Christ is the Divine Society *par excellence*, and not merely a voluntarily formed collection of atoms—a tree with branches, and not a number of sand grains held together—all the more do her privileges and her mission involve the possibility of a severer judgment being inflicted upon her.

To apply, then, this world crisis as a special call to our own part of the Church of Christ, the Church of England and the sister Churches of her Communion, this at least may be said, that it is certain that for us, as for the rest of Christendom, the balances of judgment are now stretched out by the hands of God, and that in them we, as others, shall be weighed. How often has Newman's adaptation to the Church of England of the cry of the disappointed prophet been echoed in spirit, at times by men of convictions different

to his and differing from one another, yet suffering under a similar disillusion, "What hath befallen thee, O my mother, to have a miscarrying womb and dry breasts?" It is a crisis like this which prompts such a question even from those for whom this Church of ours, with all her faults and imperfections, is the only possible spiritual home as long as Christendom is in its present condition. The fact is, that Anglicanism is in danger of increasing weakness—let us be quite plain about it—in regard to a most essential and distinctive mark of the Church as guardian of revealed religion—i.e. the supernatural note, the note of spiritual distinction, the air and mark of one who bears a message from Heaven, the mien and gait of her who is the King's daughter, all glorious within. *Vera incessu patuit dea*. S. Paul writes of the meetings for worship of the Apostolic Church that a stranger coming in "falling down on his face" would "report that God is in you of a truth."

Readers of Pater's *Marius the Epicurean* will remember the classic passage of that work in which the author describes the feelings of his hero as he is present for the first time at the primitive Eucharist—"the Mass, the same in essentials from the days of the Apostles"—his sense of something being enacted which was an echo and reverberation from the eternal harmony, a transaction under conditions of time having its counterpart in the changeless order of eternity.

This is one side of Christian worship at its best, its power to arrest, to subdue, to penetrate the soul with awe and wonder. It is an essential mark of the older Churches of Christendom that, even amid populations often rude and ignorant, they have not lost this capacity of suggesting the unearthly and the unseen, that as we enter their portals we seem to pass under the wings of "Reverence, the angel of the world."

In such forms of Christianity poetry and religion go together. Even folklore is baptized into the service of

the Divine Child, and public worship is a sacred drama, a moving liturgy, with all the grace and distinction of a spirit.

Under such circumstances, going to church is a training for heaven, a training which is a continual joy, not a tribute paid as a matter of duty to a system of religion in which, *per impossible*, Christianity itself, the romance of the ages, has become boring and dull.

In the earlier period of her history the Church attracted and subdued the peoples alike by her external splendour and by her interior self-denial, the cloth-of-gold without, the sackcloth within. The last thing she suggested was comfort. She was not represented by the attempt, in words ascribed to Newman, to plant the vicarage and to run the pony-carriage over the entire surface of the *orbis terrarum*.

Puritan she was, but it was the nobler Puritanism of restraint and discipline, which is an essential part of the Catholic ideal, and not the provincial Puritanism which distrusts beauty and supplants superstitions, often innocent, by respectability always stodgy.

The Anglican Church is, when at her best, perhaps in some particulars, especially in the literary majesty of her liturgy and in the poise and proportion of her middle way ("double moated by His grace," as George Herbert described her, between the vulgarity of tawdriness and the vulgarity of iconoclasm, between the devotee and the fanatic), more suited for a thoughtful and cultivated mind than she is for a passionate and enthusiastic heart. But in most of our churches, at least of the usual "Moderate Anglican" type, the note of majesty is lacking. Tawdriness is absent, no doubt, but so also is the note of distinction.

"The Mind of the Church of England," as represented by the Moderate Anglican school, bears the same relation to the wider movements of Christendom that a paddock does to a forest. A paddock may be neat, well fenced, suggestive of decency, salubrity, and

order, but it remains a paddock still. The murmurs and scents of the forest are not among its experiences.

The very walls of our great and ancient churches protest dumbly that they were not built for Moderate Anglicanism. The giant's robe is too voluminous for this scanty frame. Of course it is true that, looking at our churches generally, slovenliness and laziness, masquerading under the excuse of a spiritual dread of externalism in religion, are every year more discredited on all hands.

Often an almost fevered parochial activity—all glare without a patch of shade, all hurry without repose—has taken the place of the old restful days when George Eliot's wise Mr. Donnithorne in *Adam Bede* represented the good type of Church of England sobriety of feeling, and the incomparable Mr. Collins in Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* the more worldly and pompous aspect of the same mode of clerical existence.

Lack of outward reverence is not, after all, the main present danger in most of our Churches. It is rather the inability to combine reverence with simplicity and spiritual freedom, with that being at home in the house of God which, as Russia, for instance, shows, is quite compatible with the greatest splendour, the largest demands upon the faculties of imagination and devotion.

We English people seem unable to combine the two things, reverence and naturalness ; if we have the one it seems as if we cannot have the other.

"Be more devotional," said a High Church female as she sharply rapped the knuckles of a girl whose eyes were wandering in church, and no doubt her mind also.

What would the good lady have said had she seen, as the writer has done, peasant pilgrims drinking tea from a samovar in the porch of a Russian cathedral, or, as a friend of his saw, an Italian boy playing a mouth-organ during a festa in a village church?

We are emerging out of slovenliness into reverence. Our reverence is like new boots that are not yet quite

free. We need to add to it naturalness and simplicity. The ideal is to be reverent in Our Father's house, as children are in the house of a good earthly father, not always nervously fearful lest they should annoy him by some breach of etiquette. There must be also the bringing home of the simple realities of the Gospel to ordinary sinning and suffering men and women in loving, natural ways. There is nothing inconsistent in the sung Eucharist, with whatever degree is suitable and intelligible to the congregation of the traditional Catholic ceremonial being the chief feature of the Sunday worship, while the same day ends, when it seems needed, with a simple "After Meeting" or "Prayer Meeting." There is no incongruity between the two. John fell prostrate before Christ when he saw Him in the celestial glory, but Mary, in the homely farmhouse of Bethany, sat at the Master's feet and heard His word. The mingled majesty and simplicity of the Gospels ought to be the norm of Christian worship and Christian life. It has been said as to Anglicanism "Rome has grandeur, and the sects have unction, while the Church of England has respectability." This is far less true than before, but there is even still enough truth in it to make us feel that our mode of worship needs much reconsideration, and that in both the above directions.

Alexander Knox, that remarkable Irish lay theologian,⁷ who, while the victim of ill-health, was at once one of the sowers of the seeds of the Oxford Movement, and, in many respects, a disciple of John Wesley, has left in his writings, or in his recorded sayings, a remark about the Church of England absolutely true of his own day, and even still partially true of to-day. It is this: that while the English Church has a richness of ideas unparalleled in any other one Communion in Christendom, no great Church has so little practical spiritual influence as a teacher and trainer of the multi-

tude, so little power with regard to the adhesion of the people at large. Even now we must admit the truth of the above. One reason of this is that the English Church has the defects of her qualities. The academic and the popular type seldom co-exist.

England, indeed, deals in general principles, Rome in rules and definitions. The Anglican genius at its deepest and highest is that of Plato, the Roman of Aristotle. The Anglican Church has extricated herself from Scholasticism, the Eastern Church has never come under its regimen. Now, there is this to be said in favour of the spiritual and theological atmosphere of the Greek Fathers, in which the great Anglican writers have been most at home, that it is to that of the Schoolmen and of modern Rome as Plato to Aristotle, as poetry to prose. We may say this even while fully recognising the great advantage given in exactness and alertness of reasoning by the intellectual gymnastics of a mental training on "Scholastic" lines. Yet, after all, Christianity is entirely the Poem *par excellence* of the world's history, and can only be understood at all *per speculum in ænigmate*.

We cannot "tear the heart out of its mystery" by purely logical processes.

Aristotelianism, however, represents a side of religion as well as Platonism, the pedestrian common-sense side. For it is true of Christianity that the "wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein"; and Christ became incarnate and died for the Man in the Street as well as for the seer or poet in the watchtower. Hence arises the fact that it is often rather minds of the common-sense than of the mystical order that are attracted by Rome's discipline and unity, and contemptuous of the theoretical, unregulated character of what they consider the muddle of Anglicanism, with the latter's large tolerant untidiness in matters of ideas.

Again, in the perpetual contest between the advocates, in regard to religious training, of general principles,

with unsharpened outlines, and those of spiritual regimen and discipline concrete with the clear edges of rule, every thoughtful person who has had experience of human nature must admit that the Anglican distrust of rule and of clear outlines is not an unmixed advantage, however great the danger arising from a highly regulated and regimented system of religion.

The truth is that the Roman Catholic Church's plan of a simple method of religion, taught in infancy and reiterated in all sorts of ways through life, a method strengthened by her distrust of the merely abstract, keeps large numbers of not always very spiritual people in visible communion with the system of the Church—in touch with it externally at the very least. For instance, the rule of the necessity of attending Mass on all Sundays makes concrete the principle that the Eucharist is the centre of Christian worship. Both the English and Roman Churches hold this. The Roman one acts on it consistently and always. This, no doubt, does not escape the characteristic danger attending the always incarnating religion in a method or rule of life—i.e. mechanism, legalism, and being satisfied with routine, and that a minimum, of qualifying for membership rather than aiming, in a tentative way, no doubt, after an ideal. But, at any rate, it avoids vagueness, the danger of the Church of England's want of system. The Anglican alternative of an avoidance of clear, decisive method, involving rule of any kind, and a preference for suggestions and general principles, is only suited to minds of a high and spiritual type, with whom religion itself constrains, and maybe in principle brings method along with it. But the substituting of principles for method is, in its way, quite as bad as that of making method hard and legalist. In some ways it is worse, as far as the ignorant, the careless, or, again, children and untrained people are concerned.

We need not deny that there is a certain danger of hardness and woodenness about the strict enforcing

of a rule, and that Rome does not escape from this danger of religious mechanism. Certainly the line which ought to appeal to higher minds is that in which principle applies itself, and of itself constrains by its inherent attraction.

Unfortunately, only a small minority are among the minds of which this is true. Although these are among the highest type, yet the children of the household who need some plain directions are far the largest number.

We are all more or less children, and so a sensible Church, like a sensible mother, will recognise that her household cannot be run entirely by hints and aspects, by principles and suggestions, and every arrangement left as a theory open to debate, while order and system are regarded as cramping the children's minds. Something more definite is needed. Experience will teach us that, through the lesson of failure. Otherwise we are in danger of having, as far as the mass of people are concerned, what we actually have at present—a theoretical, that is, an unpractical Church, absolutely out of any vital or spiritual touch with the entire body of the labouring classes. They do not hate her. But they do not feel in any real way that she is part of their life. The nominal Church of England fish slip in thousands through the wide meshes of general principles. Views and aspects and schools of thought, the tackle of Anglican angling, can neither catch nor hold the common people. The fact of the miserable percentage of the labouring classes who are in any practical sense in membership with the Church of England is due to some root failure in the past, and partially in the present. It is a condemnation of our way of running a Church on academic generalising lines. Catholic principles and instincts are here at one with experience and common sense, while academic Anglicanism remains in the clouds, and has no real habitat on the solid earth. It has no root in the everyday existence of the multitude, and in so far it is a contradiction to one of the

deepest characteristics of Christ's Spirit and Religion. It is not even a case of Milton's—

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed ;

for the sheep do not hunger for religion, but have lost all taste for it, and they do not " look up " because they are absent from the pasture.

Method, then, is necessary, but what is even worse than having no method is the attempt to devise a system which shall offend nobody, falling short of everything solid, satisfying, and tangible, not daring to appeal boldly to the whole man, to his eye as well as to his ear, to his heart and his imagination, his conscience, and his will.

The Evangelical spirit and the Catholic method—the union of these is the only solution of our difficulties, for these together make up the soul and the body of true religion. As a healthy Christianity honours the human body, the concrete side of the human personality, so a healthy Church is not afraid of the body of religion.

As to the failure of Anglicanism, in regard to the one county, Northumberland, which the present writer naturally knows best, the mass of the people of the great mining " villages " (or little towns) do not, in any practical sense, belong to the Church of England at all. The coal-hewer who is a communicant is, on the whole, and allowing for one or two exceptional places, a *rara avis*. Scarcely any Labour Leader among the northern miners, or, indeed, in England anywhere, is a Churchman. In Northumberland and Durham such leaders have often first learnt to speak in public as local preachers among the Primitive Methodists, although since the spread of Socialism in the North Nonconformity and Labour are less closely connected than in the old Radical Individualist days. Still, northern Labour and the Church of England are in

different spheres, though at worst of misunderstanding on both sides rather than of hostility. The Church has not recovered even an appreciable minority of the people engaged in manual labour in spite of the new spirit among many of the clergy, especially the younger ones, of sympathy with the workers' ideas and aspirations, and in spite of increased parochial and mission energy in several Church centres.

As to the mining villages, and, indeed, many other English villages, contrast the state of affairs as to Church and people with a Southern Irish, a Tyrolese, or a Russian village—the sense which in all these cases the people would have that the Church, Catholic or Orthodox, belonged to themselves, and not merely to squire or gentry or vicarage, that it was part and parcel of their own life.

No doubt there is another side. No doubt we are saved from what is called “superstition,” from reliance on the fairyland atmosphere of peasant Catholicism on its weaker side, yet at what a cost—the loss of the people!

In connection with our Anglican defects and those of a different kind in the case of other Churches, fairness of judgment is essentially necessary. Some words of Father Tyrrell in this connection, in a collection of thoughts published posthumously under the title of *Essays on Faith and Immortality*, deserve careful attention, and all the more so because already we have pointed out all that is to be said for the type of religion which is the opposite to the one usual, at least until recently, in the Church of England. These words are from an acute observer and deep thinker who has stood on both sides in the great controversies which divide Christians in Western Europe and America from one another. He begins as follows:—

“Catholicism, Greek or Roman, is the religion of the poor, of the masses. Anglicanism is too academic, too educated. Protestantism, in some of its forms, is

only for a spiritual aristocracy, for the naturally religious, for the elect or for the converted ; Catholicism it is which appeals to the mediocre multitude."

In writing this Father Tyrrell gives by implication a great condemnation to the types of Christianity influenced directly by the Reformation or inspired by its spirit ; for what greater condemnation can there be to any body of Christians than to say that the multitude, the companions of Christ in His earthly ministry, those who thronged around Him as He moved through Galilee and Judæa, are not at home in, or are not to be found within, its houses of prayer?

But is, then, a mechanical, unspiritual *Aberglaube* or superstition no danger to religion? Is it inevitable in a religion with roots? Father Tyrrell goes on to say in regard to the affinity of the multitude for Catholicism and of Catholicism for the multitude, " True, but could not the same be said of some of the worst religions of the world? Are not these mediocre millions the easy and natural prey of a priestly caste, with its usual promises of cheap salvation by unspiritual external methods? It is not in having the poor with it, but in 'doing them good,' that a religion is proved to be Christ's. What if it keep them poor, or make them poorer, or foster their ignorance and moral degradation? . . . The real question is, therefore, What does Catholicism do for the moral and spiritual elevation of the degraded? Not, How many millions of such does it number among its adherents? What percentage of the poor does it elevate? Nor is it enough to get them to go through a routine of religious duties if there be no moral redemption in the gross. The light of a public religion must so shine before men that they may *see its good works*."

In the case of both types of Churches heart-searching of different kinds ought to ensue.

"A popular religion," wrote Cardinal Newman, "is always a corrupt religion."

The bold sweep of the Gospel net means some grotesque fish, some rotting weed among its contents. Ought they to be acquiesced in? Is it unavoidable, or only incidental to development? The parables of the tree shooting forth great branches and tenanted by all the birds of heaven, of the drag-net with its elastic meshes sweeping through the waters, certainly involve the idea of the risks incidental to the wide reach of a religion of the multitude. We have been too content with shrimping operations along some quiet beach. But of recent years, both in foreign and home work, the distant roar of the sea has not been heard in vain. Father Tyrrell's criticism has the sharp edge of truth in both directions, and if our Church refuses to gain adherents by wholesale "playing down" to their less elevated instincts, she witnesses, in theory at least, to the need of quality as well as quantity, and—though indeed, to be just, Rome in a different way does the same—against lowering the standard in order to enlarge the comprehension. It would be, in reality, equally unjust to see in Anglicanism nothing but don-like prig-gishness, and in Belgian or Russian Christianity nothing but unethical superstition.

The truth is, no doubt, that both types of Christianity have sinned. The mistake of the foreign Churches has been by too great a readiness to sanction any method that makes for "edification" and helps to keep the unlearned masses docile, regardless of the severe claims of truth, regardless often also, and this a minor but still a real fault, of those canons of art, involving dignity, purity, and restraint, by which the surroundings of worship are saved from fetish-like ugliness and degradation, from tawdriness and bad taste.

In plain language, the Churches that are desirous above all things to retain the ignorant on the terms of the ignorant, tend at their worst to become like an organism in which the head is wagged by the tail. The saying of the Prophet. "My people love to have

it so," is regarded as a sufficient justification for something dangerously like the degradation of spiritual religion.

On the other hand, we of the Church of England, with our practical loss of the great mass of the industrial and poorer population, are in no position to point the finger of scorn at other Churches.

Their error may be, and often is, caused by the misdirection of zeal and love, and their sins may be forgiven because they have loved much.

The sins of the multitude are not often cold-blooded sins, and that even while Lord Bacon's saying is true, that "the people is the mother of superstition, and that in all superstition wise men follow fools."

The really malignant sins of the great Catholic Communion have been cruelty and pride, the effort to make God's Kingdom on earth into a Kingdom of this world, and unmercifulness to all who have stood in the way of these political and irreligious proceedings. But these have not been the people's sins, but those of their leaders and guides.

The sins of the people have been those of the heart. The Catholic populations of the past, the half-Christianised hordes who carried their Slav or Gothic or Celtic nature-cults into their Christian Faith, have tarnished, it may be, the latter's original purity by popular *Aberglaube*. Their mistakes have arisen through imagination and passion, through the heart and imagination run riot and unbalanced by the intelligence.

But what we need is the tearing up of red tape, which is, after all, a worse parasite, and one more likely to strangle religion than any amount of folklore.

Rome has been far too indulgent to a spirit of *Aberglaube*, which has added to the burdens of the thoughtful and the truth-seekers in her Communion. Anglicanism has until recently, and partially even now, presented to outside candid observers the spectacle of a class religion complacently satisfied with its limitations.

S. Paul's conception of his own office as being "debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians" is true of the twofold function of the Christian Church in her capacity as a spiritual and moral teacher.

She has to adapt the divine message to two classes of minds—the educated minority and the multitude. Few Churches—perhaps no Church so far—succeed in doing both with equal efficiency.

Those who are at home with the crowd are out of touch with the thoughtful minority, and vice versâ.

The Church of England and the great foreign Churches, both Latin and Eastern Orthodox, have opposite weaknesses.

The latter have often lost, of course with many even illustrious exceptions, the whole-hearted allegiance of the more educated minority. The English Church, on the other hand, has to a considerable, but not always intelligent degree, the conscious membership of a great number of the class above that of manual labour, though she has not made what she might of them, and their adhesion is often conventional. Her real failure, however, lies with the multitude. Yet while that failure is a most serious deficiency in her system, it is a matter of thankfulness for those who value her that more than once, at most critical periods in the history of religious thought, she has so defended the Faith that the fatal divorce between intelligence and religion, the danger of the other type of Churches with which we have compared her, has been successfully averted. She has been fairly strong where they have been weak. The latter part of the Eighteenth Century, for instance, marked, as far as the people are concerned, probably about the lowest point of influence and leadership of the Church of England since the Reformation.

She had ceased to count with the multitude, having lost the great chance of utilising the enthusiasm of Wesley and his disciples. But this same poor old Eighteenth Century, the *bête noire* of the Romanticist

and the Tractarian, was the time when Bishop Butler turned the flank of the attack of the Deists, and when the Church of England retained the loyal allegiance of such intellects and characters among her laity as those of Johnson and of Burke.

If we consider the entire history of the Deist movement, English in its origin, tracing its antecedent tendencies from the school of Locke, we find that in its earlier phase in this country the *kudos* of the controversy, as far as thoughtful minds were concerned, came to lie with the orthodox, and that this form of attack on Christianity was either repulsed altogether or else was driven on, largely by Butler, to a more extreme position, the scepticism of Hume and of Gibbon, a position too negative and destructive to be influential among such a nation as ours.

In our country the names really great in any impartial estimate were with orthodoxy, even though a liberal orthodoxy. In the earlier part of the century Addison was the apologist of Christianity to the coffee-houses, defending it with light and easy grace, but with truest sincerity, doing it the inestimable service, for such an age especially, of disassociating it from dulness. Swift, Christian and Churchman by conviction and not merely by profession, even though his Christianity failed to keep his tongue clean, and though his Churchmanship was of too political a die for our present taste, used weapons similar to those of Voltaire, but the barbed shafts, the vitriol of Swift's *sæva indignatio*, were for, not against, the Faith of Christ.

Bishop Butler, like Newman afterwards (with whom he had many real affinities), saw the world, as far as its human aspect is concerned, like the scroll of the prophet's vision, written within and without with the hieroglyphs of sorrow, unintelligible save for Christianity, a spectacle in which God can be discerned indeed, but by the moral nature rather than by reason acting

in vacuo, and in which while we see, we see "in part," *per speculum in ænigmatē*. Yet Butler maintained we do see, even if not as yet "face to face."

Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, and the immortal passage about the proofs of Theism in the *Apologia*, are in some respects continuations and reverberations of the great line of the *Analogy*. The profound thought of Butler turned the flank of Deism, even if his book suggests to some to-day more negative conclusions than he intended.

In England, as we have noticed, Addison, Swift, Burke, and Johnson were all on the orthodox side. All were great men of letters, and three of them were laymen, and at the same time convinced and earnest Christians, in whose natures Christianity filled a master place.

Abroad, however, all was different. In France the quick wits who developed the Deist line, and afterwards the Atheist one, carried all before them in the world of culture. Voltaire had a vogue as great as that of his contemporary, Dr. Johnson, in England.

The French Church, decadent after the crushing of the Jansenists and the triumph of the Jesuitising process, was, as far as its position and influence were concerned, like a helpless mass, awaiting dissolution.

In Germany the Deist leaven spread, and united itself with the first stirrings of German Biblical criticism through the sombre questioning mind of Reimarus, the anticipator of the extreme eschatological explanation of the Gospels, whose literary legacy, *The Wolfenbüttel Fragments*, saw the light through Lessing. The latter was the literary apostle of the *Aufklärung*—the Eighteenth Century Enlightenment in its German form, the resuscitation of "Natural Religion" as a sufficient Faith. His drama, *Nathan der Weise*, was really a *Tendenz-schrift*, a literary apologia for this view.

Far superior in his character and type of mind to

the cynical Voltaire or to the sentimental Rousseau, more truly a spreader of "sweetness and light" than either, Lessing did a similar work to them in regard to Christian theology. He undermined its foundations, not by direct attack, but by contrasting its cumbrous character and intolerant spirit, its priestcraft and its dogmas, with the simple, kindly, sunshine creed of Natural Religion, rational and humane.

A contrast to England, therefore, is afforded both by France and Germany in regard to the *sæculum rationalisticum*. In spite of Butler's pessimistic forebodings, the English Church retained her hold on the more educated classes, and *esprit* was not in England the monopoly of Rationalists.

This characteristic excellence of the English Church, her instinctive power of intelligent apologetic, often exercised by laymen, has not since failed her, and the excellent results must be allowed for as a substantial consideration in her favour when her apparent inability to effectually bring the masses into her membership—to be, in S. Paul's words, debtor "to the Barbarians"—is under consideration.

Hence the judgment about her of Bishop Creighton with his love of "sound learning," and of Father Dolling with his love of the people, could never have been the same.

Still, her comparative success in one direction cannot really compensate for her failure in the other, even though it may mitigate our conclusions if we are tempted to regard her as a piece of worn-out officialism.

Such a conclusion would be flagrantly unjust in the light of the real revival of zeal among her clergy and faithful members, but still the Master's words are a reproach to us as Anglicans, "This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

To be just to the English clerical system, what an admirable background of upbringing is involved in the fact that from so large a proportion of our vicarages

and rectories have gone forth at this crisis, often to die, clean-living, upright, manly lads, the very flower of England, to the trenches or to the Dardanelles or to watch on the Northern seas. In most cases the fathers and mothers of these splendid youths, English parsons and their wives, are unassuming examples of true and often noble lives, filled with the sense of duty, disciplined with cheerful godliness, and that amid surroundings in many cases frugal, and sometimes amid privations, calling none the less for fortitude and patience because they are unobserved by outsiders.

Yet, when all is said, the fact remains of the failure, to a very large extent, of the Church of England system in regard to two essential features of the ministry, regarded as ambassadors of God to the nation—i.e. the priestly and the prophetic, the kindling the worship instinct, and the witness for social righteousness. Flames of revival of both have darted up within her, yet the work of the Divine Incendiary has not been followed with persistent and continuous results.

Without entering into the various controversies as to what is involved in the exact meaning of such a word as "priest," it will be at least agreed by all Churchmen, or even Christians, that a priestly ministry, in the sense of not only leading people in public prayers and worship, but in that of teaching and training them in the divine art of prayer, in the development of the prayer instinct latent in all, is the most important and distinctive work of the ambassadors of Christ.

Yet our Church has failed in this work of training to pray in regard to the people at large who are her nominal members. The war has made this painfully apparent.

The comparative absence of praying people in the churches, even allowing for private prayer at home, is, we may well fear, indicative of a widely extended inability to pray on the part of our people at large.

That many are among what have been called the

"ungodly good"—that is, unpraying, decent, respectable, and kindly people—does not make the matter better.

It makes it worse.

In other countries there are as many sinners, or more in some than with us, but these know better how to turn to God when they tire of sin. The Catholic way, avoiding vagueness, concreting repentance in an act of definite confession of sins and not only of sinfulness, and concreting worship in the Eucharist, the *Sacrificium Laudis* of each Lord's Day, the "bounden duty and service" of all Christians, is full of practical common sense and sound psychological method. Puritanism in its old palmy days, to do it justice, did not beat about the bush. Its two sacraments necessary to salvation were the Bible and the Sabbath. It enforced both without limitation or hesitancy. This system of the privately interpreted infallible Book and of the British Sunday, with its practical rendering of the Fourth Commandment as "On it thou shalt take no amusement, thou or thy son or thy daughter," etc., is gone or going. But, with all its faults, it had a serious sting and grip of its own, and in its best days was full of real, though narrow, power. It drove the nail home into the English mind. Father Dolling's instinct led him to pursue a similar method. Hence he liked the old English word "Mass," on the one hand, just as he liked the word "Conversion" on the other, though accused in one quarter of being "a Roman in disguise," and in the opposite one of being "a regular Dissenter." He often used the word "Mass" for the Eucharist in order to teach his people that the Rite in question, when celebrated as the chief service, is not a mere High Church idiosyncrasy, but the great common, central, and universal Act of Christian Worship of the New Dispensation in all ages, no mere crotchet of the Oxford Movement.

The word "Mass" raises in many English minds—but in these comparatively tolerant days of travelled

people a decreasing number—a thrill of fear and dislike. To many more it still has lingering associations, more or less, with the Papal system. In reality "Mass" is an old English word which has entered deeply into the language, and not merely a modern Roman one. Mass, whether word or thing, is no product of the Counter-Reformation, no child of the Jesuit reaction. It has its roots in the beginnings of the Church. It comes to us in familiar, but often unrecognised, guise in "Christmas;" (Christ's Mass). "Christ-tide, I pray you," is the correction of the Puritan in Ben Jonson's play.

In one famous passage in Shakespeare it may possibly be used in a wider reference than to the Eucharist, as if equivalent to the Vesper service, when Juliet asks Friar Lawrence, "Or shall I come to you at evening mass?"

It was retained as an alternative title for the Celebration of Holy Communion in the First Prayer Book of King Edward VI (1549)—"Commonly called the Mass"—the Book which the Act authorising the Second Book described as having "in it nothing superstitious and ungodly." It has, therefore, more liturgical precedent in the English Books than the word "Eucharist," which, however primitive and full of beauty, is, on the whole and in its origin, Greek in its setting, and has never been a popular title in England, and occurs in no version of the English Prayer Book.

This fact as to the 1549 liturgy must balance the strong language used about "the sacrifices of masses" (*sacrificia missarum*) in Article XXXI, language which in itself need necessarily imply no more than repudiation of those prevalent mediæval views ("it was commonly said") which involved a belief in a re-offering of Christ in the Eucharist for the actual sins of every day, the Sacrifice of the Cross having been only for original sin, or of any conception of a repetition of Christ's Sacrifice.

The word *Missa*, the Latin original of "Mass," was in its non-Christian use part of the formula *Ite Missa est*, now liturgical, which ended a public meeting. "Mass" is equivalent in origin to the chairman's "The meeting is adjourned." The first instance on record of its use for the Eucharistic *synaxis*, the assembly for the sacrificial banquet of the Church, is in an epistle of S. Ambrose in the Fourth Century. It was freely used as a title for all the Western Liturgies, or forms of Eucharistic service, and not for the Petrine or Roman one alone. To liturgical scholars the word has no shocking significance. It is a term as void of offence in itself as "Liturgy," its Eastern equivalent.

Yet it has become a storm-centre as connoting the centrality and sacrificial character of the Eucharist, its side towards God. The power of words is curiously illustrated by their capacity to attract or repel. It is a poor and false estimate of them—that of Hobbes—which makes them the wise man's counters but the fool's money. They have each a life of their own, and a power of accretion and assimilation. As the word "Mass" has travelled through the centuries it has branched out in two opposite directions. The secular formula for ending a public meeting in ancient Rome has, on the one hand, gathered round it the mystical poetry of the altar service, the focus of sacrifice; and on the other the fierce associations of bigotry, of fanaticism and counter-fanaticism. To some the word has a fragrance as of frankincense or of the flowers of the sanctuary. It suggests the same atmosphere as the Christmas carols and the mystery plays. They think of the Mass as the same as the Liturgy of the catacombs, the altar lights representing the torches of the primitive acolyths, the corporal the sindon or tablecloth unfolded by the deacons. To others it comes singed as it were by the fires of Smithfield, the thing to abolish which the martyrs died. The smell of fire has passed over it, and behind it lurks priestcraft

and Papalism. So strangely different are what we may call the "subauditions" of words to different ears. To one the word "Mass" suggests continuity with the past and restored visible fellowship with the rest of the universal Church, the corporateness and supernaturalness of religion, its Divine and human fellowship. To another it hints not obscurely of the loss of Christian liberty, of the perversion of the simplicity of our approach to the Father into a needless mystery of priestly legerdemain. Those to whom the word "Mass" connotes the worship of the normal and deeply rooted Catholic type—something not super-induced but at one with the central stream of the Judæo-Christian development, and with the ethnic Faiths, its tributaries—need to have consideration for others to whom the chief idea of the word is the perversion of scriptural religion into priestcraft, of rational devotion into magic. It is hard, but at the same time it is necessary for each to try to put himself, mentally and spiritually, in the other's place.

All the words which Christians have given to the rite which all acknowledge, however they interpret its meaning, to be the legacy of their Master's love, whether it be "Breaking of Bread" (the New Testament title), or Holy Communion, or Holy Eucharist, or Mass, or Lord's Supper, bring out each some shade or other of its depth of power and significance. As to the best way of expressing our sense of what this is to us, "let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." The claims of definite expression of any aspect of truth needing accentuation, and the claims of charity in regard to the feelings of others, have each their right to govern our mode of speech about religion.

On the Catholic road, along which the natural and the supernatural, body and soul, law and freedom, travel in harmony together, "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein."

But he will scarcely find his way along a road on

which every signpost bears an indistinct direction. The conception of the minister of Christ as priest connotes the definite practical method. The way of thinking of him as the "resident educated gentleman" who reads prayers on Sundays does not. It lacks the Galilean accent. The incumbent even still far too often mainly represents to the parish "the English system"; but his true function is not to do this but to represent Jesus Christ.

The revival of faith in the essentially supernatural character of Christianity as above all things a unique revelation from Heaven is our vital need in the English Church. This and not some pedantic ecclesiasticism is the true reason for teaching, or rather for acting upon the principle of the Apostolic Succession. The latter implies a man with a commission involving authority, though authority to serve.

This principle claims for the episcopate something better than what has been called "shovel-hattery," the latter the indefinable atmosphere of Anthony Trollope's classical novels.

Is this recognising for the Church of England what is really hers, but has been thrust into a corner by sober worldliness? Or is it an unreal experiment which will only end in making the Establishment itself protest against the unwelcome clothing forced on her. Will she cry at last with Shakespeare's hero, "Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?" Is the Church of England nervous and awkward under her assumed Apostolic character? Does it quite fit her? These are questions which the years after the war will ask and answer.

Is Lord Macaulay's description, in his controversy with the youthful Gladstone, of the claims of the Church of Rome as looking back to the Mount of Ascension, but those of the Church of England as only tracing to the Tudor Council Chamber, the real conclusion of the matter, let dreamers theorise as they will? The ultimate working out of the phase, a more critical one than we

now realise, through which the Anglican Church is passing can alone decide the question. *Solvitur ambulando*.

The other feature of the Christian ministry which has been in the shade, not only, indeed, in England, but almost everywhere in Christendom, is the prophetic, the witness, that is, to righteousness and justice, not only as to individuals, but as to nations and races, the driving home into men's souls the conviction that the noblest service of God is rendered when the voice of God's Church is raised against selfish wrong. To be the goad, the sting to the public conscience, to torment the complacent wrongdoer is a most neglected function of a religion that claims to "teach with authority."

To one who, like the present writer, owes much of any little capacity he may possess of reconciling in belief and teaching the old and the new, the ancient Faith and the call of the Spirit in a new age, to the thoughts of such a writer as Frederick Denison Maurice, prophet and priest in one, it seems that a vital need in regard to the ministry of to-day is the revival of this prophetic conception of the office of Christ's Church, as conscience *in foro externo*. He believes, as he has written in an earlier chapter, that the renewed study of the Old Testament Prophets can be made a true spring of tonic virility and power, of spiritual witness making the "testimony of Jesus" become again "the spirit of prophecy." But how seldom is the priest the prophet!

How often are we of the priesthood guilty of the non-use of our faculty of moral witness! Too often at an ethical crisis the priesthood has been judiciously silent, while other forces do the work which it is one of the noblest of its functions to perform. The moral witness which the universal or national Church ought to have borne comes at times from the lips of Nonconformists, true prophets of God as many of them have been again

and again. Sometimes it comes from those of heretic or atheist.

At some moral turning-point, with a Divine irony, the exposure of evil that wakes the public sense of right, the note of unflinching witness against wrong-doing, which must ever be present like a deep organ tone in the entire composition of a prophet's message, the enforcing on the social conscience of ethical obligation—all this is pressed home with power even by some one to whom God is the Unknown and the Unknowable, by some one who is girded to accomplish the Divine purpose even though the giver of the message is unconscious of the source of the inspiration. "I have girded thee, though thou hast not known Me."

Moderate Anglicanism, into which the central Church of England at large appears to be settling down in so many parishes, often means much good, honest work, but it is too much in its outlook the equivalent of villadom, too early Victorian, to be any living guide in an age in which the villas will no longer be the predominant social and political factors. Either the English Church must develop something bolder and freer than this, with less of hesitancy and thinness of spirit and method, with an appeal that touches the heart and the imagination as well as the conscience and the will—less of the Lion and Unicorn mind and more of that of the Cross—or else her future will indeed be one of limited interests. She needs an increased spirit of internal unity, but not at the expense of elasticity, boldness of venture, and power of making experiments.

After the war, will the Church settle down again to her internal quarrels, the storm and clash of all the greatest spiritual forces of the world shut out, or only echoing from afar? Will she have a mind, and so help the nation which so sorely needs it to have one too, and a soul as well?

What will prevent the fate of contented littleness

for her, of the final settling down to fussy parochialism as her only contribution to the spiritual resettlement after the war? If such a fate is to be prevented, it will be prevented by the existence among her clergy of an increasing number, and that, of course, of more schools of thought than one, who, whatever their differences, believe in life and not in death, who, in fact, do not believe that to die genteelly is the real end of a Church which has felt again and again the rousing call, expressing itself through spiritual genius and commanding sanctity, of the prophetic spirit.

All great movements within the Christian Church, as a society, have come, indirectly at least, from the clergy, not from the laity—the latter have furnished the sympathetic material which the enthusiasm of the new Idea has kindled, rather than set alight the original spark from which the spiritual and mental conflagration has begun.

This is true even of movements of a character opposed to and hated by the ecclesiastical authorities—Wyclif, Hus, Luther, John Knox himself, were, in one way or another, originally clergy of the Church which they changed, however much of the lay spirit was latent in their ideas. With certain exceptions, as, no doubt, Calvin, a lawyer before he was a theologian, this has been the case, as John Stuart Mill in one of his public addresses has remarked. The storms of the Reformation, and of the Counter-Reformation alike, and, in a lesser degree, the clash against one another of Catholic and Evangelical and Broad Schools in the modern Church of England, have all been stirred up by clergy, not by laity.

The words of Kingsley through the mouth of the heroine of *Alton Locke*, words which are the echo of his "master," F. D. Maurice, are remarkable in this connection, more especially as coming from their author: "Without the priesthood, there is no freedom for the people. Statesmen know it; and therefore

those who would keep the people fettered find it necessary to keep the priesthood fettered also." (An exact description of the Prussian line about religion, Kaiserism reducing Protestantism to a tame instrument, and Catholicism to a privileged accomplice. From this, among other causes, comes the 'death of liberty in modern Germany. Hence comes also the impotence of the German Social-Democratic Movement, owing to its practical materialism, its lack of soul, because of its isolation from the religion of the Cross, the real thing that can alone give soul to the people's cause.)

"The people never can be themselves without co-operation with the priesthood; and the priesthood never can be themselves without co-operation with the people. If they are truly priests of God, and priests of the Universal Church, they must be priests of the people."

The truth is that priesthood is either the most injurious or the most salutary of all institutions—the most injurious when it tries to slay the prophets, the most salutary when it is itself prophetic.

May we not at least hope, but with what amount of success is uncertain, that the English Church will be thought of more as the local expression of Catholicity, the national variety or part of an international society, but with the national element strictly and rightly subordinated to the international one; that in an increasing number of thoughtful and religious minds the tribal god heresy will have received its deathblow through its Berlin unconscious caricature? Will this be so? Or are we translating hope into probability? Shall we remain in the old ruts? Our Communion will no longer perhaps figure so largely in Baedeker as one of a sort of triad to be found all over the Continent wherever our dear fellow-countrymen and countrywomen meet at hotels, whose proprietors assure them that in the neighbourhood they can have the requisites necessary to provide the atmosphere they value even "in a strange land"—i.e. "golf, tennis, and an English Church."

We may hope, not, indeed, with certainty, but with some possibility of not hoping in vain, that the provincality of all this will be more apparent than before to the English mind.

It was told to the writer that after the taking of Peking and suppression of the Boxer rising, the triumph of Christianity in the English form was celebrated by a chaplain, in surplice, hood, and stole, saying Matins along with a deaconess, both of them standing literally on the "Great Stone of Heaven," living symbols of the world-wide character of Moderate Anglicanism.

It is when the latter tries to meet such a situation as that bound to arise after the war that its inadequacy, and, we may add, its total absence of humour, are apparent to a degree which would not be so great were it not for the largeness of the historic atmosphere and the grandeur of the surroundings amid which this class form of only partially national religion tries to rise to the dimensions of a world-wide faith.

The Catholic element is certainly latent in the Anglican Communion ; but if it is to shoot forth and unfold its spacious capacities, if it is to claim kinship no longer with the thistles of Calvinism and of Prussian Erastianism, but with the rose of Sharon of historical Christianity, a kind of "happy valiancy," to use Coleridge's phrase in reference to Shakespeare's genius, must be its keynote. It must dare to take risks. It must "live dangerously."

In regard to her attitude to the life of the people, the Church of England must cease to think first of "Church Defence." She must be something more than the "Conservative Party at prayer."

All this lies before her if she is to rise to the opportunity which the new Europe and England's share in making it may open out to her.

The Anglicanism of the George Herbert or even of the *Christian Year* type is likely or certain to be for the age to come too much a thing of a particular phase

of English insular development. It has been at its best gracious, indeed, with a sort of sheltered, and even exquisite, refinement, like a tree in some old and peaceful garden, its fruit with a flavour all its own, reminding us of high orchard walls and sweet-smelling pleasaunces ; but it has just lacked the forest scent and the air of the sea, of the wide outside world. This insularity was largely inevitable, but in the wider, newer world it need not be so. "Thine heart shall fear and be enlarged."

Shall we, then, be trying to work an unworkable system, to lengthen the cords of a tent which from the limitations of its present shrunk condition cannot as it stands be stretched to the proportions of anything that can be called a religion for the people, a creed human and therefore also national as well?

Do we realise that partly by the faults of the past, partly by a concurrence of circumstances adverse to religion, we are no longer really a Church in possession as far as the people's wills and hearts are concerned?

To go to one of the roots of the question, why have our Church schools, excellent as no doubt they are from the general educational point of view, failed so entirely in teaching children to worship, and that, in spite of all the "finding of places in the Prayer Book" to the satisfaction of the Diocesan Inspector?

To repeat the query of that caustic, but not unfair, critic, the late Reverend C. Marson in his searching indictment of the usual "Diocesan Schemes of Religious Instruction," the tract *Huppim and Muppim*, "Why do the children of our schools know everything about Abraham except the way to his bosom?"

What can be more unfortunate, accentuated by the usual position of Matins as the principal Sunday service, than that the Old Testament lessons for Sundays are generally those which bristle most with moral difficulties, and suggest again and again the tribal god

conception, and that to present-day congregations knowing enough to feel the incongruity, but not knowing enough to realise the true explanation—i.e. the character of the Bible as the record of a progressive revelation, and as only vitally intelligible when read in the light of that fact?

" In addition to not being afraid of concrete presentation there is nothing more important for a religion of the people than what may be called "atmosphere." Nothing is more certain in regard to the history of religion than that of all the instruments of propaganda which any of the great missionary Faiths has employed, that of dialectic, of the crushing of mental opposition, of the goading of a soul out of mental indifference by argument, has been the least employed, or, when employed, the least effective.

S. Ambrose's saying, re-echoed so widely to-day, *Non in dialectica complacuit Deo saluum facere populum suum*, is no mere justification for priestcraft, or excuse for laziness of intellect, but the recognition of a profound psychological fact.

The early Church, like all powerful and living religions in all ages, won its conquests largely by the attraction of the environment it created. It moved through the air of the Roman Empire like a planet girded by its own congenial atmosphere; it poured itself like a warm Gulf Stream through the chill waters of the Pagan world. No doubt the immense attractiveness of the environment was only felt by minds to which the latter was congenial. Deep called to deep. The suction which drew souls, wandering and unattached souls on the move and expectant of spiritual surprises, within the swirl of the waters of life, had no power upon those which were comfortably moored to the world's ways and standards. Yet when the attraction, at once supernatural and natural, first dislodged the spirit, and then drew it in its wake, it was not the force of an

argument addressed to the intellect, but the concrete presentation of a new life to the entire moral and spiritual nature, which was the cause of the change. In a true sense men fell in love with the Church of Christ. "The same day there were added unto them three thousand souls." How many of these were drawn within the circle of salvation by the operations of a strictly logical process?

The Church of England is honourably distinguished among the Churches of Christendom by her appeal to the intelligence. She has never sought to browbeat reason. But she has never realised how comparatively small a part reason plays in the conversion and in the "edification" (i.e. building up) of a soul. Hence has come a certain stiffness and coldness in her mode of presenting the Gospel, far less apparent now than ever before, but still far from being banished altogether; hence also a want of what we may call "glow," the passion as of "one who loves much," in the surroundings inward and outward of her corporate worship and existence. Decorum cannot compensate for the lack of the warm throb of love. The Church of England has certainly felt the latter, and feels it more than ever both towards Christ and His people, but a certain awkward reserve prevents the outward expression of it from wrapping her congregations and parishes as a rule in an atmosphere in the light and fragrance of which the souls that come within its range awake and expand. What was the secret of the missionary attractiveness of S. Alban's, Holborn, to the men and women of all conditions influenced by it, as described in Mr. G. W. E. Russell's story of that wonderful Church? Was it not largely atmosphere—personality and atmosphere, not argument? But in any place the Church which would create such atmosphere must have a glow at its heart. It must stand for something. It must not be afraid to give itself away. It must bear to be hated as well as to be loved. It must live to be missed,

to mean something which, taken out of one's life, leaves a sense as of a friend never to be forgotten, who still loves us and whom we love, but who is no longer at our side. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. Yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth."

All this and much besides ought not to be evaded. It is all, more or less, evidence of a lack of practical capacity in developing the power of offering our worship as that *rationabile obsequium* which it could be made, and for which the Prayer Book contains the main essentials, but which in reality it is far from being at present, even for the educated, and which, as far as the masses of the people are concerned, it has probably never been at any period since the Reformation. All this is part of the setting our house in order and the looking things in the face after the war, which is a process which we owe as an obligation, if to no one else, yet certainly above all to those brave men of all types and classes who have turned to us to minister Christ to them on the battlefield, and whose souls He leaves in our hands to help to keep *en rapport* with Himself.

The following is an extract from a letter from a private soldier to a friend. It is one of a number which the writer has seen, telling much the same tale:—

"We have a Church parade whenever possible and also Holy Communion occasionally. I can assure you these services, held in all sorts of queer places, are very impressive. Men say their prayers out here who never dreamt of doing so at home. Terrible as this war is, I think a lot of good will come of it, as it makes us realise our utter dependence on God. Only those of us who have been through a battle out here can fully realise what religion means to a man. I could tell of dozens of instances where men who had never hardly thought of prayer before prayed on their knees in front of everybody. There is no shyness, and no scoff out here; if a man wants to say his prayers

nobody interferes with him, like they would do in England."

If we are going to make the Church of England the kind of thing which men like this deserve as the spiritual home of themselves and of their kin after the war is over; if we are going to have a Church with abandon, with heart, with inspiration, we will need something more than merely an increase in plant and in organisation. We must cease, in the words of the prophet, to "burn incense to our net and, to our drag," instead of asking for a seeing soul and a heart that feels.

It is the latter things which we need if we at home are to be true, when they return, to these splendid men, and to the example, also splendid, of the chaplains who have made religion honoured among them.

We need, no doubt, the revived activity in parochial and diocesan work of which we see evidence everywhere, but much more do we need spiritual and intellectual vision, and as an outcome of vision a message expressive of it.

Attention to detail is certainly necessary for any individual or institution, but not when detail ends in the obscuring of vision, or as an attempted substitute for it, and when, as in some types of religious activity, "we cannot see the wood for the trees."

Immense progress has been made in the last few years in the breaking down of the barriers of class feeling and of misunderstanding on both sides which used to separate the Anglican clergy from the working people. This is largely due to the new spirit among the younger and more enthusiastic clergy of all schools of thought. The pompous or the pietistic parson is now largely, though not altogether, a creature of the past. Simple, hearty human feeling and honest manliness of character are increasingly exhibited by the more modern type of Anglican parochial priest. The result is that prejudices are largely disappearing. Again and again the parson

may be heard described as "a right good chap," and respect and even affection have taken the place of the feelings which the working classes entertained towards everything connected with the Established Church, as a fortress of Toryism and privilege, in the days of Kingsley's *Alton Locke*.

- But healthy as all this is in so many places, and admirable as a preliminary to something further, it is too often a substitute for any practical or vital membership in the Church as a living, loving, and serving Body. The parson is liked in an increasing number of cases.
- No anti-clerical campaign would be possible. But the Church itself is neither loved nor hated. It is, at best, respected, where it is alive. But its conscious worshipping membership and its influence and power in spiritual things has not increased among the labouring classes of the towns, nor, indeed, among any classes, to the extent that ought to be the case in proportion to the really increased popularity of many of the clergy and their indirect and most useful influence in all kinds of civil, social, and philanthropic work for the benefit of the community.

Sometimes the utility of parochial institutions for purposes of recreation has obscured the character of the Church in each parish as the focus of collective worship and spiritual fellowship—the hearthstone of the sacred flame.

- It is now felt by many of the most experienced clergy working in artisan districts that the propaganda by the Church of decent amusements has long ago reached its climax, that it has often been overdone, and that, in any case, when it means that sometimes the assistant clergy are mainly valued and invited to take posts because of such gifts as may qualify them to be leaders and promoters of athletic, musical, or dramatic recreations in the parish, it is high time that the main object for which the Church and its ministry exists should be boldly and unmistakably accentuated, unless the Church

of England is, at its centre, to commit, slowly but surely, spiritual suicide.

To be able to be natural and familiar without being vulgar is, of course, in its perfection the mark of the highest and most distinguished breeding. In religion this art is needed. The Church need neither be inhuman nor commonplace. There can be little doubt that in some centres of the Church of England's influence the pendulum has swung from a stiff type of mainly class or academic religion to a lowering of the tone of the Church to one essentially vulgar and bourgeois, lacking in all distinction, whether of spirit or intelligence, the kind of parish where the cleric who advertises himself as "good with men and boys" leaves everywhere the impress of his loud, self-conscious personality.

The mental equipment of English life in the early parts of Victoria's reign is still partially existent, and in some quarters untouched by change. Yet, at the same time, wherever intelligence penetrates, those ideas, or substitutes for ideas, which formed that mental furniture, are passing away, they are slowly losing their hold even over the less alert minds.

To meet the needs which the new age may bring with it—the need of the kindling of the imagination, of the satisfaction of the sense of beauty, of the social instincts, and of the claims of the collective spirit—to satisfy the desire for adventure and the awakening of curiosity, to meet the sense of the mystery of the world and yet also the demand for lucidity and clearness, the rejection of that love of dull compromise, which shrinks evasively from interrogation and entrenches itself from inquiry behind conventions—in short, to represent something worth preserving in this changing age, *the Church of England herself must change or be changed.*

The real reason why the Church of England ought to be changed is because she is worth changing, because she has a most real mission directly to the Anglo-Saxon world, and indirectly to Christendom, a mission which

she cannot fulfil in her present most inadequate condition of development, even allowing for all the very substantial advance that has been made of recent years in many centres of her life. She is no longer an object of indifference or contempt either to statesmen or to the crowd. She means something. But she ought to mean a great deal more. Her chief dangers will be complacency with her already actual advance and forgetfulness of all of her duty that is entirely unretrieved, or the fancying that it can be retrieved merely by adding to committees and organisations and increased money-raising, while neglecting to touch the things that lie at the root.

In the Anglican Church, as in all things connected with England and the Anglo-Saxon race, there is abundant evidence of energy. It is not the activity of the builders that is so much at fault as the inadequacy of the architect's plans—the lack of distinct ideals and the absence of coherence of mind. Such coherence is quite consistent with a large and generous comprehension of ideas, though often difficult to reconcile with it.

The views and conceptions which jostle one another in the Church of England need, most of them, to be brought into harmony with one another, being no more really antagonistic than are the three sides of Religion—the Institutional, Mystical, and Rational—in that synthesis which we owe to Baron von Hügel as a permanent conclusion of thought on the philosophy of belief. There are, however, some sporadic but loud manifestations in the Anglican Communion which are impossible to reconcile with her true genius, which would, if they succeeded, sever the connection of her religious system with the historic Faith of Christendom, as embodied in the Creeds, or reduce her to the position of a pale and illogical reflex of modern Roman ways and temper, or to a sort of hegemony among Protestant sects, as the most scholarly and well-to-do, the most well-balanced and least fanatical, among the repre-

sentatives of Protestantism. The triumph, or even the widespread influence, of any of these latter efforts, with the result of the practical merging, that is, of the spirit of the Anglican Communion in Liberalism or Romanism or Protestantism pure and simple respectively, would mean the loss of the witness to synthesis and to the need of the reconciliation of Christendom for which Father Tyrrell, in his later years, came to value her—the pioneer, as he described the Church of England, of a synthesis which she is not able to realise in herself.

Is it possible to hold together and to express concurrently the ideas of (1) the Church as the Catholic organism, of (2) Evangelical love to Christ as the thing that matters most—and love for His sake to all who love Him wherever they are—and of (3) the freedom of the Spirit in the Christian life as secured, and not crushed, by the wise authority of the collective Body? The Church of England, consciously or unconsciously, says "Yes." But the effort to hold these essentials together, and to encourage the clear expression of all alike, is a less easy one than would be that of accentuating one while repressing or ignoring the others. Hence not merely the stupid and timid type of Anglican Churchmanship, but often also the really deep and thoughtful one, finds it hard to make itself as immediately intelligible to the hasty apprehension of the Man in the Street as either Protestantism or Rome does. This complexity is, for us as a Church, at once our weakness and our strength; our present weakness, no doubt, but, it may be, our future strength.

An immense sense of disillusion, of disappointment with the objects of past enthusiasm, appears to follow in the wake of this world upheaval as far as religion is concerned. The religious parties of the past seem like husks from which the sap has oozed. We strive to work ourselves up to the old excitements, to respond to the thrill of the old cries, but there is a want of life

and freshness about it all. It is superinduced. May it not be that we ought to bury the dead past of party religion as of party politics, and forget the things that are behind? Is it not a new soul which we all need, Churches and people alike? Has not our Christianity failed because it has been a system instead of a life?

• The change that is needed in the Church of England, as in all Churches, after the war is not merely an increase of energy in the extension of religious machinery. It is a new heart and a new spirit—a heart of love, a spirit of righteousness.

• If the Church of England, as she is, is no fit spiritual home for the splendid lads and men who will be returning after the war—and, as she stands, she is very largely unsuited for this purpose—no mere enlargement of her, *as she is*, will be of any use. A new orientation, a change of will, is needed, a will towards the creation of a new England and a new world, not the patching up of the conventional thing called religion, which is seen to be so thin and meagre in the light of war's fierce flame. It is not the breaking out again of babble about ecclesiastical politics, it is not "talking the talk, but living the Life," which must be the new adventure of the Church in each little corner of her influence as the world storm subsides and man goes forth again to his labour.

At times God's work is the severance of His Church from the world, the putting about her the hedge of the Law or the calling her out into the desert—"A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse."

At other times, and the present is among them, He seems, like a marauder, to break down her strongholds; He seems to drive her forth to be scattered among the nations. Not in vain has He cast our own part of the Church hither and thither wherever the English tongue is spoken. Not in vain is He surely detaching her at home from all dependence on class and politics, and challenging her to recover the lost millions, her

neglected charge. Cut away from her old moorings, she must either drift helplessly without mind or aim, or else strike out into the deep. One thing she cannot do without death—that is, settle down in contented unreality while the roar of all that really matters in life goes by.

Through those noises of the new time will be heard the “still, sad music of humanity,” the cry, half-unconscious, for guidance and for help. Will that be in vain? Will there be anything in us that can respond effectually to the world's immense need?

EPILOGUE

WHILE it is impossible to predict with anything like definiteness of detail the influence upon religion of the re-shaping of the world and of its forces after the war, one thing seems certain, that the Christianity of the new age will be predominantly of a type social rather than individualist. In this sense the world war marks the drawing to an end of the individualist type of Christianity, as the Wars of Religion marked that of the ecclesiastical and social type which prevailed during the Middle Ages. But there will be no mere return to the past, either to the Catholic past or to the Protestant past. The Middle Ages and the Reformation Period alike have, each of them, a very limited message for the present day. There is a sense in which the comparative ignorance of history on the part of the English working classes, whose influence will no doubt be greater in our country after the war, is not an unmixed misfortune. If it robs them of the pride which springs from a knowledge of the past greatness of our heritage, of the power of "praising famous men, and our fathers that begat us," it also saves them from many bitter memories. How good it would be for Catholic and Protestant Ireland, for instance, if both alike had shorter memories, and were not for ever raking up the ashes respectively of the Penal Laws and the Battle of the Boyne—if, in a word, both would wipe the slate and start new with the Sermon on the Mount and the Great Commandment. It is necessary to reach out to the things that are before. Although since Christianity itself grew out of Judaism

our religion has its roots in history, and can make no abrupt new departures, regarding the Church's past as a *tabula rasa*, yet historical memories are as often poisonous as beneficial. The very bones of the martyrs, on both sides, are chiefly valued as polemical missiles with which to break one another's heads, not as witnessing to love and holiness, but to the weakness and depravity, the crime and folly, of those of our fellow-Christians whose presentation of Christianity is different from our own. Hence justice and veracity betake them to the free pagan air outside the Churches, while lies and half-truths thrive in the theological heat. Church History so used is certainly not what Bishop Lightfoot once called it, when candidly studied, "a tonic to drooping spirits." History at times depresses us, as if it were a *damnosa hereditas*; the greatest of causes, as, for instance, Religion and Liberty, carrying it respectively on their backs as a sort of Old Man of the Sea; every champion of Liberty having to bear the reproach of the French Revolution and every defender of Orthodoxy that of the Spanish Inquisition. The fact is that, to adapt Wordsworth's words, the past (as well as "the world") is "too much with us." We dare not trust the "idea ever young, to which the future belongs." In the vast experience of the centuries, which unfolds a scroll like that of the prophet's vision, full of disappointment, those who read carefully find something which moderates their transports. Happy are we if it only knocks the facile optimism out of our mood, and makes us wisely stubborn meliorists, content to plod even if a little nearer the goal, beating up against the wind; unhappy, on the other hand, if it quenches the fires of hope and leaves the soul chill and disillusioned. It will be good sometimes, therefore, to let the dead bury its dead, to trust to instinct rather than experience, to break loose, as it were, on a new track, even if it is one on which others have been lost, to bid grey-haired prudence go back to the ingle-nook while we face the winds. At

any rate, no movement that tries solely to galvanise the past has any tonic force, any prophetic insight. A wise Traditionalism—and there is such a thing, though Liberalism denies it—is mainly valuable as the jumping-ground for new departures. All living things, religion included, are dynamic rather than static. While every true development has its roots in the past, and owes to the latter the most profound sense of indebtedness, yet it cannot be enslaved to it consistently with the demands of life. A living God is not at the heart of movements which are only reminiscences. However valuable are experience and reflection, they are mainly so as the food of adventure. What stirs the collective instinct and urges it on to new experiments is never a mere attempt at resurrection and revival of an era which has done its work and died. In burrowing among the tombs we may miss the dawn of the great morning. It is the future, waiting to be born, that claims our loyalty. It, and not the past, however splendid, is the golden age. Ahead, and not behind, the magnet of the soul is in operation, and the spirit feels the suction that draws it onward even though it is but at the outskirts of the influence. “Behold, He goeth forth before you into Galilee. Why seek ye the living among the dead?” The important thing is not what Christianity has been, but what it is going to be. The study of its origin is mainly useful as bearing on its destiny. It has not yet realised itself in its glorious fulness. English-speaking Christianity, even European Christianity, is, after all, but a fragment of a mighty and as yet unperfected whole. The Church is as yet *in Via*. Primitive Christianity, Mediæval Christianity, the Christianity of the Reformation era, and the subsequent developments, have all been partial manifestations, at once great and one-sided, of the Christian method and spirit, none of them of its perfected evolution. The potentiality of Christianity, the Idea which is its soul, is unexhausted, its vast resources unexplored, save only

in a partial and fragmentary manner. So, no doubt, they always will be in this present existence. The spirit of our religion, its true genius, is realised first in Christ's earthly life and ministry, and after that, and with many a limitation, in the long history of the Church as it grows into the fulness of God. But the perfect fruit and bloom are to come. Certainly they are, not Protestantism any more than they are Mediævalism. The latter died as a dominant force with Latinism, the former will probably die, as to its exclusive claims at least, with Teutonism after the welter of the war has subsided. Teutonic Protestantism, carrying all before it at its birth against the Latin autocracy, is showing manifest signs of inadequacy, of incompetence to meet problems of a kind entirely outside the range of its sphere of interest. It is "passing," to use the language of one of the most eminent Protestant theologians of America, Dr. Newman Smyth, himself of the old Puritan stock. Its thinkers stand between two forces, the Catholic and the Liberal, that which completes the idea of the Incarnation by the idea of the Church, and that which denies both Church and Incarnation in any clear and distinctive sense in the interests of what is practically a sort of immanentist Unitarianism. The latter school will find itself, even in spite of the popular sympathies of so many of its members, inherently aristocratic as a religion—capable, that is, of reaching only a type of intelligence that is a side eddy in the stream of life, "the cultured," rather than of penetrating the main flood, not shrinking from its mingled energy and defilement, the roar and turmoil of its waters. Two things will be more and more evident. (1) The religion of the people must be a religion of the concrete; (2) the Incarnation is not exhausted in the facts of Christ's earthly life, but is continuously extended in the social existence of His community. For the social instinct, which is the strong point, when both are at their best, alike of Democracy and of Catholi-

cism, Protestantism in itself has no adequate satisfaction. Hence the latter is not in touch with the *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of the age, on its most distinctive side.

Three stages in political development answer roughly to corresponding ones in the history of the Christian Church after its primitive period. The first is that of the feudal type of autocracy or aristocracy, society divided into a caste of rulers and a subject multitude. The second is one of disintegration, revolt, assertion of individuality, growing pains, and striking out of limbs in all directions—an exodus from the nursery, even from the home—"Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." In the third stage, while liberty is still valued, it is sought along the path not of self-assertion but of service, of closest fellowship with the collective life—*cui servire regnare*.

The State resumes its position of leadership ; it means in a sense, more than ever, because it no longer involves exclusive privilege on the one hand and perpetual childhood on the other. The State is obeyed as a General Will, the Collective Mind, from which each learns, and at the same time to which each contributes. It is nothing foreign to the individual. It is the wider self. May not the same process be discerned in regard to the history of the Church?—the older Catholicism, that of domestic rule, of a paternal *sacerdotium* ; then the outbreak of revolting youth, youth of the more serious type in the Reformation, of the more hot-blooded, surrendering to the tumult of the senses, in the Renaissance, yet in both cases breaking out openly or mentally, leaving home because "the place is too strait," because its limits hinder the freedom of access to God, the freedom of interest in man. Now, it may well be that we are nearing the third stage—that of the race coming to its senses as it gains the experience of maturity. The collapse of religious Teutonism, of the beginning of which we see signs, appears to Rome as the prodigal's return. But it is not exactly so. The

solution is not so simple, nor is progress ever merely by going back or looking back. Lot's wife was no prophetess. Yet all apparently forward movement is not real progress, nor is remoteness from Catholicism the test of truth. The re-discovery of the collective life is necessary as well in religion as in political philosophy. The spirit of disruption is not the last word of religion, nor do the wisest representatives of the latter rest satisfied with retiring for ever in nonconforming protest "by fifties in a cave." To the schoolroom, however, there will be no return. The collective Church of the new age will be one in which the adult conscience will be at home, in which more and more "all the Lord's people are prophets," and in which the *sacerdotium* will be realised as the organic possession of the Body, and therefore expressed and exercised by its organs. Organs it will always have, for "God hath set some in the Church," and development involves differentiation of function. The Church has outlived the protoplasmic stage. But its general character will be neither exclusively theocratic, as in the Middle Ages, nor exclusively democratic, as in pure Protestantism, but a synthesis of both elements—at once a Body speaking with authority and the trainer of its members to freedom, the Church the complement of the Individual, the Individual the expression of the Church. The Church becomes weak in vital forces by suppressing individuality; the Individual becomes spiritually starved and tenuous by isolation from the Church. Officialism and bureaucracy on the one hand, pedantry and fanaticism on the other, are likely to be the resultant consequences and penalties respectively in either case. There is a higher and a lower type both of Catholicism and of Puritanism. The lower Catholicism is clericalism; the higher represents fellowship, co-operation, and organic life. The lower Puritanism is sectarianism; the higher is the doctrine of the remnant, the austere contempt for the average and the mediocre.

The Christianity of the time after the war will no doubt retain a real value for those things to which Protestantism has borne often an inspiring, if also a too exclusive witness—i.e. the need of cultivating individual initiative and of realising a sense of personal responsibility ; but it will probably give to fellowship and corporate life, and to the idea of the Visible Church as the divinely instituted expression of these and as an international and not merely patriotic force, an importance and appreciation which has been practically wanting or largely overlooked in the purely Protestant types of Christianity. It belongs to the essence of the religion of Christ to have this character of fellowship, and that in concrete fact as a Church and not only in idea. This is of its kernel, and not of the husk only. The social character of Christ's religion is no mere protective envelope. It is of the inner being of Christianity, although its outward expression may vary in details from one period to another. The needs of the new age, the curtain of which the war is lifting, will constitute an insistent call for the development of this corporate side of religion. If Christianity in England is to uphold a torch to light the feet of advancing democratic development, it must disentangle itself from that class character, that adhesion of Anglicanism in the main to the interests of aristocracy and of Nonconformity in the main to those of plutocracy, and of the lesser sects to stagnant provincial prejudices, which has tended to deprive the universally human Religion of the Cross, the creed of great adventure, the Church of the multitude, of its true grandeur, of its freedom and romance, substituting as the Christian characteristic comfort instead of risk, and enthroning dull propriety in the place once filled by spiritual imagination.

The English temper has too often succeeded in doing what might have been supposed to be impossible—i.e. in taming and conventionalising that religion which has been the romance of the world. It has too often

succeeded in making Christianity dull. Now, whatever the crimes and follies to be laid to the door of the Catholicism of the past, this, has not been among the failings of the latter. In its worst phases, it has had about it a sort of note of distinction. Even when it has been criminal it has never been commonplace. Now, it has been reserved for the Protestantism of the Anglo-Saxon race, especially in the United States, almost to deify the commonplace, to give to the dead level of unintelligent and decent comfort a sort of Divine approval, to make men think of the God revealed through Christianity as a Being of bland benevolence, blessing "in basket and in store" His well-fed clients, rather than as One who as Christ did in Galilee, calls souls to risk and adventure, to the experiment and reward of the Cross, to share in

All the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb.

We only allude to the general ideal of Sabbath-keeping and family prayers issuing in domestic comfort, not to the splendid heroisms of individuals and groups, especially on the foreign missionary field, far grander than the creed which they represent, with its instinctive dread of anything beyond the average. The dislike of ascetism on the one hand, and the fear of beauty on the other, have made up together the main characteristics of English middle-class religion, in spite of its many most admirable qualities of solid goodness. On its more negative side, it has had scarcely any eye for either the splendour without or for the sack-cloth beneath the robe of the Bride. The dislike and the fear have not of course been without their respective justifications. Ascetic discipline can be Manichean. Art, divorced from ethics, can be pagan. None the less the religion of the commercial classes, till lately mainly Puritan, of this country, and still more of

America, in spite of all the substantial goodness which it has often exhibited, has tended by its cult of comfort and respectability to rob Christianity of its austere grandeur, its air as of the mountain winds, and has also facilitated the most fatal of all divorces, that of righteousness from beauty. The way in which art has got out of gear and out of touch with religion, or vice versa, is, on more sides than one, a bad sign for both. The avoiding, at least till very lately, of any connection between the two on the part of middle-class Puritanism marks a point in regard to which a great change may be expected in English religion, and is indeed already taking place. But modern Rome will not help us here. Even the barest and most stark country kirk in Scotland is more suggestive of that beauty which lies at the quiet heart of things than is the tawdriness of the modern churches of the Roman Obédience, the latter characteristic a mark of something lacking in the *ethos* of the Communion to which they belong in its present state. The writer remembers noting in more than one country church in Bavaria the marks in external adjuncts of the gradual deterioration in religious art—the older setting as in altar-pieces of the later German Middle Ages, still existent, not always æsthetic, sometimes even grotesque, but still when least graceful, with a sort of Albrecht Dürer-like attraction, never vulgar even when most quaint and startling, and often with artistic touches of gracious purity or masses of bold and daring colour, and the latter, even in its audacity, never tawdry or offensive but with an attraction *sui generis*. Then side by side with these survivals, one saw the flaring flamboyant ostentation of the period of rococo art, sinking lower as it reaches the Louis Quatorze time, last and lowest of all a simpering insipid statue of Our Lady, with robe of white and sash of blue, and this the most frequented object evidently of any in the house of God, the last word of Catholic art !

The exercise of two forces of the mind is needed if Christianity is to pass into a clearer and more congenial air, and is to exhibit a richer, more vital, and more resourceful development in the coming age than it has done in that which is going down in a welter of blood.

1. One is the spirit of *criticism*, this as distinct from mere fault-finding as an exhibition of cleverness. Criticism is a most essential element of progress, its necessary preliminary, so long, that is, as criticism proceeds from the refusal to rest content with unsatisfactory attainments, the refusal to go on talking the language of a mutual admiration society about our various incomparable institutions, most of all those of religion, "our English Christianity"—as if the Anglo-Saxon race had invented the Creed of Galilee, instead of having very partially and gradually tried to conform to it, and often much against the grain. Let us determine at all costs to look straight at facts as far as we can, and when we meet a difficulty not merely to face it and pass on, but to interrogate it and wrestle with it till we have drawn out its inwardness and learnt its lesson. "At the worst," wrote Father Dolling truly, "if we are to be failures, we need not be complacent failures." Criticism can be loyal and kindly as well as effectual, and it must include our own individualities first. National self-criticism, not the settling down again in our ruts after the war, is what is required.

2. The other requisite is the cultivation of the spirit that makes for *synthesis*, the complement of criticism, not the "daubing of the wall with untempered mortar"—e.g. that of convention and fallacy—but building up the construction of the future, after the sifting and purifying of the material used by that process of analysis which effectual criticism both causes and involves, by the spirit of reconciliation, the over-arching spirit of the positive and of the organic rather than of dissidence and of negation—in a word, in its best

sense, the Catholic spirit in religion, comprehensive without vagueness ; neither obscure nor shallow ; exacting in its demands, yet humane and tender in its temper, the corporate expression of the continually advancing effort of the most spiritual natures among the followers of Christ to realise the mind of the Master, to grow in the apprehension of His all-embracing Charity.

The type of Christianity, rather at present an ideal than anything fully realised, which may be called Liberal Catholicism, no more involves in its designation a contradiction in terms than does, in politics, Progressive Conservatism or Constitutional Liberalism.

It is more true to the paradoxical character of Life, which develops through antagonisms and the reconciliation of opposites, rather than to the exigencies of a narrow and hasty logic, which seeks to tidy up the manifold irregularities of the world of thought as of society, and to make neat the former's mass of tangled incongruities, not realising the fact that this kind of tidying up spells stagnation and ultimate death.

Hence, in spite of the somewhat needless slaps in the face which the Church of England gives to logic, the Liberal Catholic will be more at home within her hospitable borders than he will ever be in Rome's present intellectual sectarianism. He will realise that—if the ideal is that the fulness of truth should be held in harmony and proportion—this is rarely the case here below ; and that the second best course is that we should develop through conflict, through the clash of complementary truths, rather than by securing an apparent unity at the expense of life. The attempt to hold together the institutional and the charismatic, *esprit de corps* and personal guidance by the Spirit, the truth of subjectivism symbolised by the leaven working secretly and fermenting through hidden channels, and that of objectivity represented in the companion parable by the tree beneath the imperial branches of which the nations shelter, will always be a difficult one,

and probably can never be perfectly achieved in the case of any one mind, or even of any one Church.

The mental bias towards authority or liberty, towards the life *en masse* or the life lived in its own way, will give its proper tinge respectively to the practical theology of each believer. Each will always have his own orientation.

The danger of unbalanced Catholicism will be to sacrifice liberty to discipline, like Germany of to-day. The danger of unregulated Protestantism will be to sacrifice discipline to liberty, like England before the war.

There is no necessity, however, in the nature of things, that we should be confined in religion, any more than in society, to a choice between tyranny and chaos.

The goal aimed at by thoughtful Christians in the future will be, more consciously than at any period in the past, one of the correlation of opposites—as distinct from contradictories, which is a different matter. The way to it will be no mere timid *via media*, but a bold, even if approximate, reconciliation of truths, having each its absolute claim. The goal will be in regard to advance towards which the dialectic of intellect divorced from intuition and affection will be as feet shod with lead, while love as the motive power of knowledge will supply wings like the wind.

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